

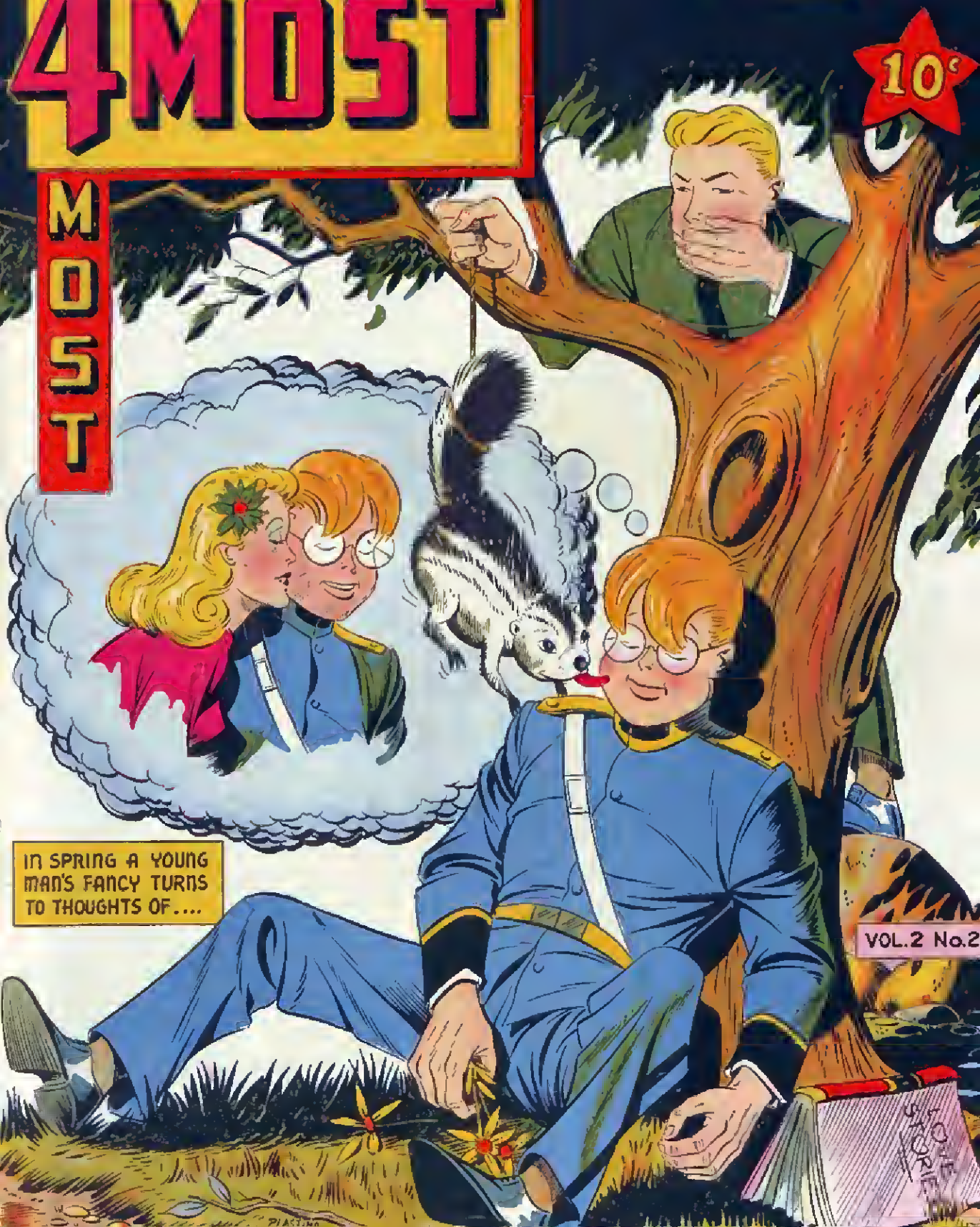
★ DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL
★ DAN'L FLANNEL ★ THE CADET

SPRING
ISSUE

10¢

4MOST

M
O
S
T



IN SPRING A YOUNG
MAN'S FANCY TURNS
TO THOUGHTS OF....

VOL.2 No.2

COLE
STORY



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Fellows and Girls:

You're making it kind of tough for the editors, if you don't mind our use of a little slang in saying so. Why? Well, it's like this, the editors are sitting at their desks wondering why in the dickens they don't receive more letters from all of you about 4MOST COMICS. Remember when we started 4MOST at your request because you wanted longer stories on Dick Cole, Edison Bell, etc.? Well, we thought you all sort of promised then to become Associate Editors by writing in and telling us your suggestions as to how 4MOST could be improved from time to time. Sure, we know that a lot of you must like something about 4MOST or else several hundred thousand readers wouldn't be buying it every issue, but your letters are getting to be awfully few and far between.

The best reason we can think of for not hearing from you, and we hope we're right, is that all of you are too bloomin' busy earning money with which to buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps. If that's the reason, then we just can't kick at all about not hearing from you, but even then, some of you may have a real swell story to tell to other fellows and girls about HOW you are earning that money to help your Uncle Sam. Why not pass the story on through the editorial page of 4MOST to a lot of others in different sections of the country and help them too to help Uncle Sam? 4MOST will select several of the best letters received and publish them on this page, and Oh, Yes! 4MOST will send a dollar to each writer of every letter published. If the letter is about War Savings Bonds and Stamps, then we'll send a dollar's worth of War Stamps.

Well, we guess our preaching's over with for now, and if we do say it ourselves, which we shouldn't, we think that this issue of 4MOST is a pretty "dern" good mag. Dick Cole, Eddie Bell, and Kit Carter involve themselves in some high old adventure that would be exciting for any red blooded American boy. Of course, Dan'l Flannel's dinosaurs wouldn't really be found around these diggin's, but then Dan'l often gets mixed up with funny characters, places or things that tickle our ribs for a good guffaw or two. Now that we've stuck our chin way out with praise of our own magazine, we'll expect to have a few brick-bat letters come tearing in to knock that chin back in place and topple us off our smug perch. Okay, we think we can take it, so fire away.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

\$1.00

Will be Paid for Each Reader's Letter Published on This Page
Address your mail to 4MOST COMICS, 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

\$1.00

DICK COLE



LATE ONE NIGHT, DICK COLE STANDS GUARD AT A DARK POST ON FARR MILITARY GROUNDS.

GOSH, BUT IT'S LONELY HERE!



AS DICK CONTINUES HIS PATROL, A STEALTHY FIGURE CLIMBS THE ACADEMY WALL!



SO... THEE YOUNG SOLDADO WOULD LIKE COMPANEE, EH? EN A MOMENTO, HE WEEEL HAVE EET!



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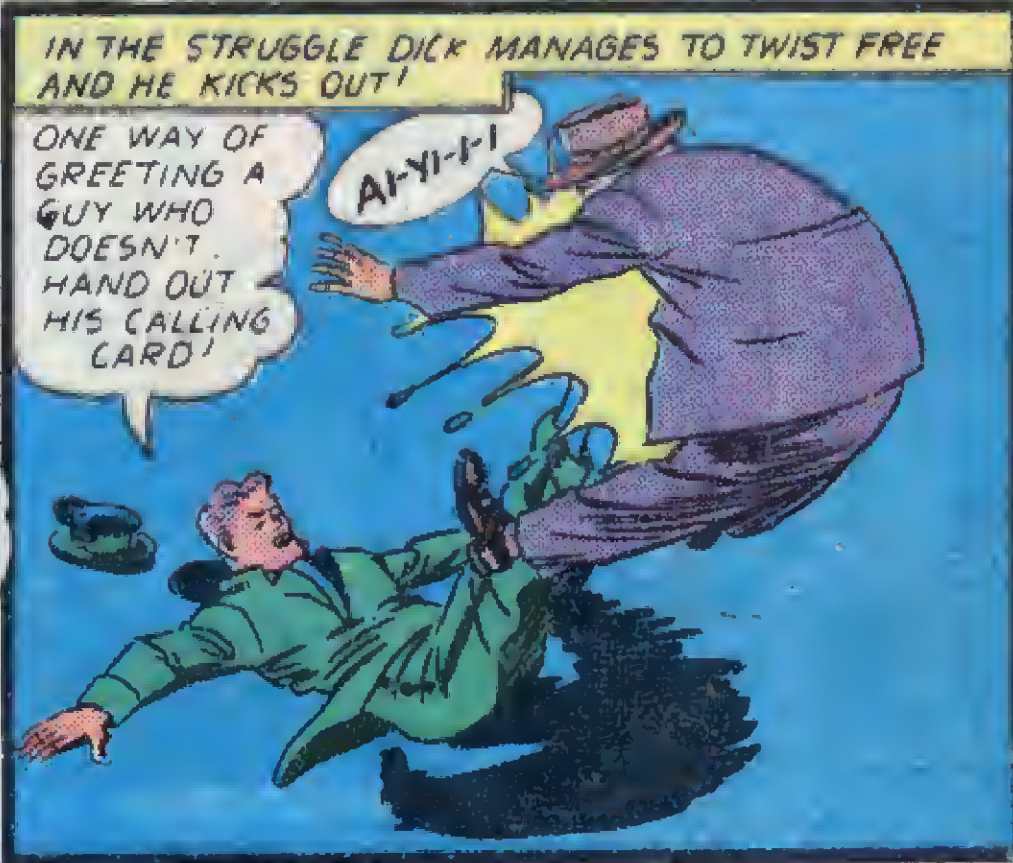
THE INTRUDER POUNCES!



IN THE STRUGGLE DICK MANAGES TO TWIST FREE AND HE KICKS OUT!

ONE WAY OF GREETING A GUY WHO DOESN'T HAND OUT HIS CALLING CARD!

AI-YI-YI!



SO... THEE TOY SOLDADO THINKS HE CAN BEST EL SEÑOR? WELL-



-BABEES LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ASLEEP!



BUENOS NOCHES, MI AMIGO!

AGH-R-R-R-



MY LULLABY EES VEREE EFFECTIVE! NOW TO ENTER THEE OFFICE!



A LEETLE TAP- AND EET EES FINISH!



MY SEARCH WILL NO TAKE LONG!



LATER

HOLY COW!
WHAT A BUMP!
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED
TO MISTER MASK? I'D
BETTER TURN IN AN
ALARM!



CORPORAL OF THE
GUARD! MASKED
INTRUDER ON
FARR GROUNDS!



JOE, YOU COMB THE GROVE! SIMBA,
YOU TAKE THE WALL AND SEE IF
HE'S OVER THERE. I'LL TRY THE
BUILDING!

YEAH!



SO THIS IS WHY I WAS SENT TO
DREAMLAND! I'D BETTER HAVE A
LOOK INSIDE!



MISTER MASK IS GONE— BUT
WHAT A JOB HE DID ON THIS
PLACE! I'LL HAVE TO PHONE
MAJOR FARR!

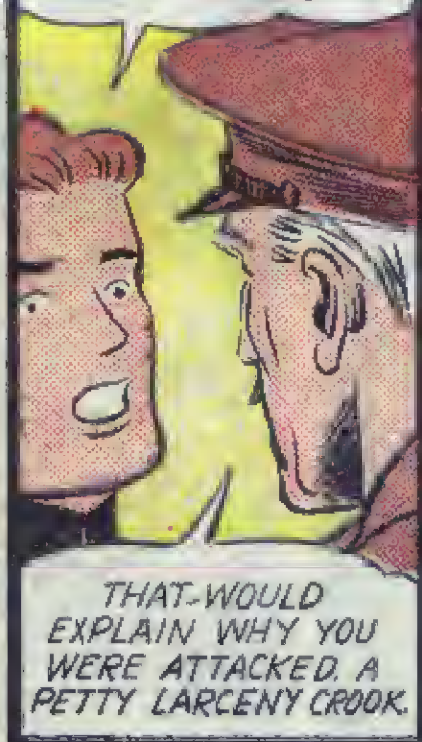


LATER...

I BROUGHT DOCTOR
HARRIS WITH ME TO
LOOK AT YOUR HEAD. ANY-
THING VALUABLE MISSING?



THE ENVELOPE
FROM THE PETTY
CASH DRAWER, SIR!

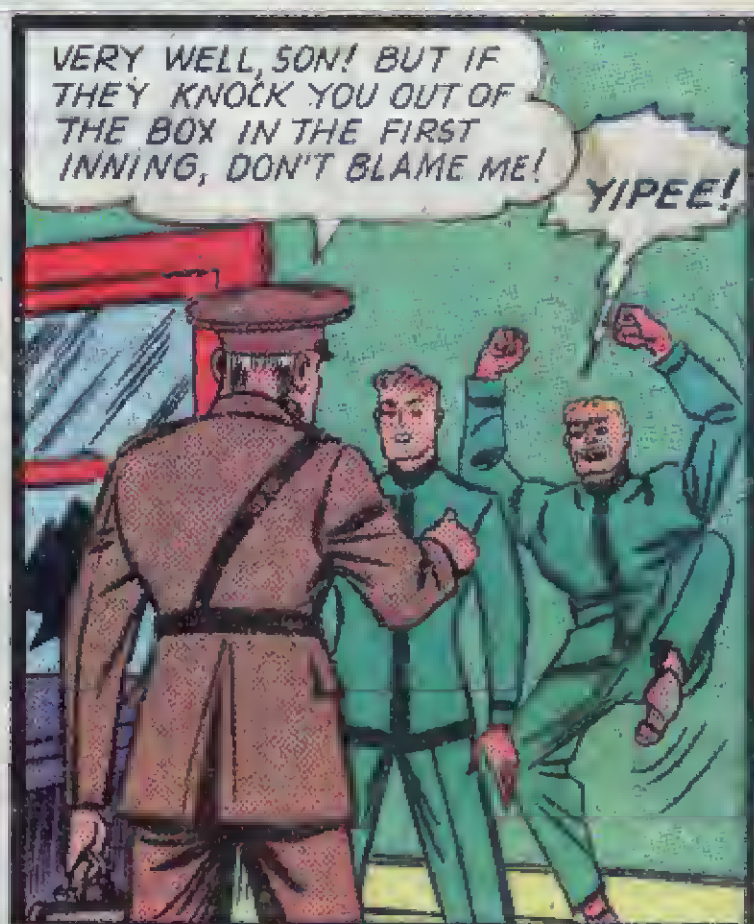


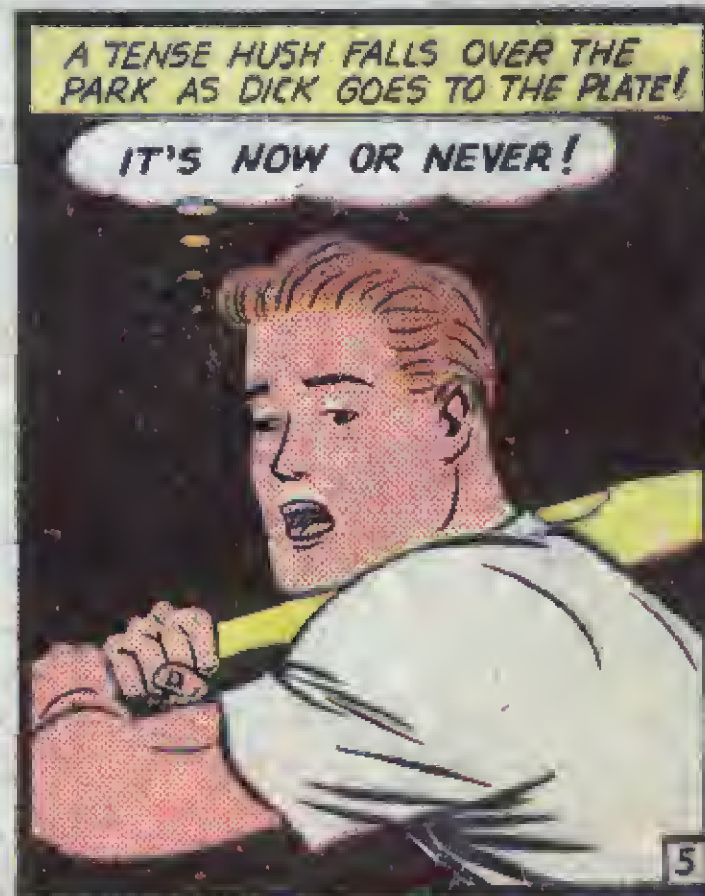
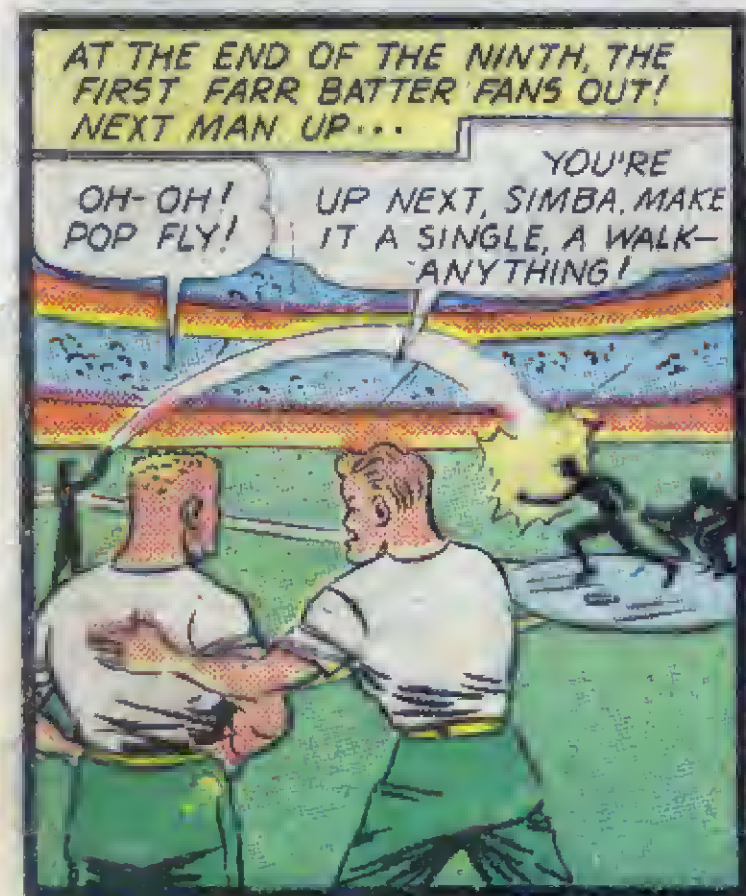
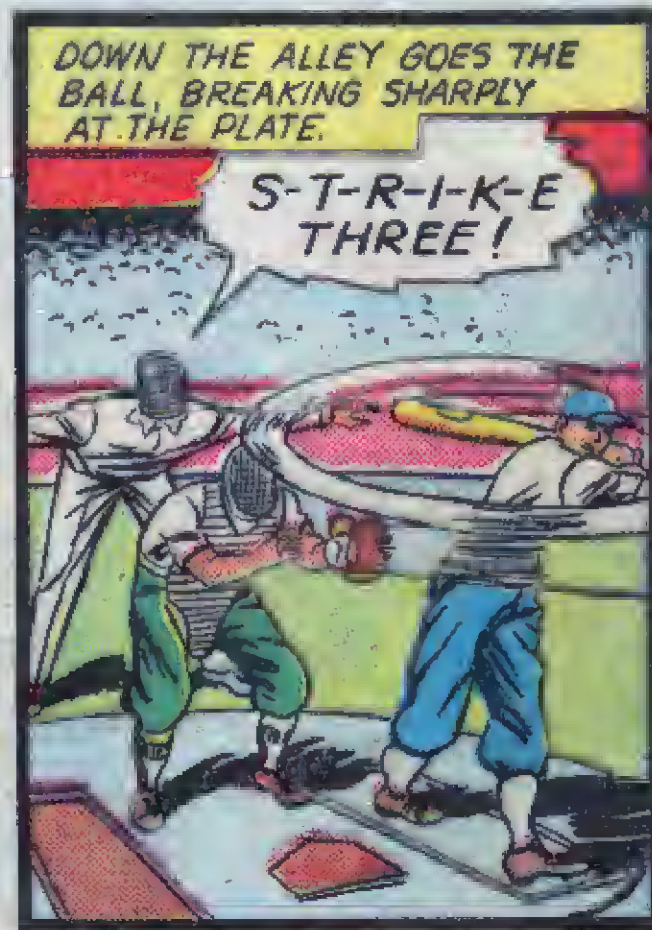
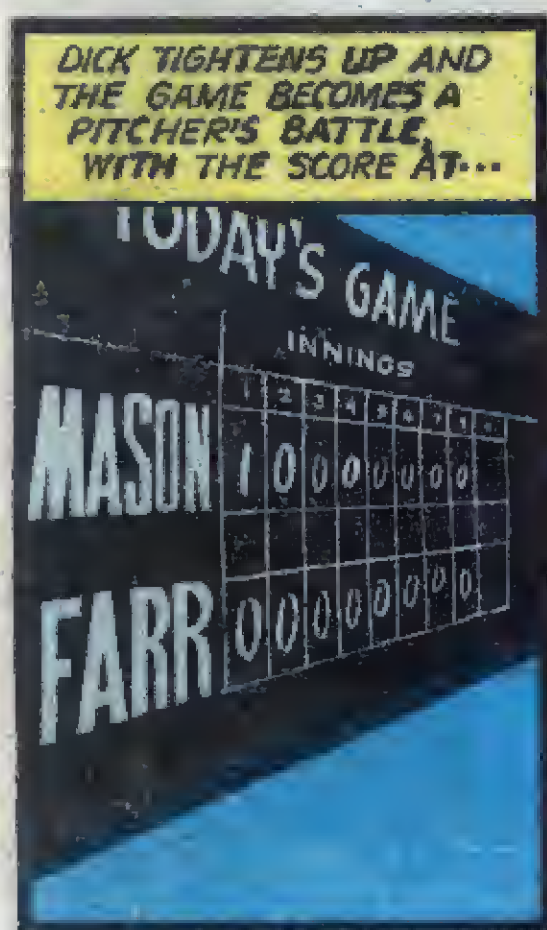
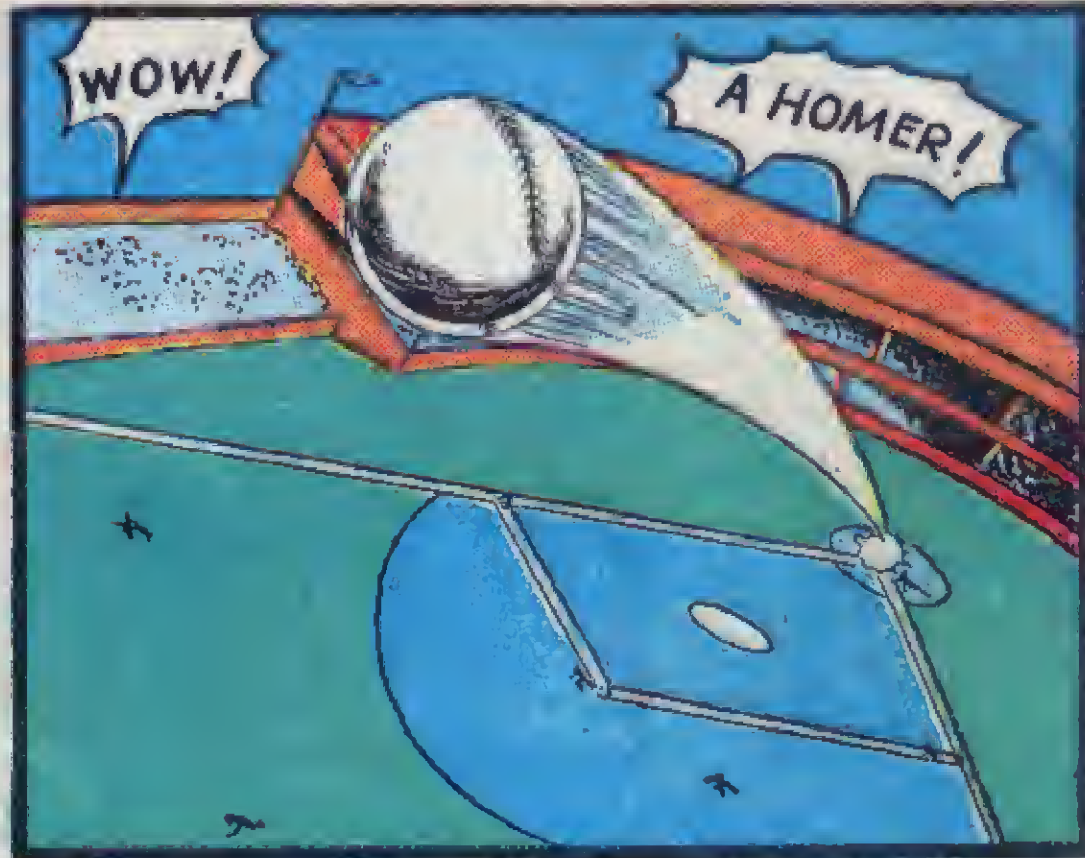
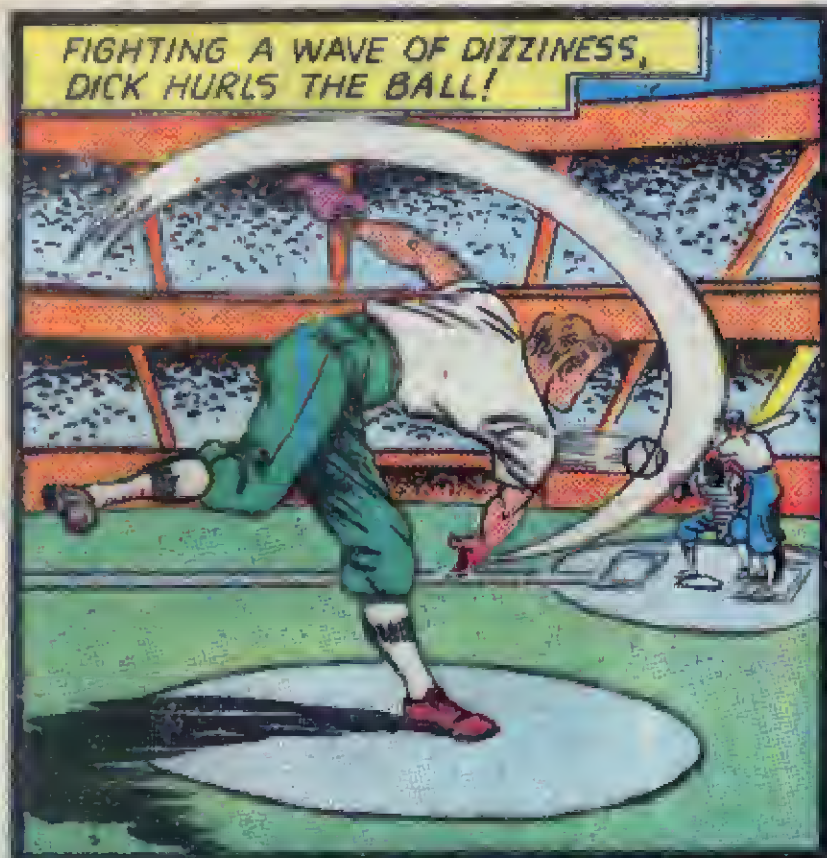
THAT WOULD
EXPLAIN WHY YOU
WERE ATTACKED. A
PETTY LARCENY CROOK.

DON'T YOU THINK
IT STRANGE FOR
A MAN TO GO TO
ALL THIS TROUBLE
JUST TO STEAL
A FEW DOLLARS?

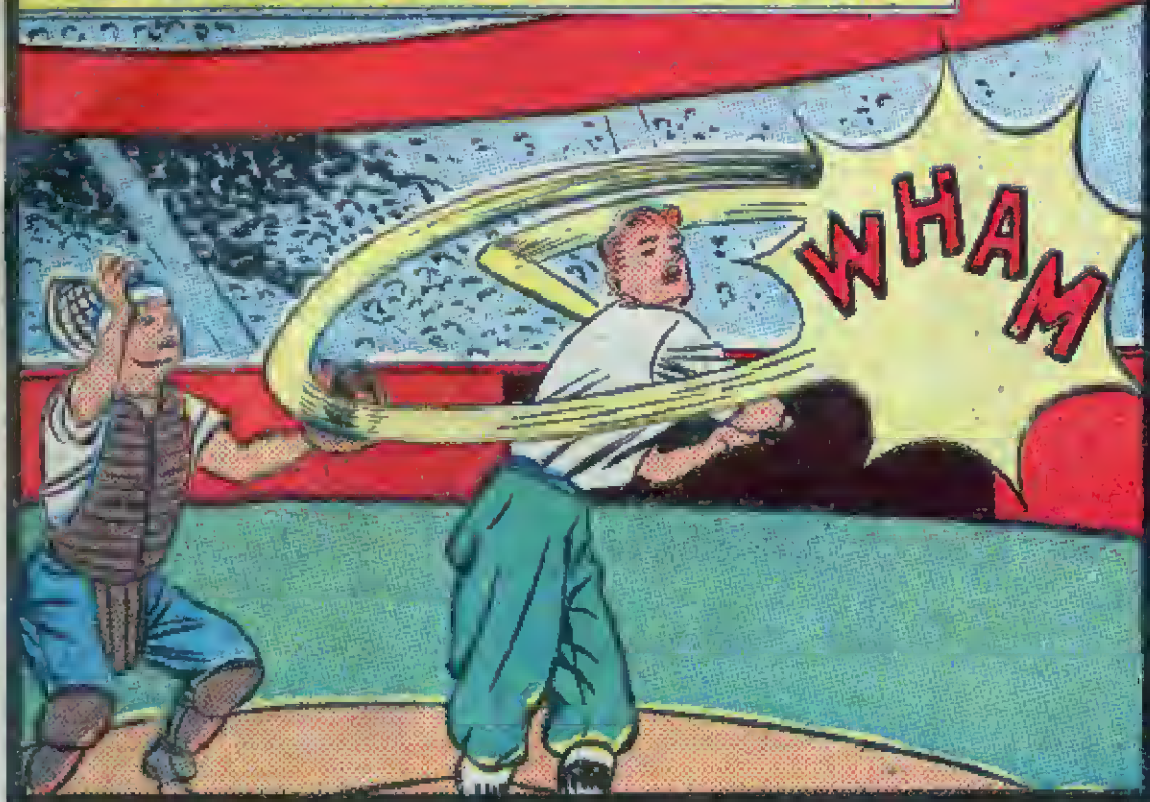
THE LAD'S GETTING
MELODRAMATIC,
DOCTOR. BETTER
FIX HIM UP
BEFORE HIS
IMAGINATION
RUNS AWAY WITH
HIM!





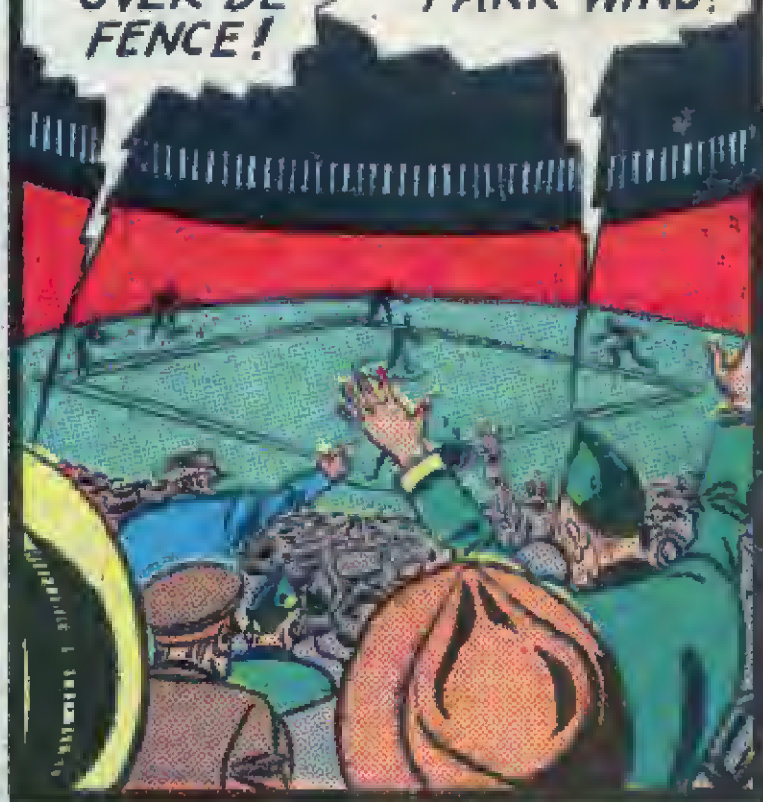


THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY A SHARP CRACK...



OVER DE
FENCE!

FARR WINS!



RAH-RAH-
RAH!
DICK COLE!



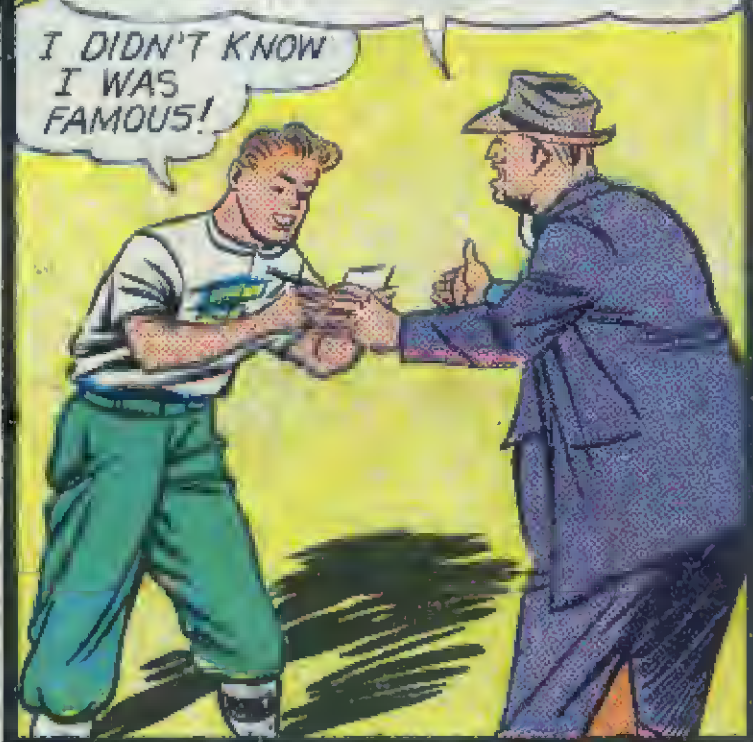
FROM THE PRESS
BOX, A REPORTER
RUSHES DOWN.

SEÑOR COLE, I
AM MIERDO OF
'ELDIARIO', A
SOUTH AMERICAN
PAPER. I WILL
COVER YOUR TOUR.
YOUR AUTOGRAPH,
PLEASE?



I HAVE A COLLECTION OF
AUTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE
I HAVE MET. AND YOUR SIGNATURE-
EET EES MOST IMPORTANT, SENOR!

I DIDN'T KNOW
I WAS
FAMOUS!



NEXT DAY!

SNAP OUT OF IT,
COLE! MAJOR FARR
WANTS YOU TO REPORT
IMMEDIATELY.

OKAY!



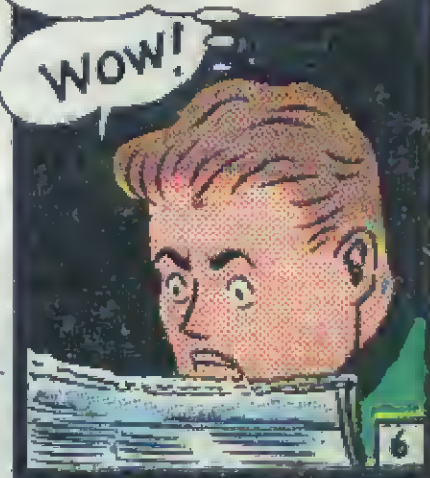
CADET COLE
REPORTING,
SIR!

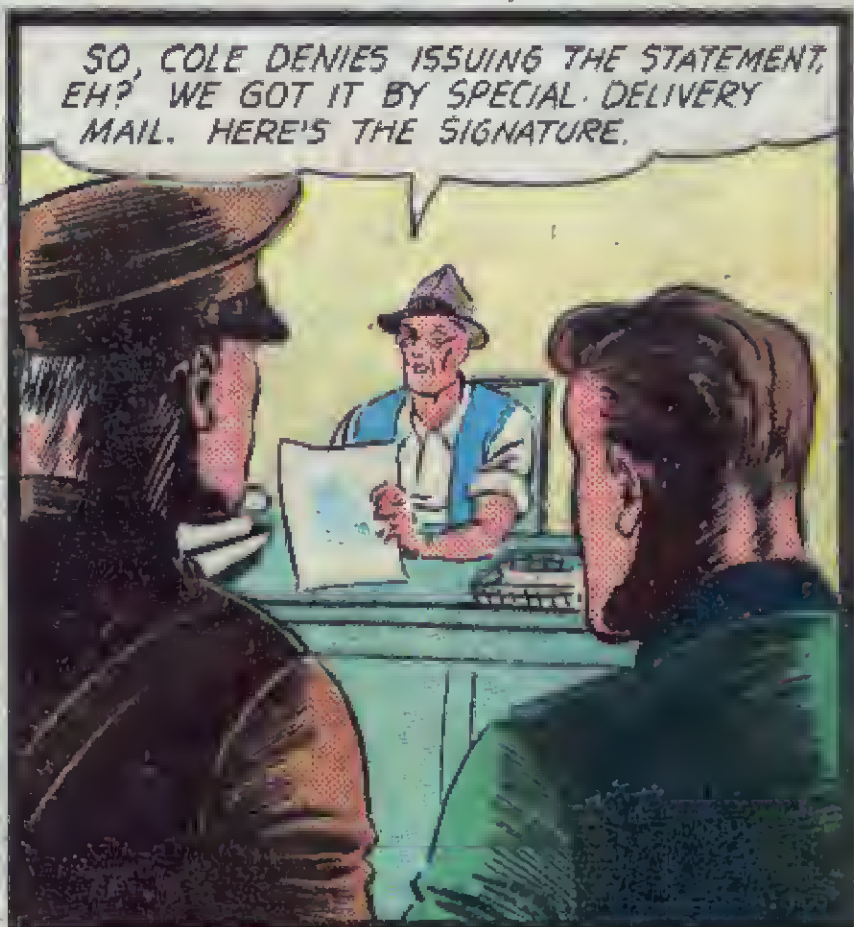
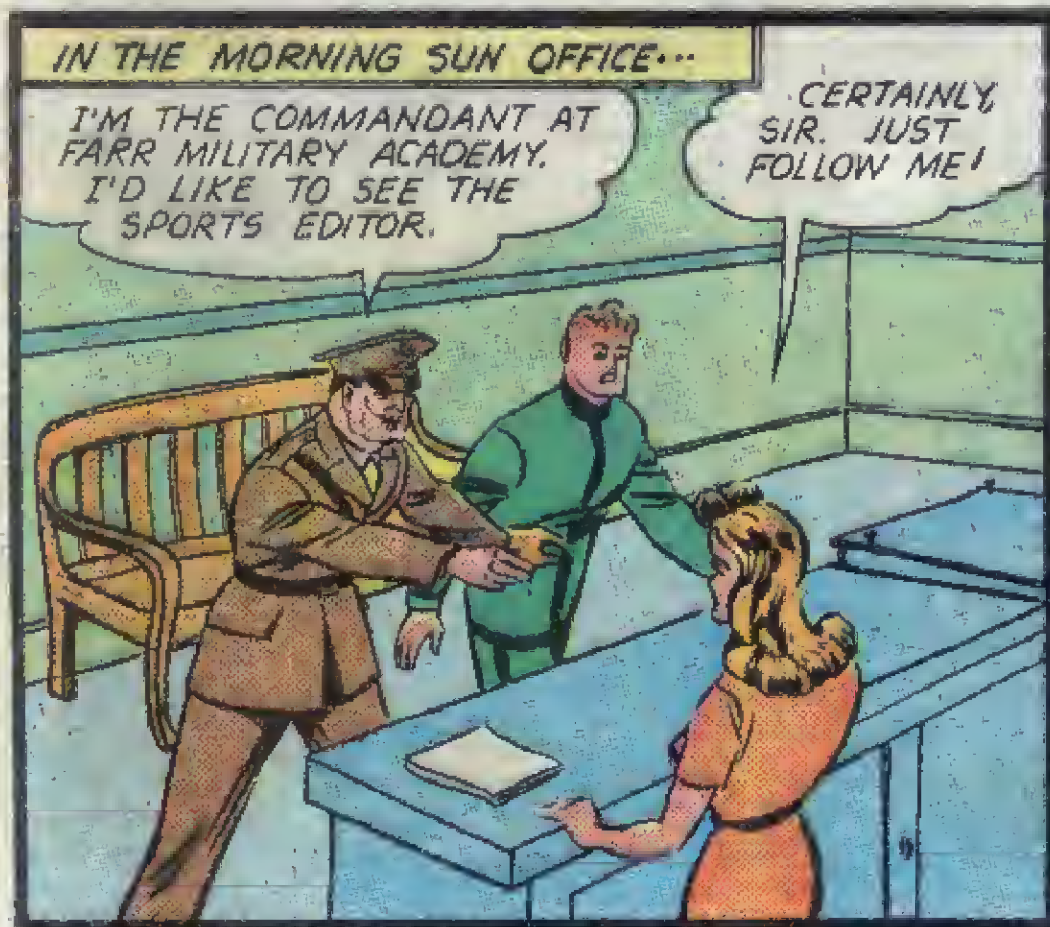
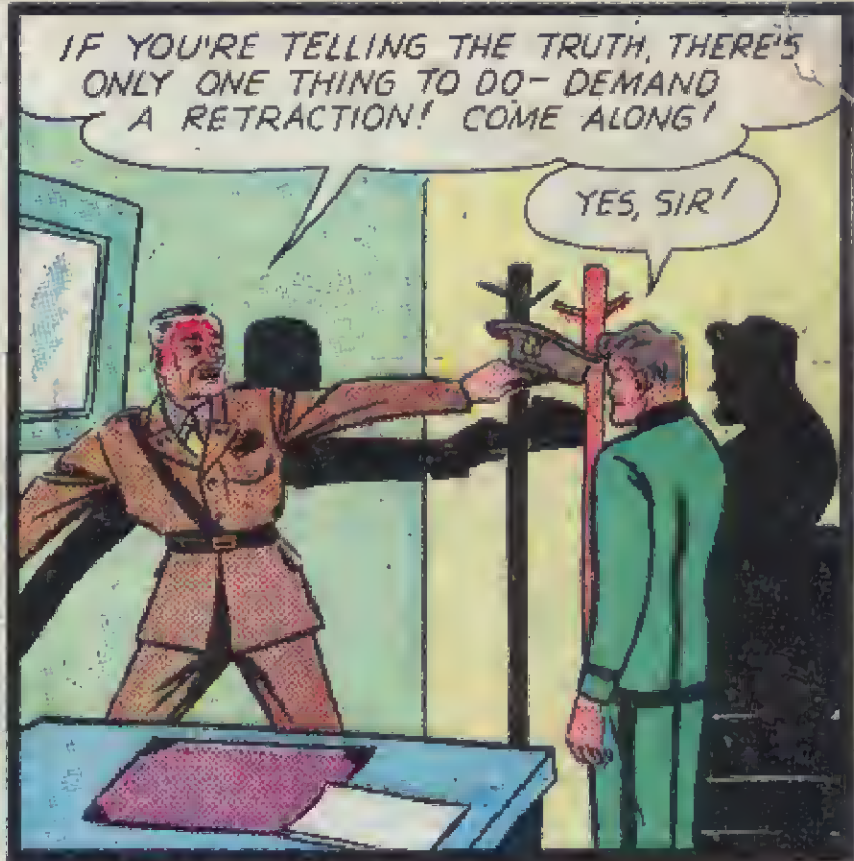
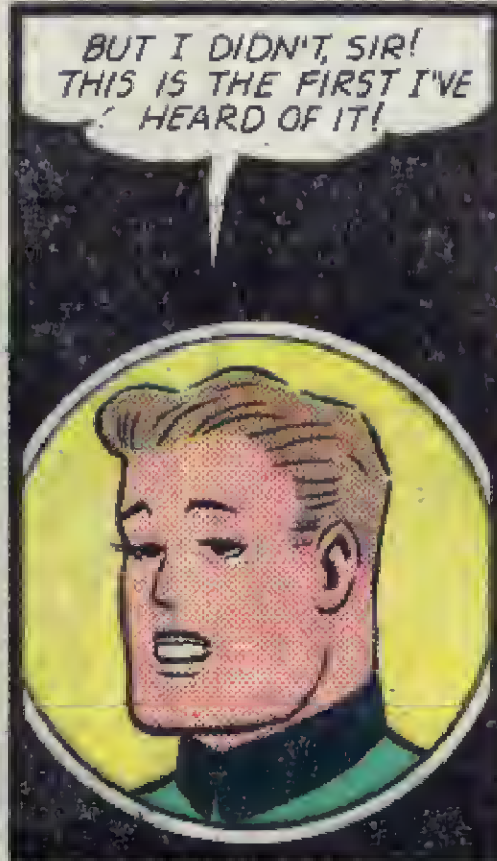
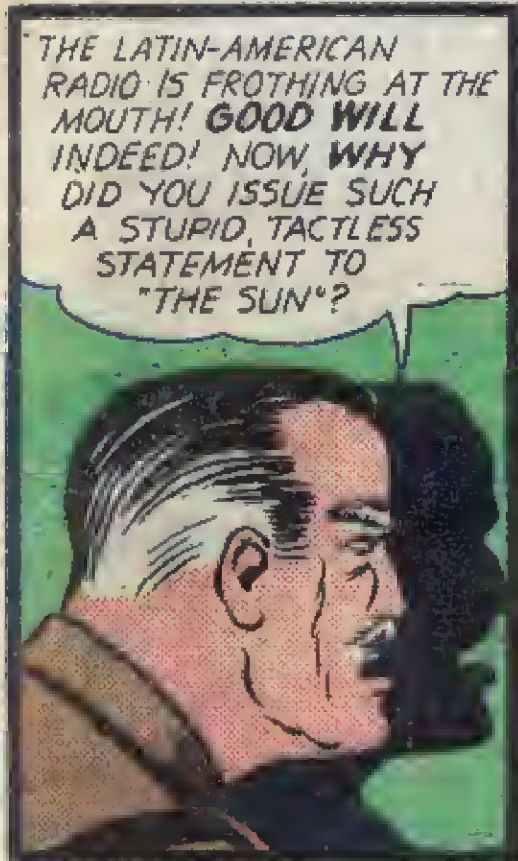
AT EASE! TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS PAPER
AND EXPLAIN HOW
THIS STORY GOT
INTO PRINT!



"DICK COLE, STAR
ATHLETE AT FARR, SAID
IN AN INTERVIEW
GIVEN TO THE MORNING
SUN, THAT LATIN-
AMERICAN ATHLETES
ARE POOR SPORTS!
COLE PREDICTS THAT
HIS TEAM WILL BEAT
ALL COMERS ON TOUR!

WOW!







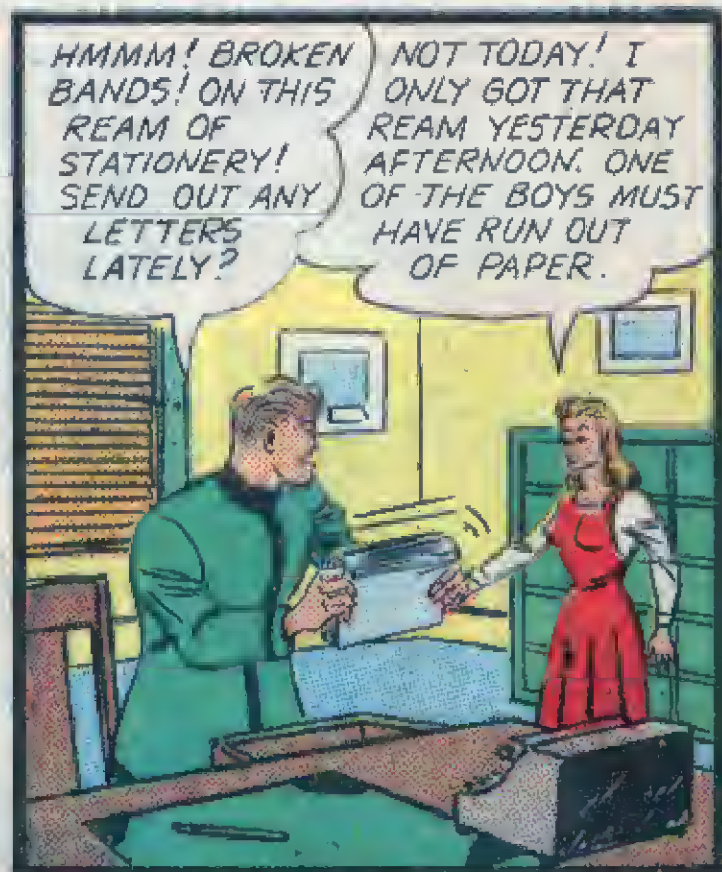
I'M GLAD MAJOR FARR ISN'T IN, HE'D TOSS ME OUT ON MY EAR!

HELLO, MISS SMITH!

OH, HELLO, DICK!

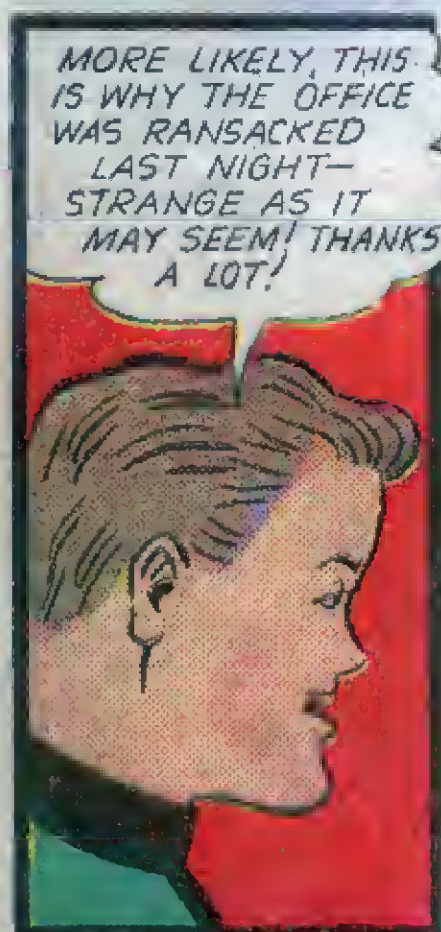


I'M IN A JAM, MISS SMITH, AND I NEED YOUR HELP. MIND IF I HAVE A LOOK ABOUT THE ROOM? I WON'T WALK OFF WITH THE FURNITURE, HONEST!



HMMM! BROKEN BANDS! ON THIS REAM OF STATIONERY! SEND OUT ANY LETTERS LATELY?

NOT TODAY! I ONLY GOT THAT REAM YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. ONE OF THE BOYS MUST HAVE RUN OUT OF PAPER.



MORE LIKELY, THIS IS WHY THE OFFICE WAS RANSACKED LAST NIGHT—STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM! THANKS A LOT!



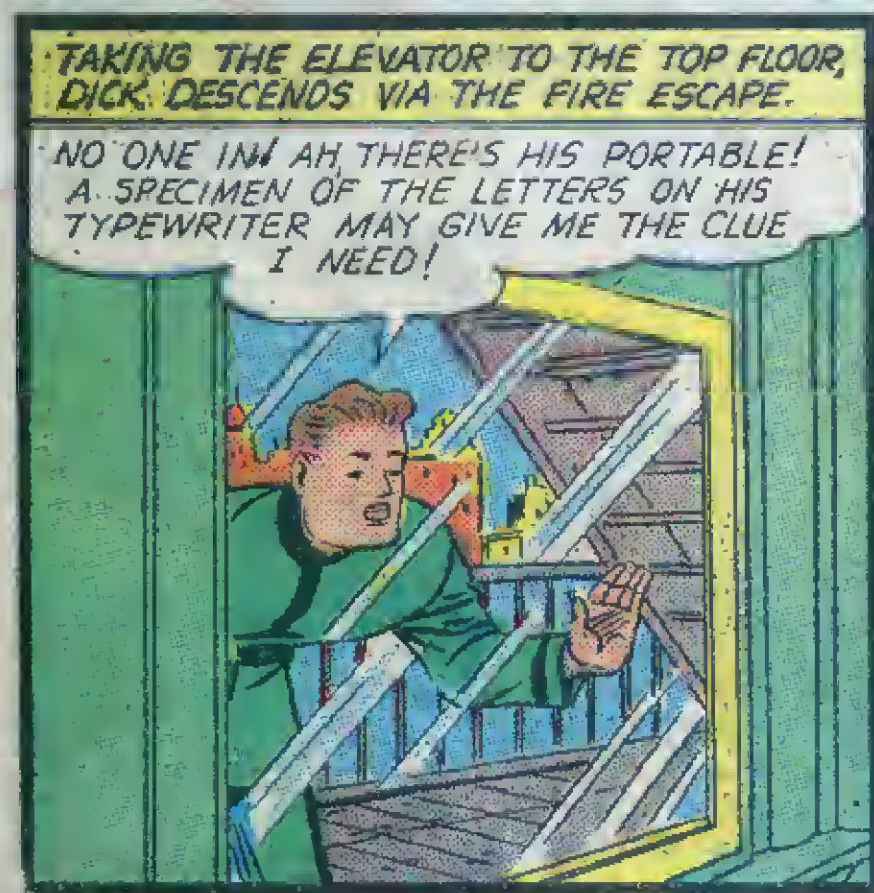
DICK HURRIES OFF TO TOWN.

MOST OF THE SPORTS WRITERS STOP HERE. HOPE MIERDO DOES! I'M CONVINCED HE GOT MY AUTOGRAPH UNDER FALSE PRETENSES.



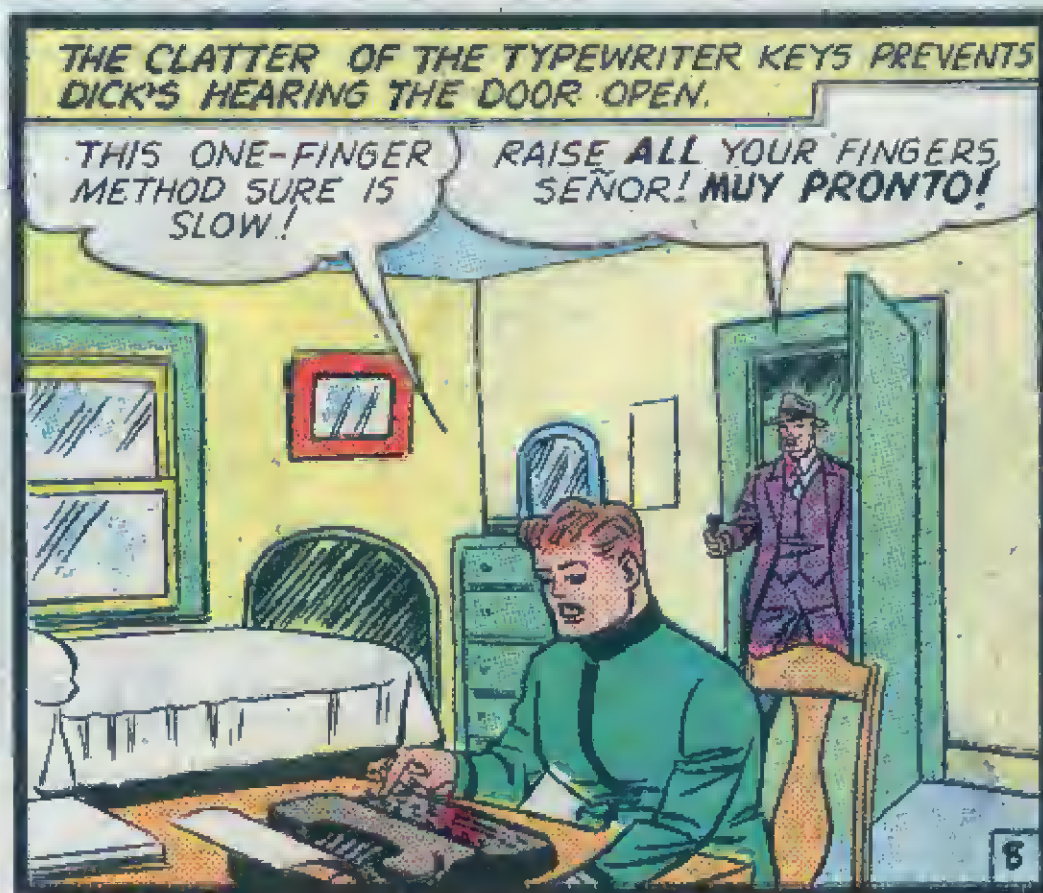
MR. MIERDO? ROOM 514! SHALL I RING?

DON'T BOTHER, THANKS. HE'S EXPECTING ME.



TAKING THE ELEVATOR TO THE TOP FLOOR, DICK DESCENDS VIA THE FIRE ESCAPE.

NO ONE IN! AH THERE'S HIS PORTABLE! A SPECIMEN OF THE LETTERS ON HIS TYPEWRITER MAY GIVE ME THE CLUE I NEED!



THE CLATTER OF THE TYPEWRITER KEYS PREVENTS DICK'S HEARING THE DOOR OPEN.

THIS ONE-FINGER METHOD SURE IS SLOW!

RAISE ALL YOUR FINGERS, SEÑOR! MUY PRONTO!

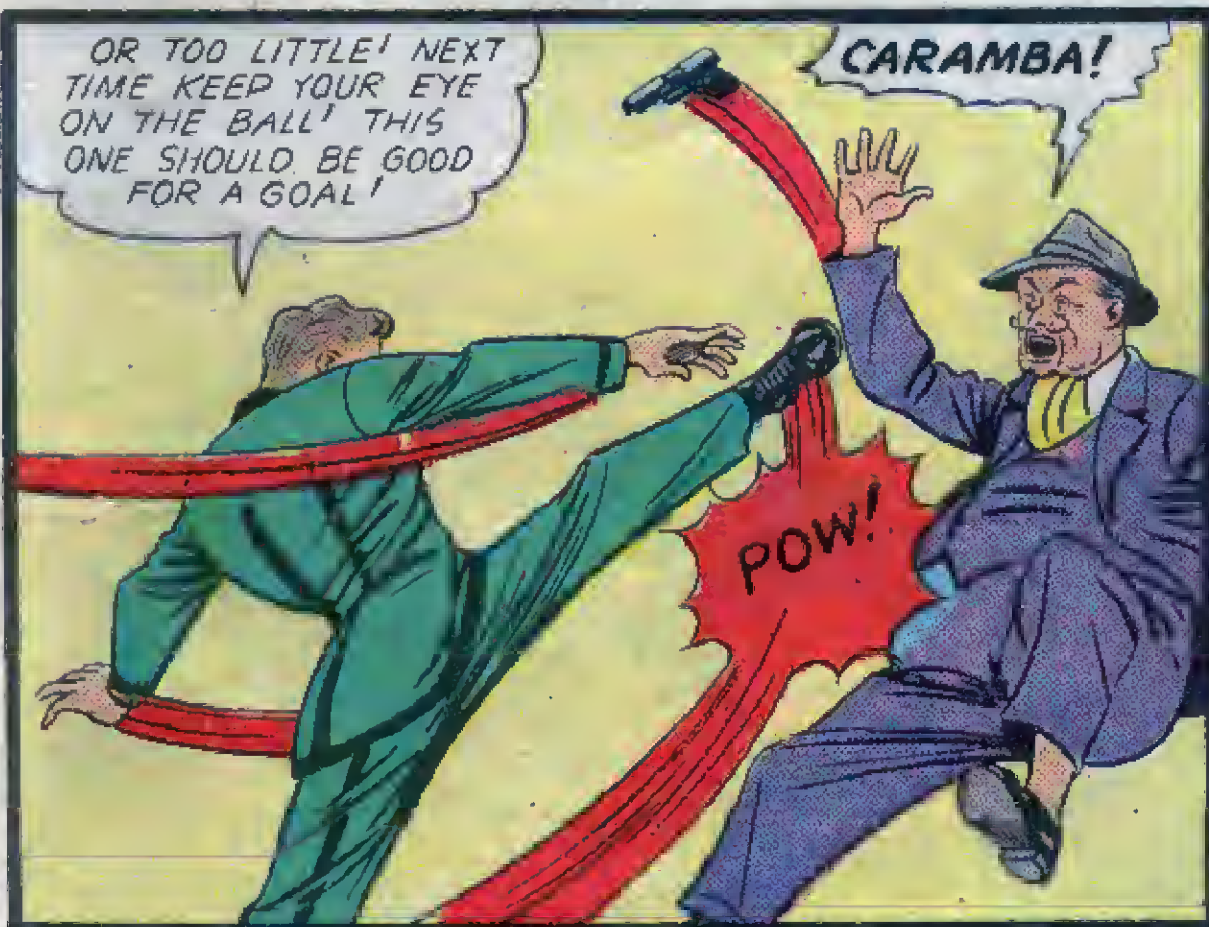
THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER! I'M WISE TO YOU, MIERDO! YOU WROTE THAT STATEMENT, COVERED IT UP WITH A SHEET OF PAPER LEAVING A BLANK SPACE FOR MY SIGNATURE!



EET EES NEVER HEALTHY, SEÑOR, TO KNOW TOO MUCH!



OR TOO LITTLE! NEXT TIME KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL! THIS ONE SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A GOAL!



MAYBE THIS'LL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!



BUT, MIERDO TAKES SUDDEN FLIGHT!



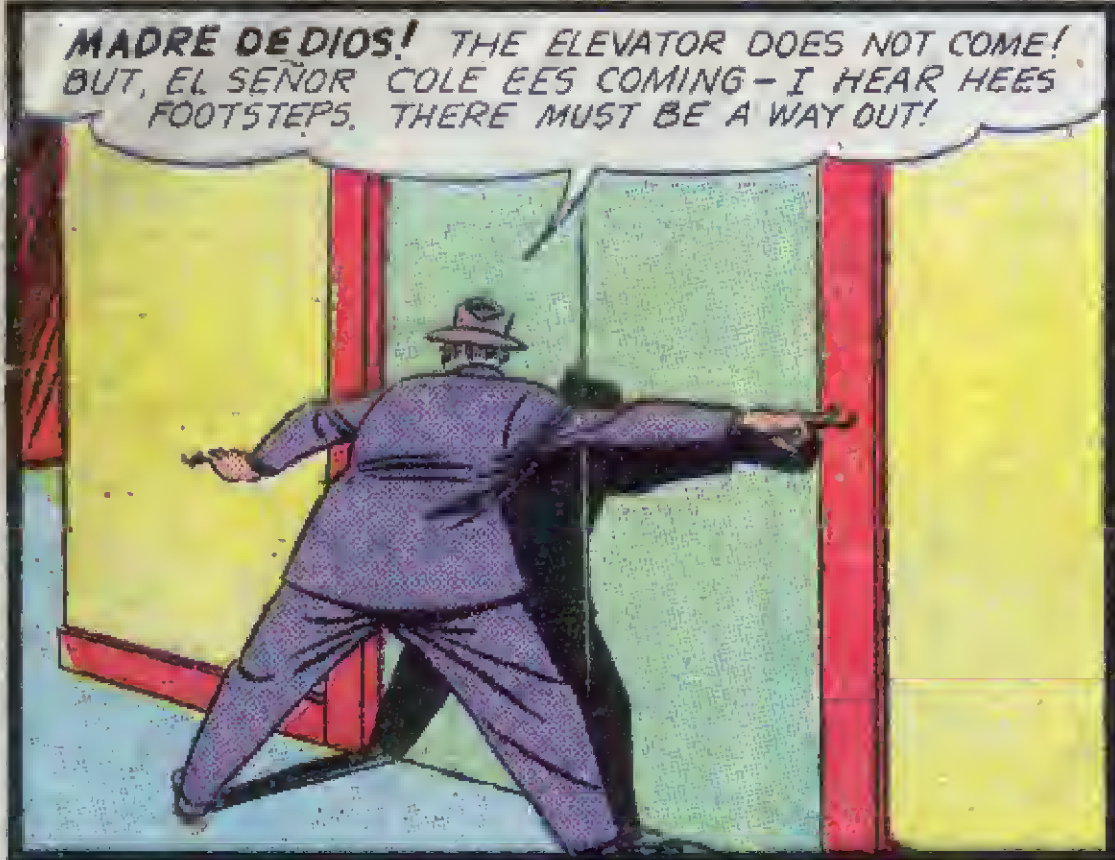
THERE! THAT RUSTY LOCK SHOULD GEEVE HIM SOME TROUBLE!



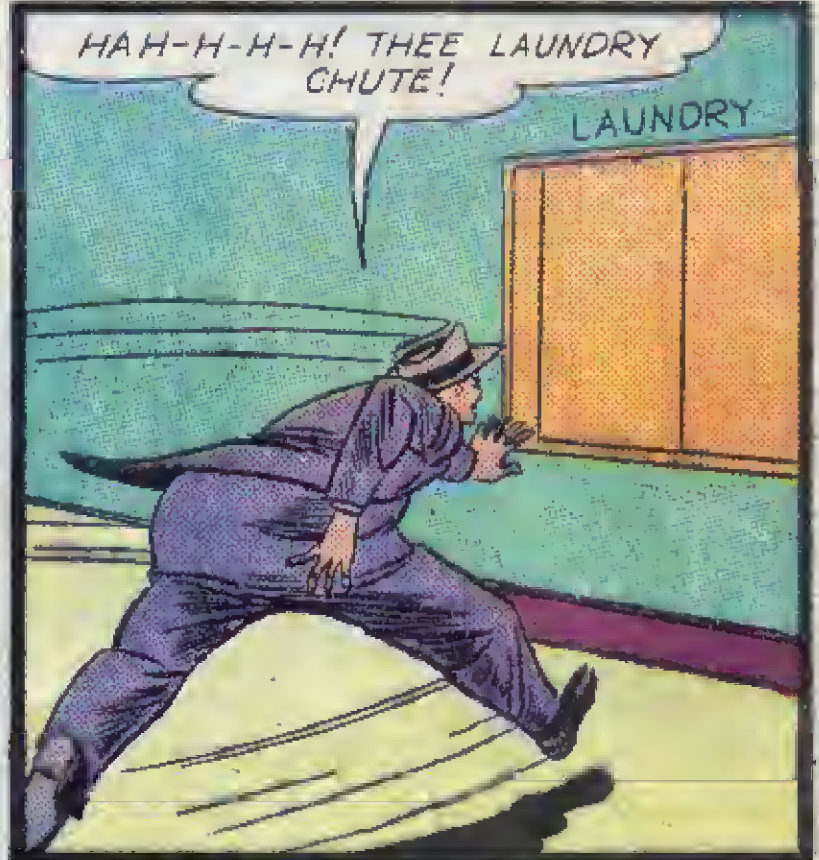
BLAST THIS DOOR! THAT SNEAKY SEÑOR WILL GET AWAY! AH-GOT IT!



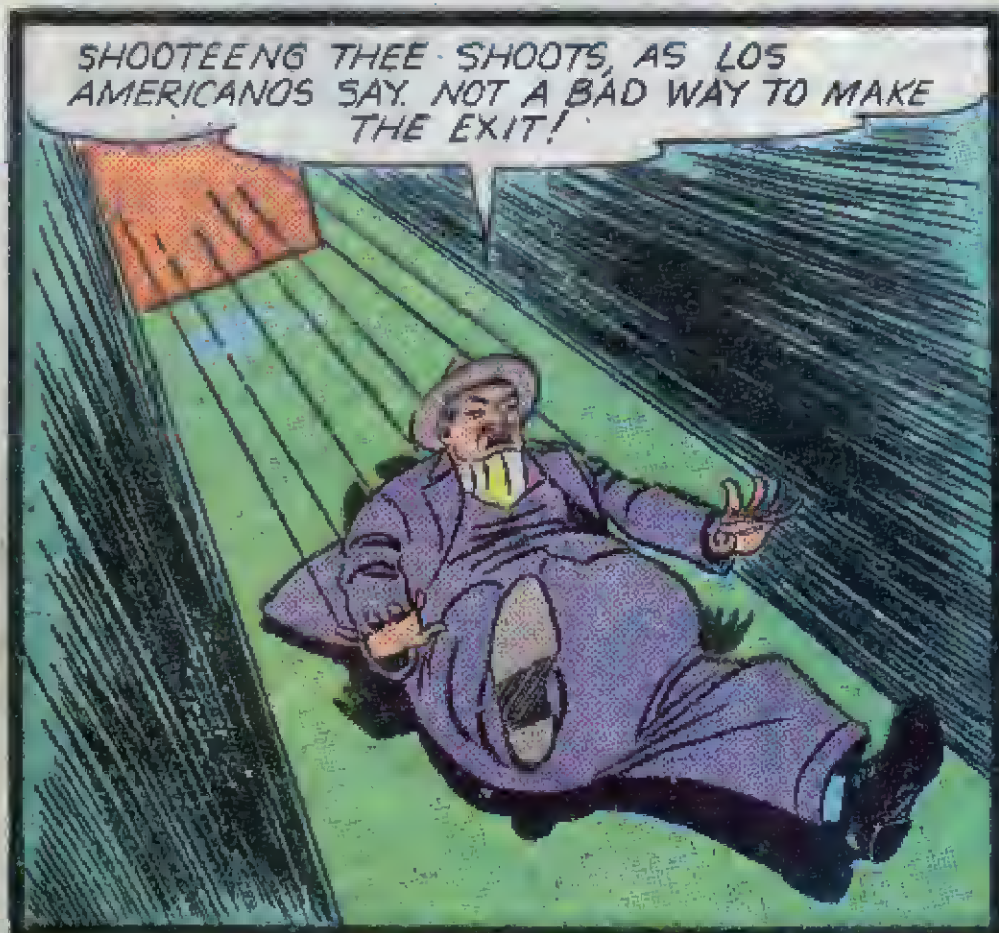
MADRE DE DIOS! THE ELEVATOR DOES NOT COME!
BUT, EL SEÑOR COLE EES COMING - I HEAR HEES
FOOTSTEPS. THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT!



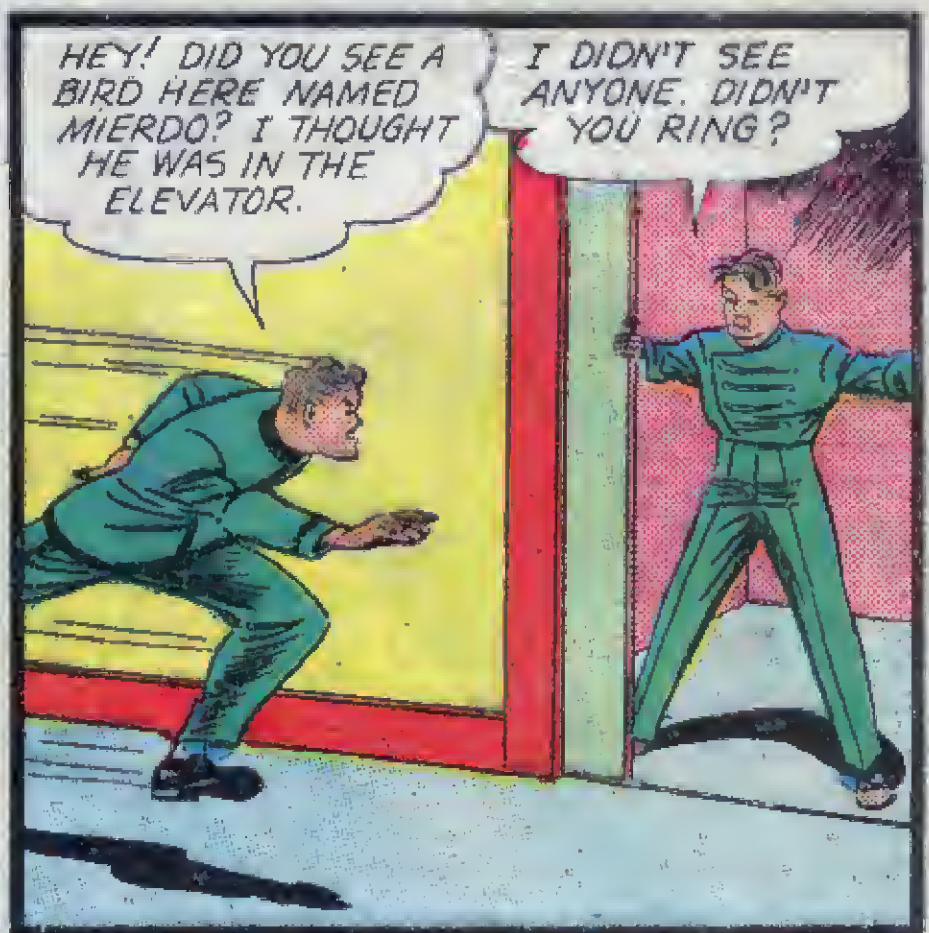
HAH-H-H-H! THEE LAUNDRY
CHUTE!



SHOOTTEENG THEE SHOOT, AS LOS
AMERICANOS SAY. NOT A BAD WAY TO MAKE
THE EXIT!

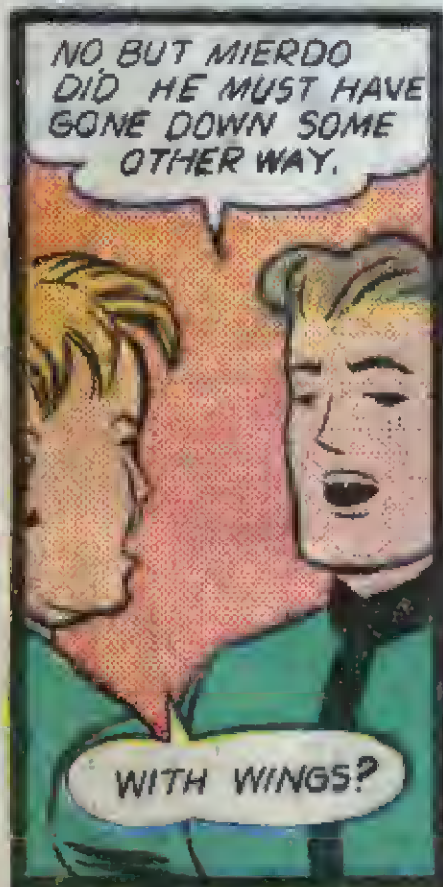


HEY! DID YOU SEE A
BIRD HERE NAMED
MIERDO? I THOUGHT
HE WAS IN THE
ELEVATOR.



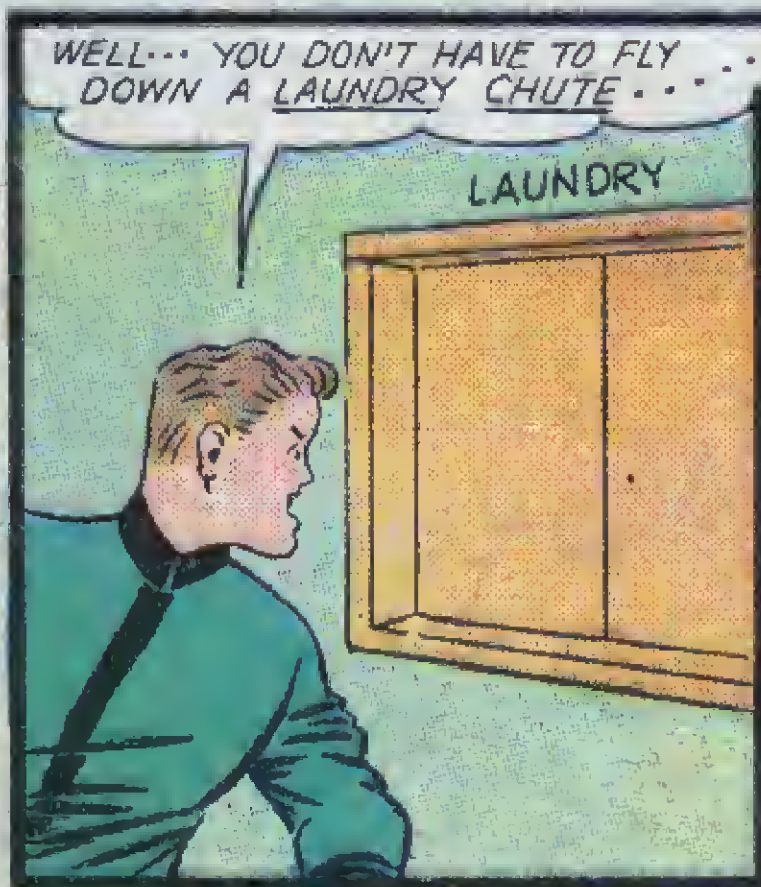
I DIDN'T SEE
ANYONE. DIDN'T
YOU RING?

NO BUT MIERDO
DID HE MUST HAVE
GONE DOWN SOME
OTHER WAY.

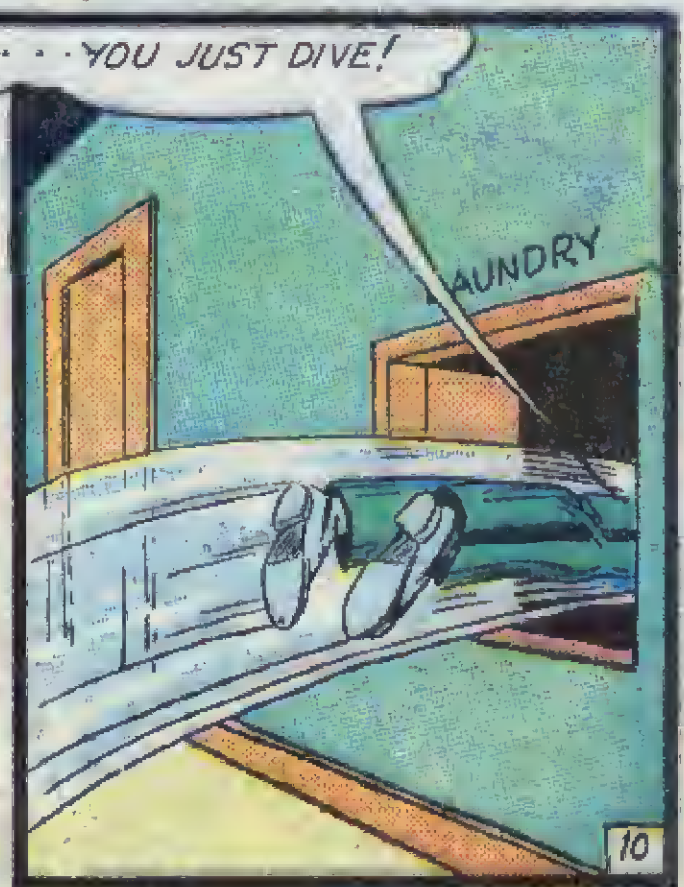


WITH WINGS?

WELL... YOU DON'T HAVE TO FLY ... YOU JUST DIVE!



LAUNDRY



DICK HITS BOTTOM!

"I'D ACTUALLY ENJOY THIS RIDE IF I WEREN'T CHASING THAT MUG!"

GONE! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO HIS ROOM AND COLLECT MY EVIDENCE!

LATER, AT MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE...

WELL?

CADET COLE REPORTING, SIR- WITH PROOF THAT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT PHONEY STATEMENT.

HERE'S THE ORIGINAL STATEMENT AND HERE'S ANOTHER I TYPED ON HIS PORTABLE. NOTICE THE LETTERS "E" AND "M".

THEY'RE A BIT OUT OF KILTER, OBVIOUSLY, THAT STATEMENT WAS WRITTEN ON THE SAME PORTABLE. WHOSE TYPEWRITER IS IT?

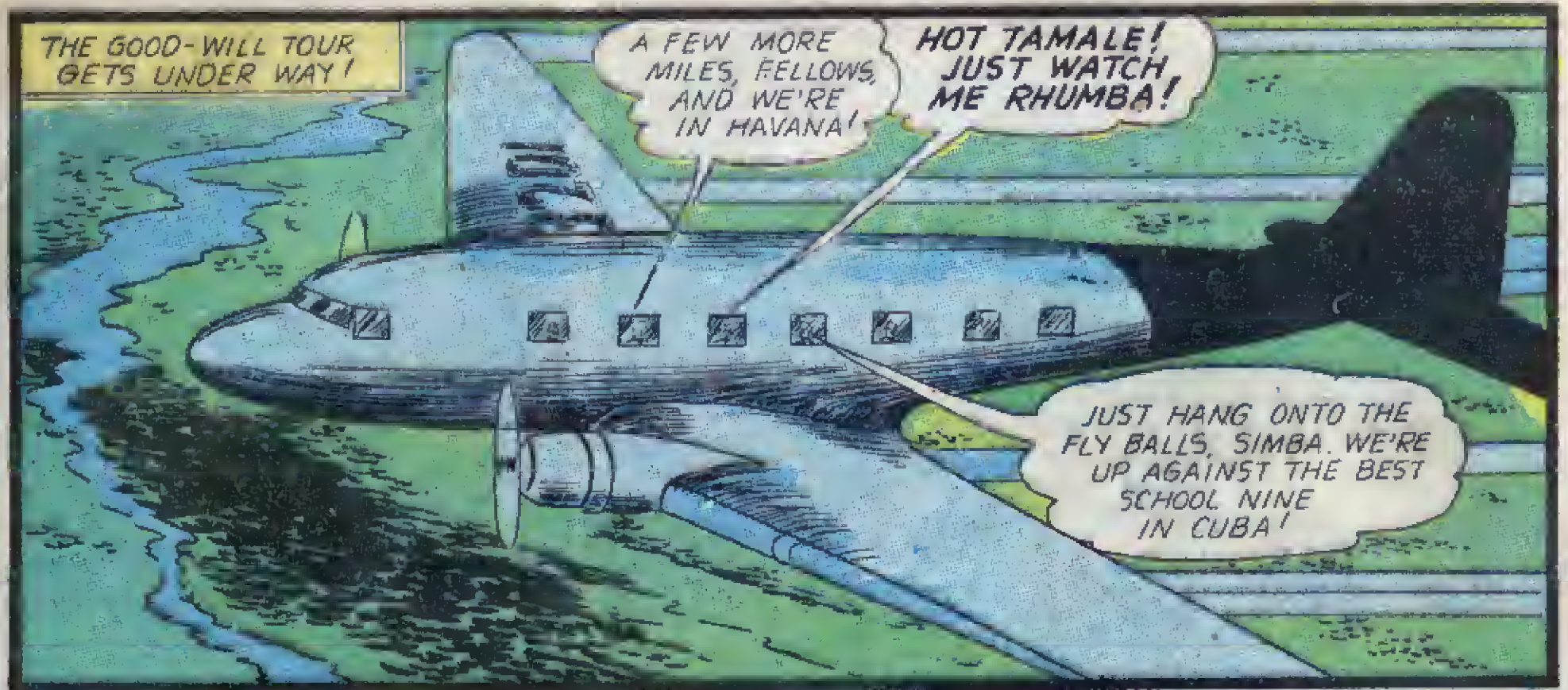
IT BELONGS TO A BIRD NAMED MIERDO! SAYS HE WORKS FOR A SOUTH AMERICAN PAPER. HE GOT MY SIGNATURE BY ASKING ME FOR MY AUTOGRAPH.

F.B.I? CHECK UP ON A MAN NAMED MIERDO! SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT "EL-DIARIO". HE'S TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE GOOD-WILL TOUR!

HERE'S HIS DOSSIER. IN THE FIRST PLACE, HE'S NOT A REPORTER-HE'S A SUSPECTED AXIS SPY, WHOM WE'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR SOME TIME.

I'LL ISSUE A STATEMENT TO THE PRESS EXPLAINING EVERYTHING! BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU GO ON THAT TOUR. I'VE A HUNCH WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF MIERDO!

I HOPE NOT! WHAT I'D GIVE TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

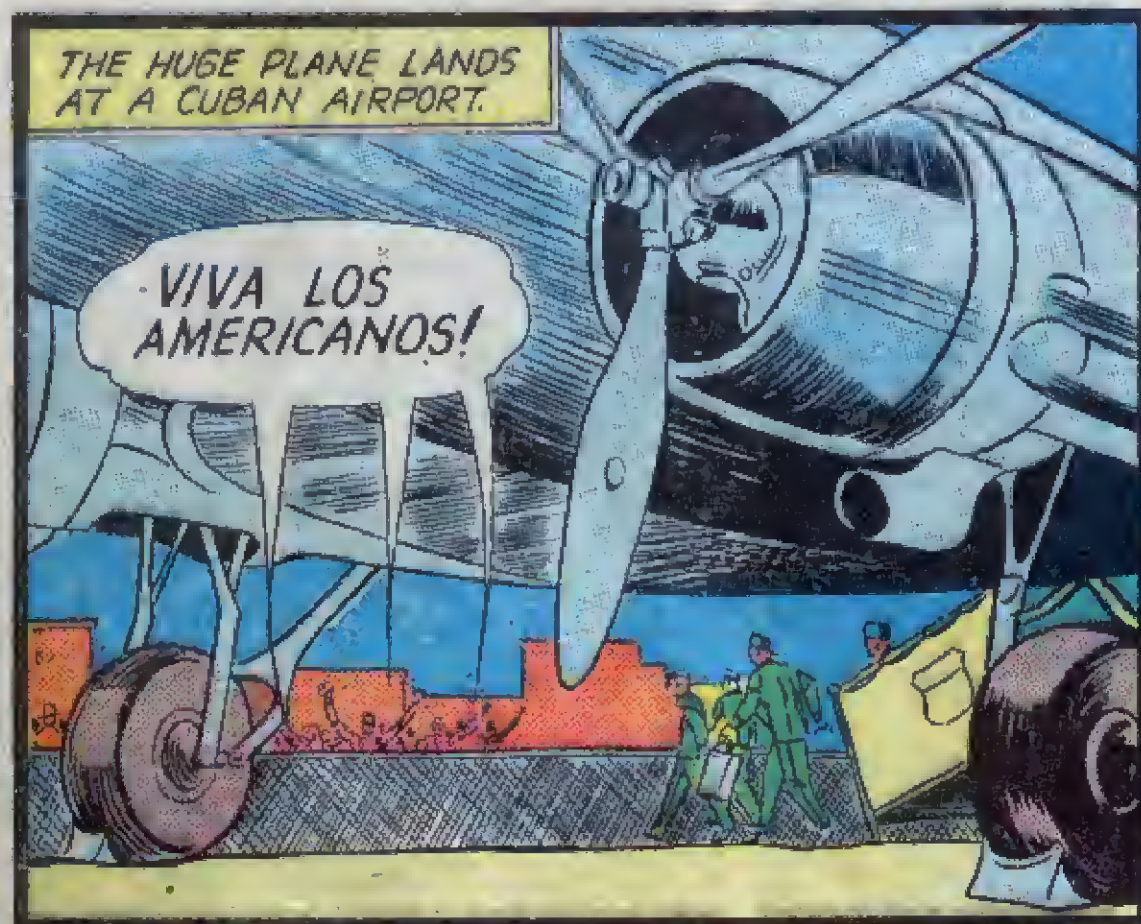


THE GOOD-WILL TOUR
GETS UNDER WAY!

A FEW MORE
MILES, FELLOWS,
AND WE'RE
IN HAVANA!

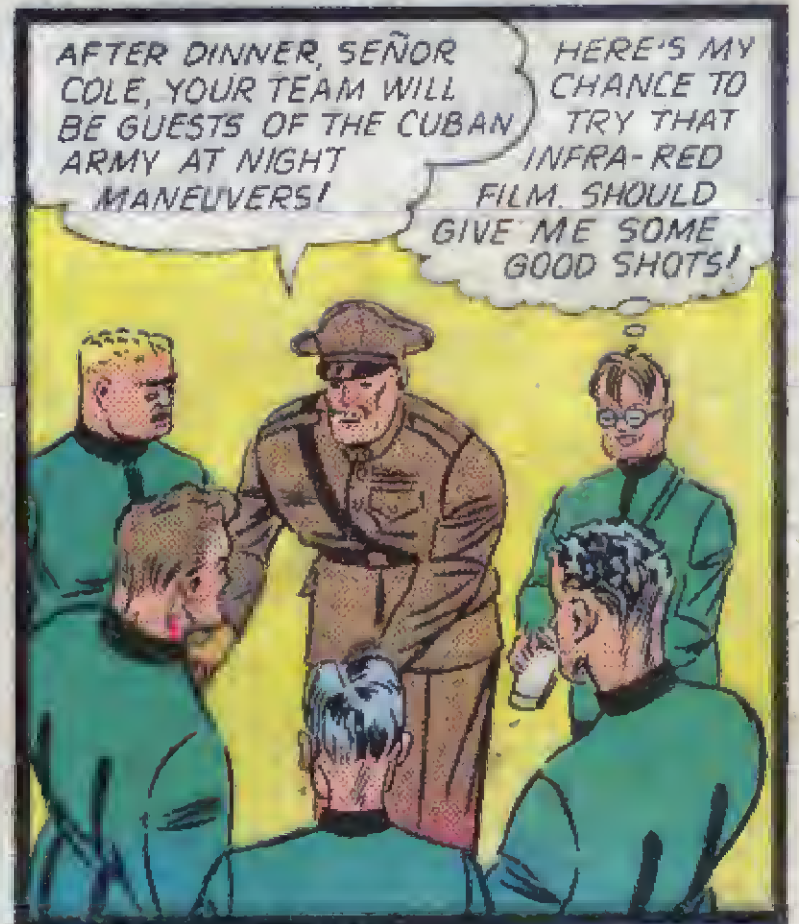
HOT TAMALES!
JUST WATCH
ME RHUMBA!

JUST HANG ONTO THE
FLY BALLS, SIMBA. WE'RE
UP AGAINST THE BEST
SCHOOL NINE
IN CUBA!



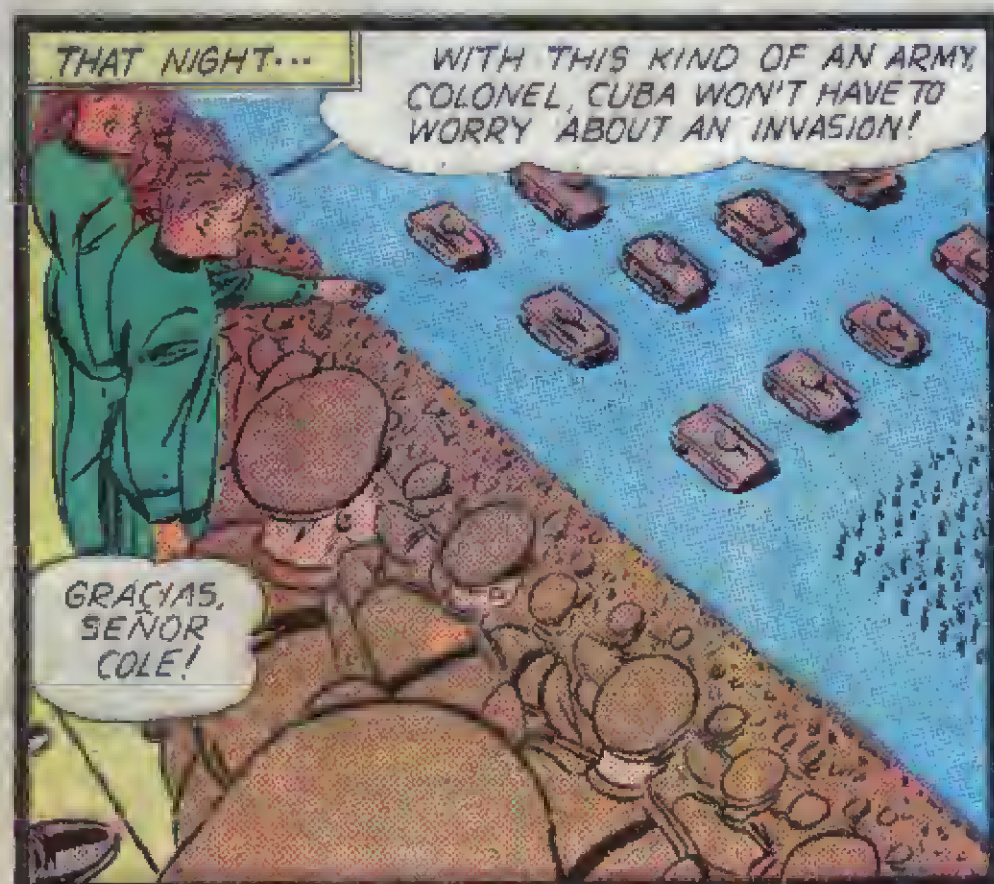
THE HUGE PLANE LANDS
AT A CUBAN AIRPORT.

VIVA LOS
AMERICANOS!



AFTER DINNER, SEÑOR
COLE, YOUR TEAM WILL
BE GUESTS OF THE CUBAN
ARMY AT NIGHT
MANEUVERS!

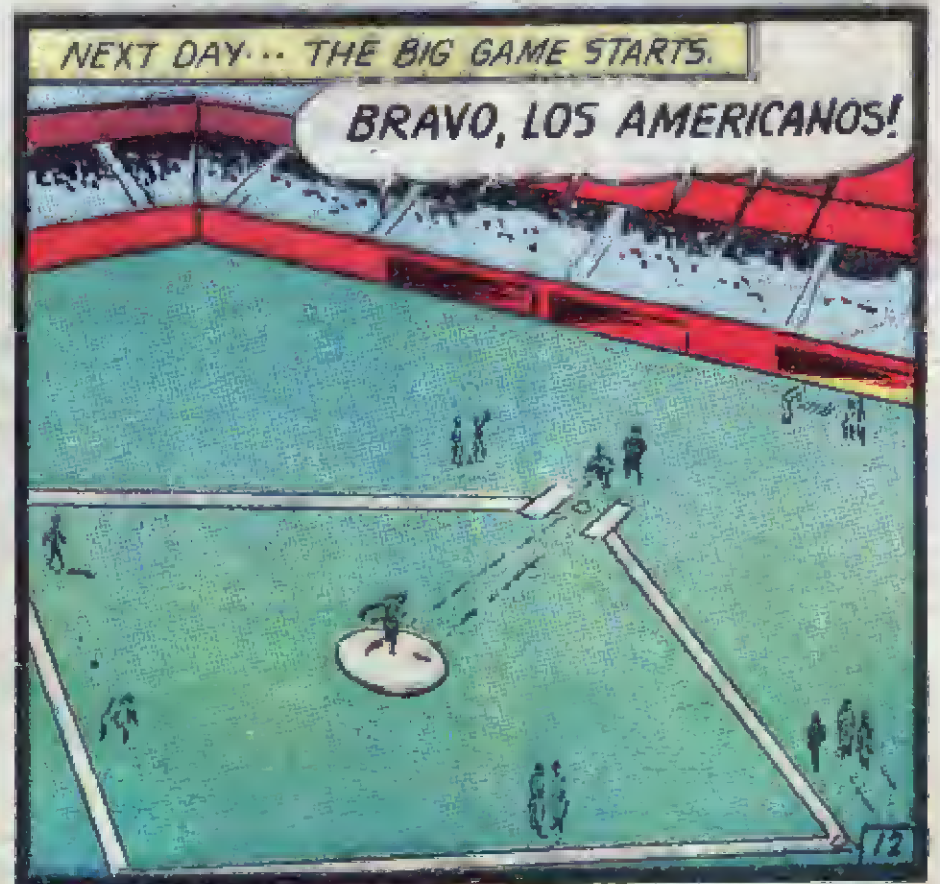
HERE'S MY
CHANCE TO
TRY THAT
INFRA-RED
FILM. SHOULD
GIVE ME SOME
GOOD SHOTS!



THAT NIGHT...

WITH THIS KIND OF AN ARMY,
COLONEL, CUBA WON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT AN INVASION!

GRACIAS,
SEÑOR
COLE!



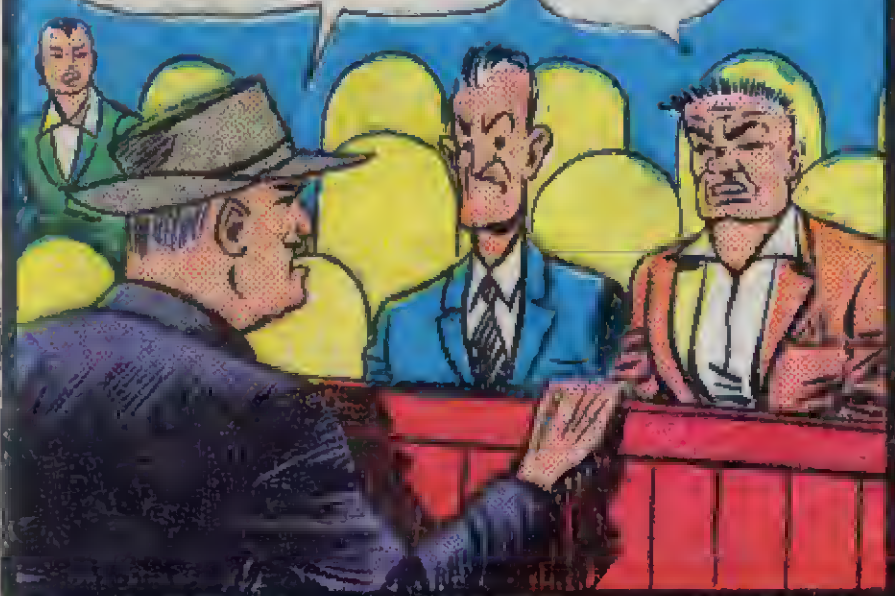
NEXT DAY... THE BIG GAME STARTS.

BRAVO, LOS AMERICANOS!

IN THE SUNNY, UNPROTECTED BLEACHERS,
CLOSE TO THE FIELD...

I CANNOT TAKE ANY CHANCES
OF BEING SEEN, HERBST! AS
SOON AS I LEAVE, GO TO
WORK ON THEM!

SURE!



SEND THE AMERICANOS
BACK TO KINDERGARTEN.
ALL THEY'RE GOOD FOR
IS RING-AROUND-THE-
ROSIE!



HERBST AND HIS
COLLEAGUE INCREASE
THEIR ABUSE!

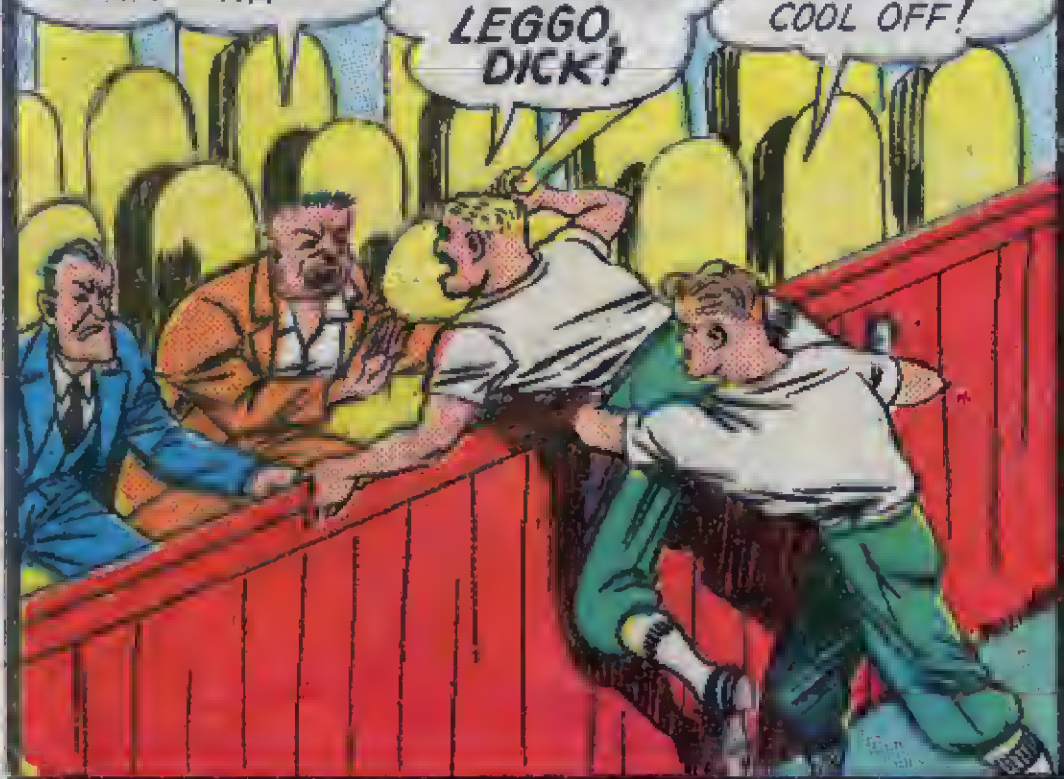
THOSE GUYS DON'T
KNOW WHEN TO STOP!



YOU CAN'T HIT THE
SIDE OF A BARN!
HA HA HA HA HA!

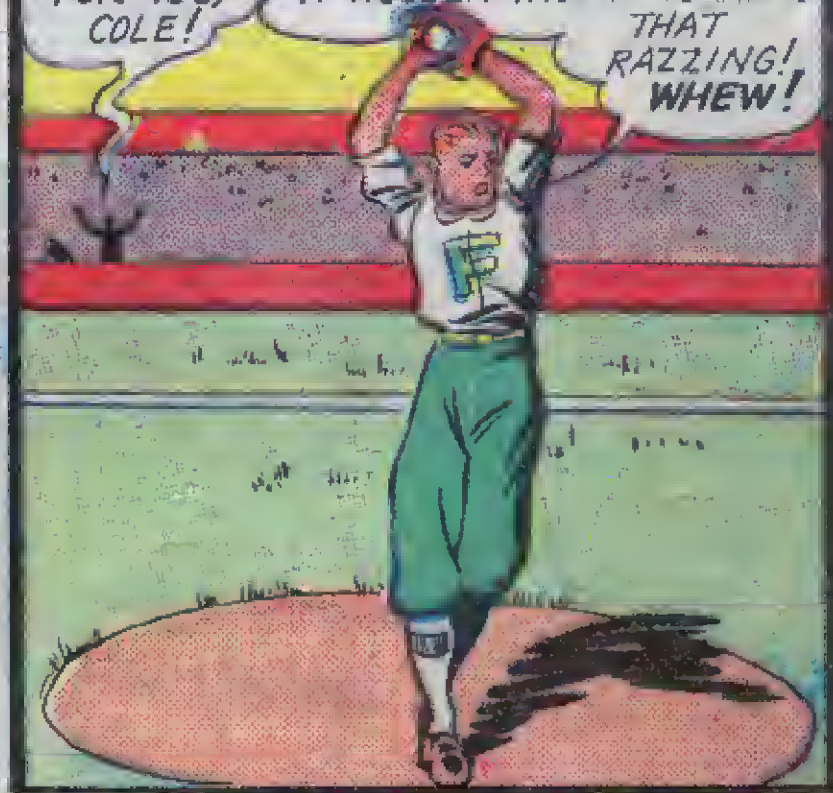
MAYBE NOT!
BUT I CAN
CROWN YOU!
LEGGO,
DICK!

DROP THE
BAT!
C'MON, SIMBA,
COOL OFF!



BACK TO THE
SHOWERS
FOR YOU,
COLE!

ONE MORE OUT AND WE
WIN... BUT I'D HAVE TO BE
A WOODEN INDIAN TO STAND
THAT
RAZZING!
WHEW!



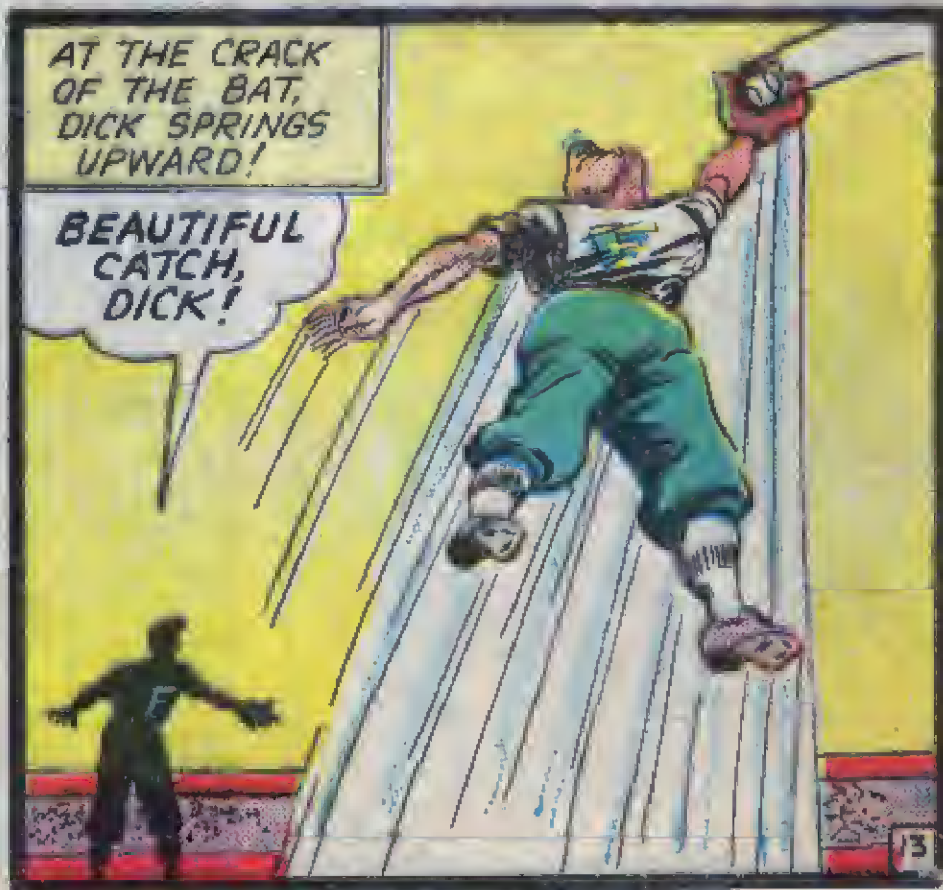
THE BATTER
CONNECTS WITH
A FAST BALL.

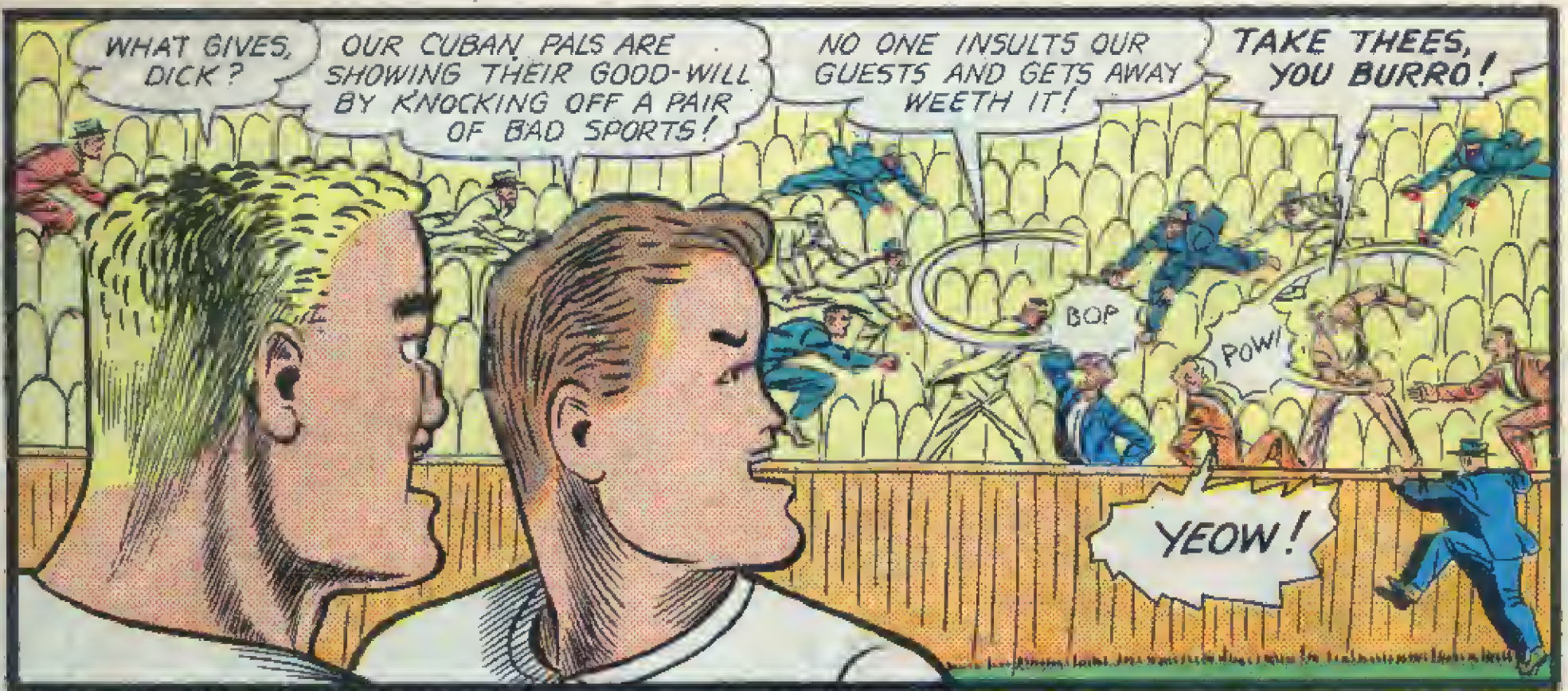
THAT'S IT! DOWN WITH
THE AMERICANOS!



AT THE CRACK
OF THE BAT,
DICK SPRINGS
UPWARD!

BEAUTIFUL
CATCH,
DICK!





WHAT GIVES, DICK?

OUR CUBAN PALS ARE SHOWING THEIR GOOD-WILL BY KNOCKING OFF A PAIR OF BAD SPORTS!

NO ONE INSULTS OUR GUESTS AND GETS AWAY WEETH IT!

TAKE THEES, YOU BURRO!

BOP

POW!

YEOW!

LATER, AT A HAVANA HOTEL...

WELL, YOU LOOK AS EEF YOU COLLIDED WITH A TRAIN!

I GOT AWAY BY THE SKIN OF MY TEETH! BETTER THINK UP A BETTER VUN NEYT TIME.

OBSERVE THEES MAP HERE EES THE ITINERARY OF FARR'S ATHLETES. THEY END THEIR TOUR WEETH A SWIMMING MEET IN CARAJUA CITY, CARAJUA.

I THINK I GET THE IDEA. THEY'RE PLANNING TO TRAVEL DOWN THE RIVER!

YES, THEY WANT ADVENTURE, AND CARAJUA IS NEUTRAL... BUT AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT MIGHT PROVOKE HER TO JOIN THE AXIS. SHE **COULD** PROVIDE MUCH WAR MATERIAL!

FIRST, EET WOULD BE WISE TO LIQUIDATE SEÑOR COLE. HE EES MUCH TOO SMART! UNDERSTAND?

JA! I UNDERSTAND! HE IS TO HAVE ADVENTURE!

ON THE LAST LAP OF THEIR TOUR, THE BOYS HEAD UP THE AMAZON.

PIPE THE 'GATOR! PRETTY, AIN'T HE?

WATCH OUT, SIMBA! THOSE BABIES GO FOR BEEF IN A BIG WAY!

BUT ALONG THE AMAZON, DANGER DOES NOT LURK ONLY IN THE WATER!

BE PATIENT, MY BEAUTIFUL PET!
THEY'LL BE—I HERE, THEY
COME NOW!



HERBST PRESSES A BUTTON, AND THE POISONOUS REPTILE SLITHERS TOWARD THE PASSING CANOES!

LOOK OUT, DICK!

WHAT
TH—!

MADRE MIO!



THE DEADLY SNAKE COILS, READY TO STRIKE...

IF I CAN ONLY GRAB MY
KNIFE—GOT IT!



AS THE VENOMOUS REPTILE STREAKS
FORWARD, DICK DRIVES HIS KNIFE INTO
ITS NECK!



HE'S DONE FOR!
WHAT A TIME I
HAD TO KEEP
FROM CAPSIZING
THE CANOE!

EET EES A
GOOD THEENG
I DO NOT
KNOW WHICH
IS WORSE—
SNAKE OR
CROCODILE!



I HAVE NEVER SEEN THEES KIND OF
SNAKE ON THEE AMAZON! VEREE
STRANGE EET EES!

WOW!



SOME ONE MUST
HAVE PLANTED IT,
THEN, PEDRO!...
BETTER KEEP YOUR
EYES PEELED,
FELLOWS!



NIGHT... THE BOYS ENCAAMP IN A SMALL CLEARING.

I HOPE THERE
AREN'T ANY
ANT HILLS
NEAR ME!

GET A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP, FELLOWS. IT'S
ANOTHER DAY'S RIDE
TO CARAJUA CITY!

I'LL TAKE A CUP
OF THAT SOUP,
PEDRO! I'M
HUNGRY!

THEE FIRE WILL KEEP
JUNGLE PROWLERS
AWAY FROM CAMP!

LATER... A WEIRD SOUND AWAKENS
DICK AND THE GUIDE.

WHOO-O-O

WHAT'S
THAT, PEDRO-
A HOOT
OWL?

WHO-WHO-WHO-

EEF I AM NOT
MISTAKEN, THOSE
OWLS CARRY BOWS
AND ARROWS. A
SYSTEM OF SIGNALS
THAT PROBABLY
MEAN 'AN ATTACK!

THEE INDIANS
WEEL ATTACK
IN FORCE!

HEY!
SIMBA!
SNAP
OUT OF
IT!

HUH?

THE BOYS ARE QUICKLY ROUSED!

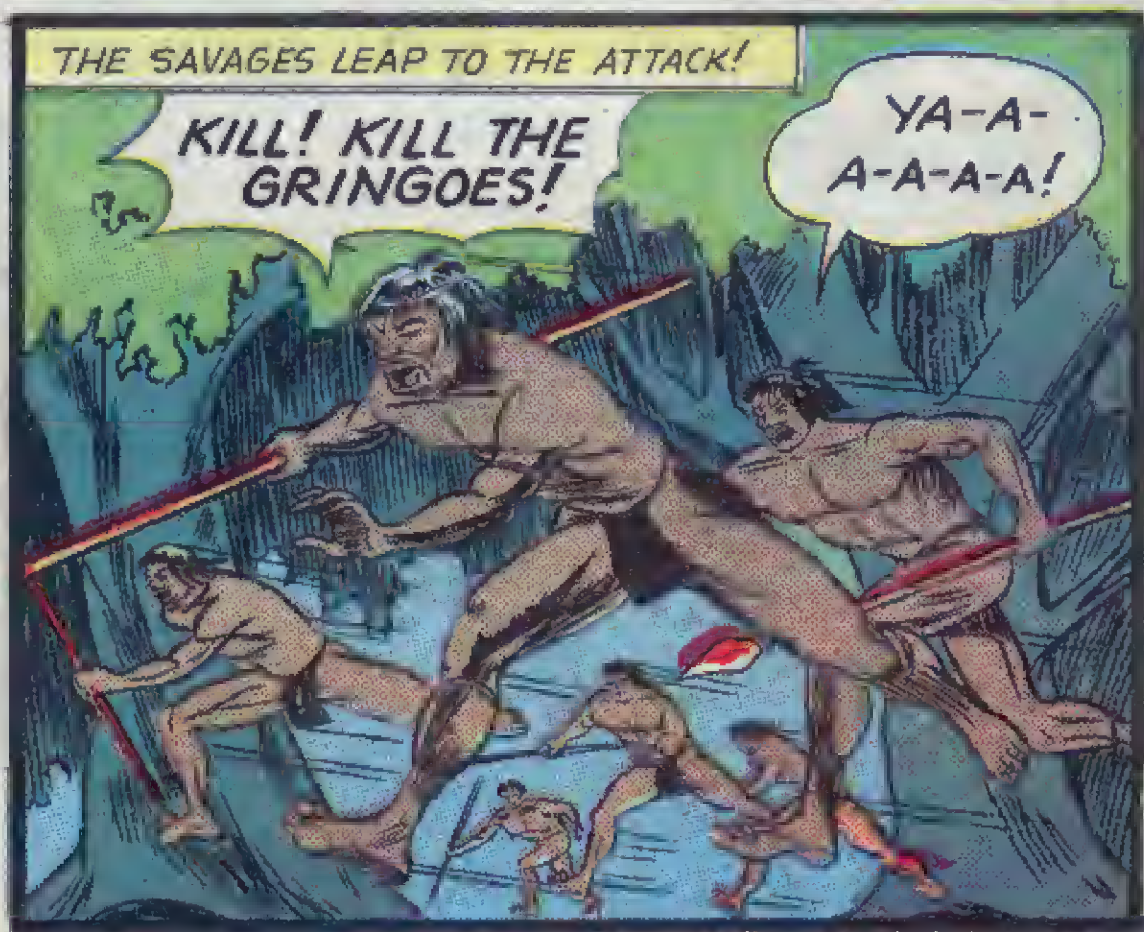
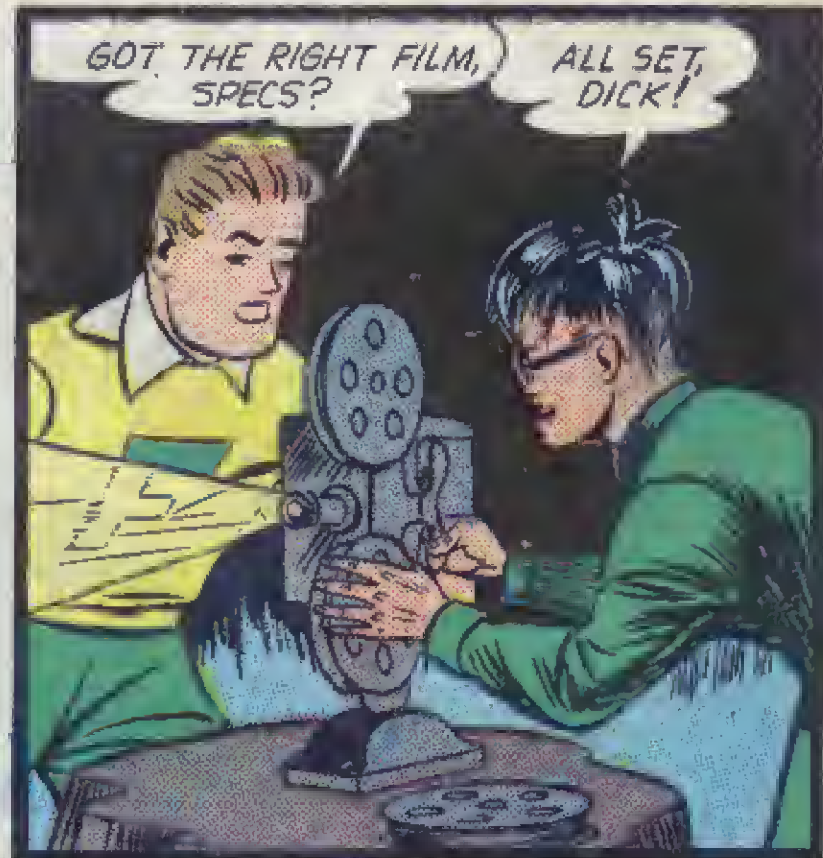
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE SURROUNDED! THIS
CALLS FOR SOME STRATEGY!

YOUR PROJECTOR
WORKS WITH
BATTERIES,
DOESN'T IT,
SPECS?

SURE. BUT
WHAT A TIME
TO TALK ABOUT
PICTURES!

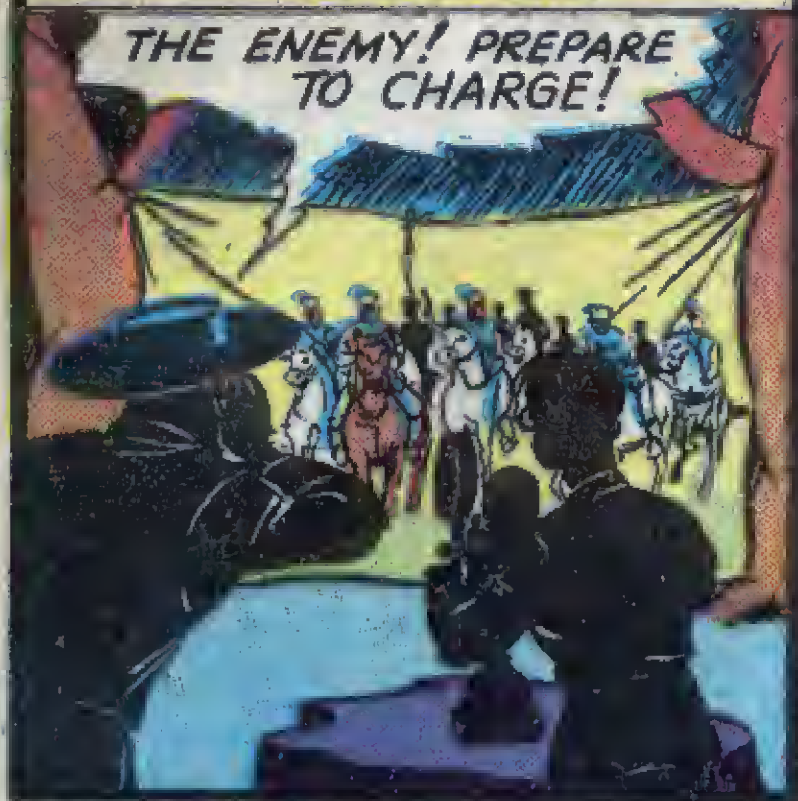
SET IT UP FAST! THE REST OF YOU GUYS
GET YOUR SHEETS AND FIX 'EM SO
THEY FORM A SCREEN.
HURRY!

SURE!



WAR— WITH SOUND EFFECTS!

THE ENEMY! PREPARE
TO CHARGE!



CHARGE!

BANG

BANG

?

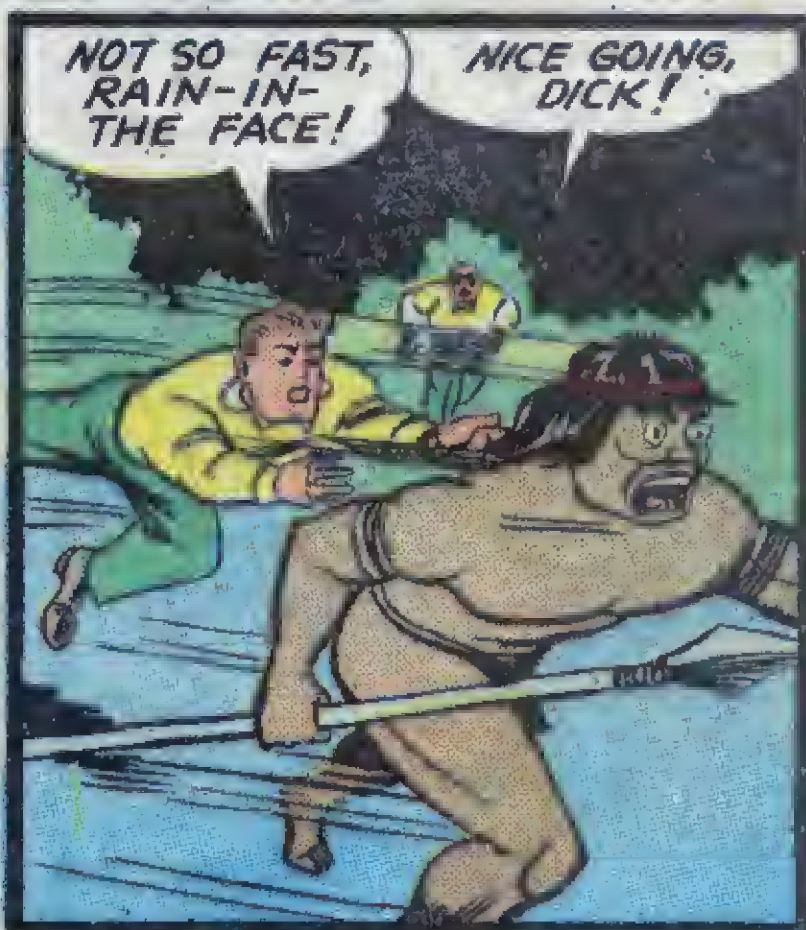


THERE ARE TOO MANY— WE
ARE TRICKED! RUN!



NOT SO FAST,
RAIN-IN-
THE FACE!

NICE GOING,
DICK!



YI-E-E-E!



AFTER THE INDIANS HAVE FLED...

YOU KNOW HIS LINGO,
PEDRO. ASK HIM WHO
HE IS AND WHY HE
ATTACKED US.

SI—



A-LA-RAO
MANDOA-
HERBST.

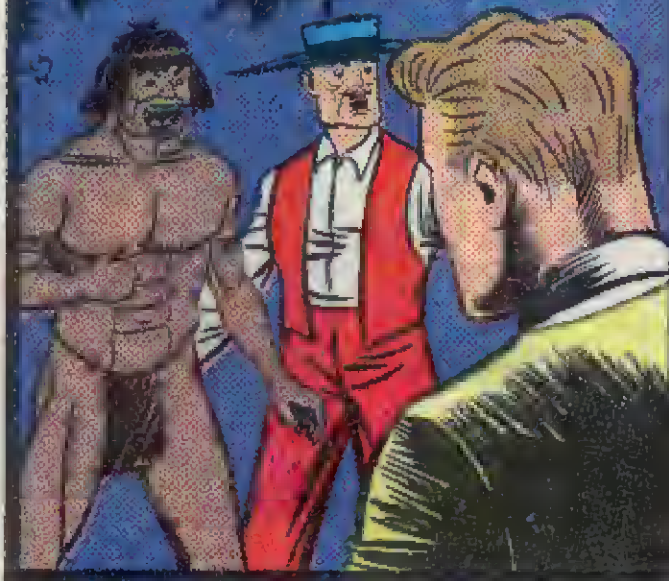
HE IS RANGOA, A
CHIEF. A GRINGO
NAMED "HERBST" TOLD
HIM WE WERE
INVADING HIS
TERRITORY.



HERBST? I'LL BET.
HE PLAYS ON
MIERDO'S TEAM!

TORO...
CARAJUA!

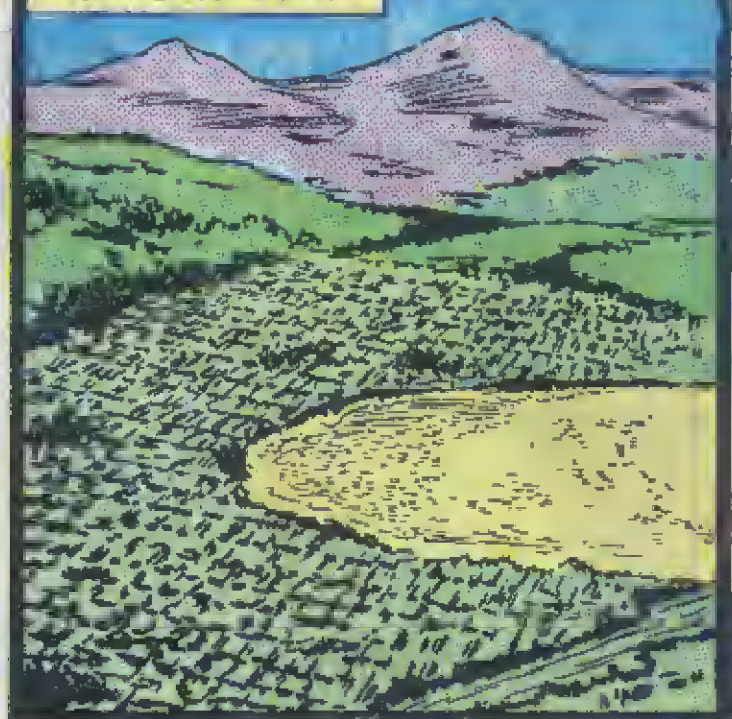
HE BEARS NO ILL
WILL. HE WOULD
LIKE TO GO WEETH US,
TO SEE THEE BULL
FIGHT. HE HAS NEVER
SEEN ONE.



HM-M. WE COULD
USE HIM TO HANDLE
ANY OTHER NATIVES
WHO GET NASTY!
OKAY, RANGOA,
PUT 'ER THERE!



NEXT MORNING, THE BOYS SET OUT...
THEIR GOAL THE LOVELY CITY
OF CARAJUA.



BUT, THEY ARE UNAWARE
OF WHAT AWAITS THEM!

El Carajua D
AMERICANOS DEL
NORTE ATTACK
NATIVES IN JUNGLE

IN THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
OF CARAJUA!

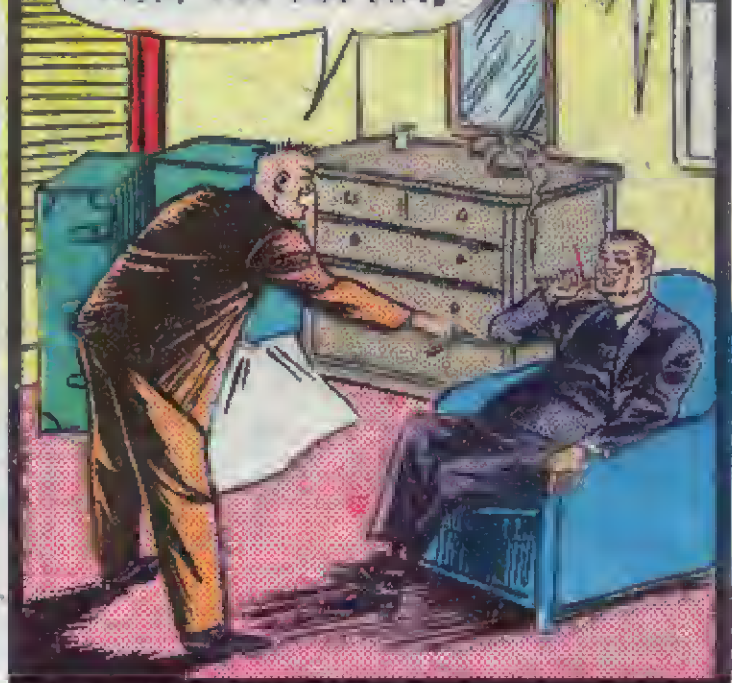
AN OUTRAGE! THEE
SWIMMING MEET EES
CANCELLED!



SI, SEÑOR!

YOU DID IT THIS TIME,
MIERDO! THAT FAKE
ATROCITY STORY YOU
PLANTED IN THE PAPER
HAS THE WHOLE TOWN
WILD! HA-HA-HA!

AMUSING,
ISN'T
IT?



THAT NIGHT THE BOYS ARRIVE AT CARAJUA!

WASN'T THERE SUPPOSED
TO BE A RECEPTION
COMMITTEE?

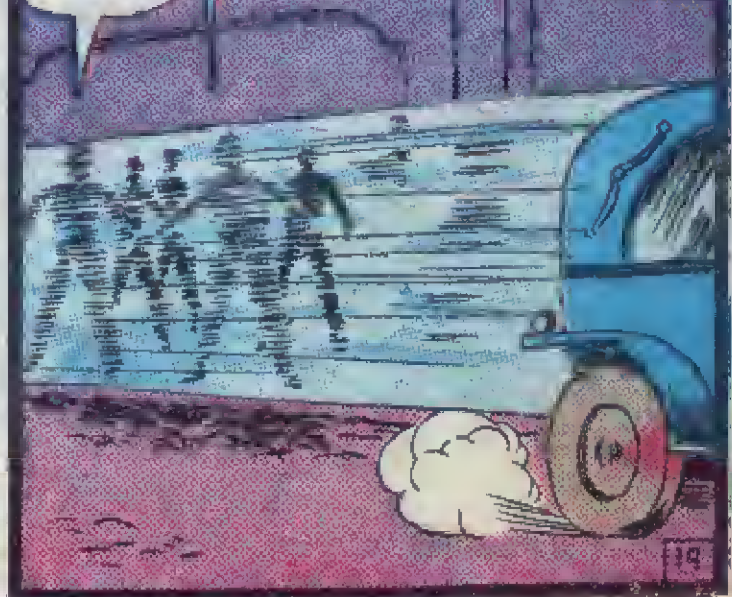
FORGET IT! THEY'RE PROBABLY
SAVING THE ORATORY FOR
TOMORROW! HEY, CAB!



HOTEL
ESTRELLITA.
WHAT TH-?

LOS AMERICANOS!
AMIGOS DEL
DIABLO!

HUH?

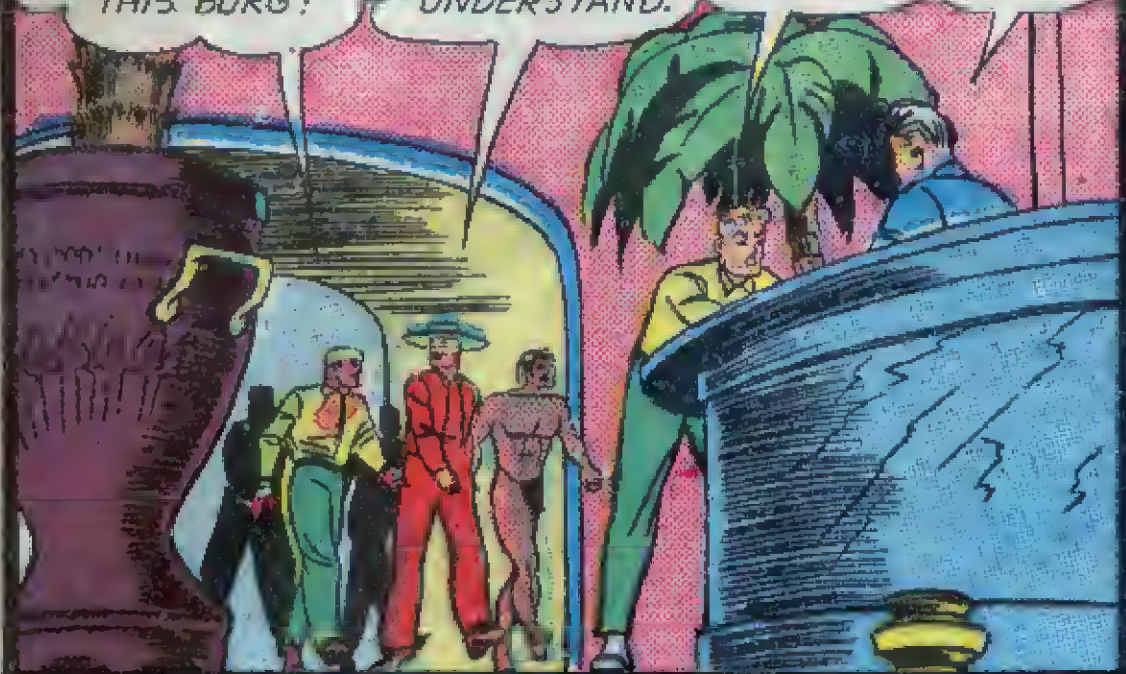


WEARILY, DICK AND HIS FRIENDS TRUDGE TO THE HOTEL.

THEY SURE GIVE YOU
THE ICE AROUND
THIS BURG!

THEES I DO
NOT
UNDERSTAND.

WE RESERVED VEREE
SUITE 204 WELL-



LATER, IN THEIR ROOMS...

NOW THAT YOU'VE PICKED
UP A LITTLE AMERICANESSE,
RANGO, MAYBE YOU CAN
EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!

ME NO
SLEEP IN
BED. BED
TOO SOFT!



FLOOR NO GOOD! ROOM
NO GOOD! ME WANT
OUTSIDE! I MEET
YOU AT BULL-FIGHT!

OKAY,
RANGO!
SWEET
DREAMS!



LATER...

OPEN UP! POLICE!

KNOCK
KNOCK

NOW
WHAT?



YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS
ARE NOT WELCOME
IN CARAJUA CITY!
I ADVISE YOU TO
LEAVE.

BUT
WHY?



YOU PRETEND NOT TO KNOW.
PERHAPS THIS NEWSPAPER WILL
ENLIGHTEN YOU!



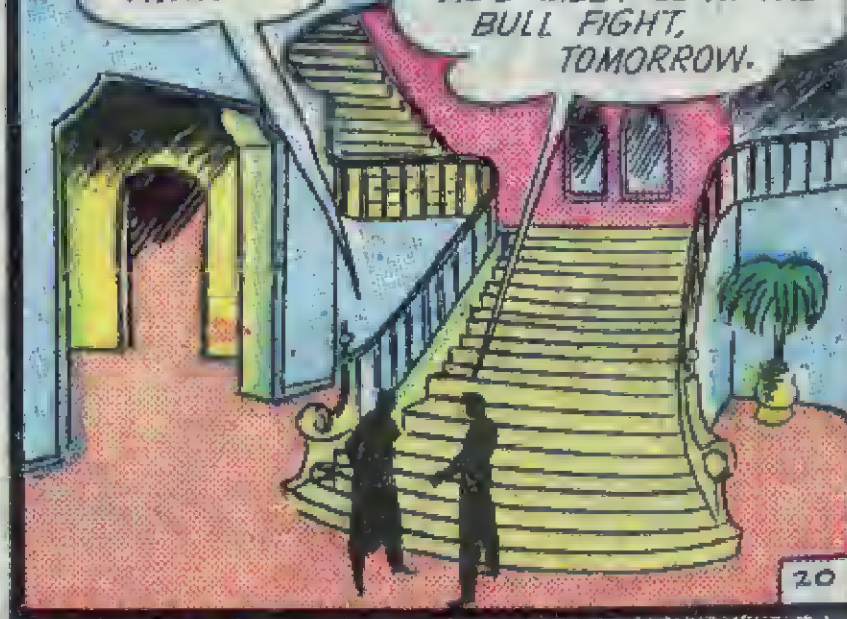
WOW! THIS
PHONE YARN
IS ENOUGH TO
START A WAR!
BETTER WAKEN
THE OTHERS! THE
ONLY THING FOR
US TO DO IS GO TO
THE AMERICAN
EMBASSY!

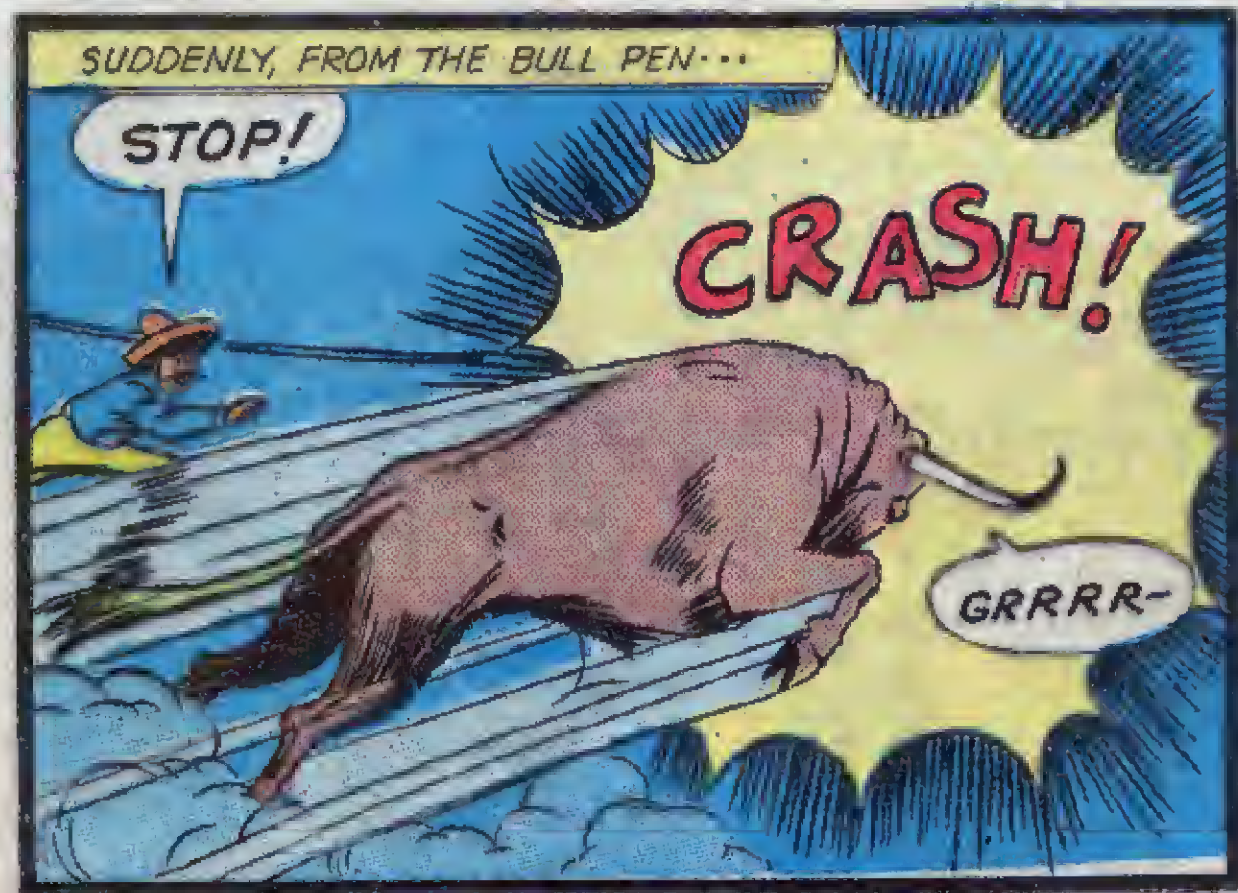
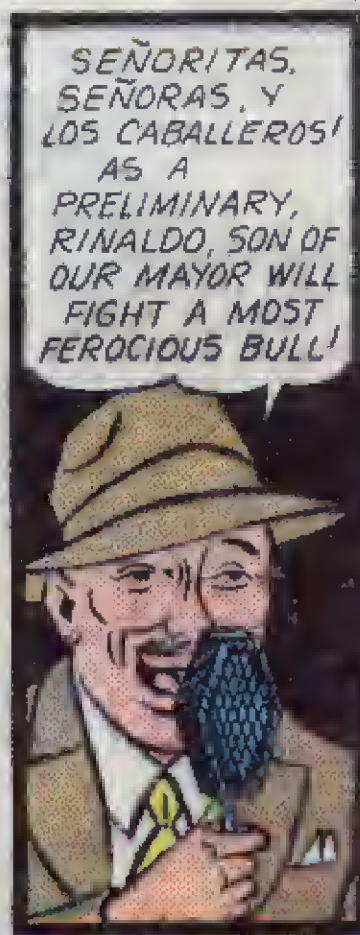
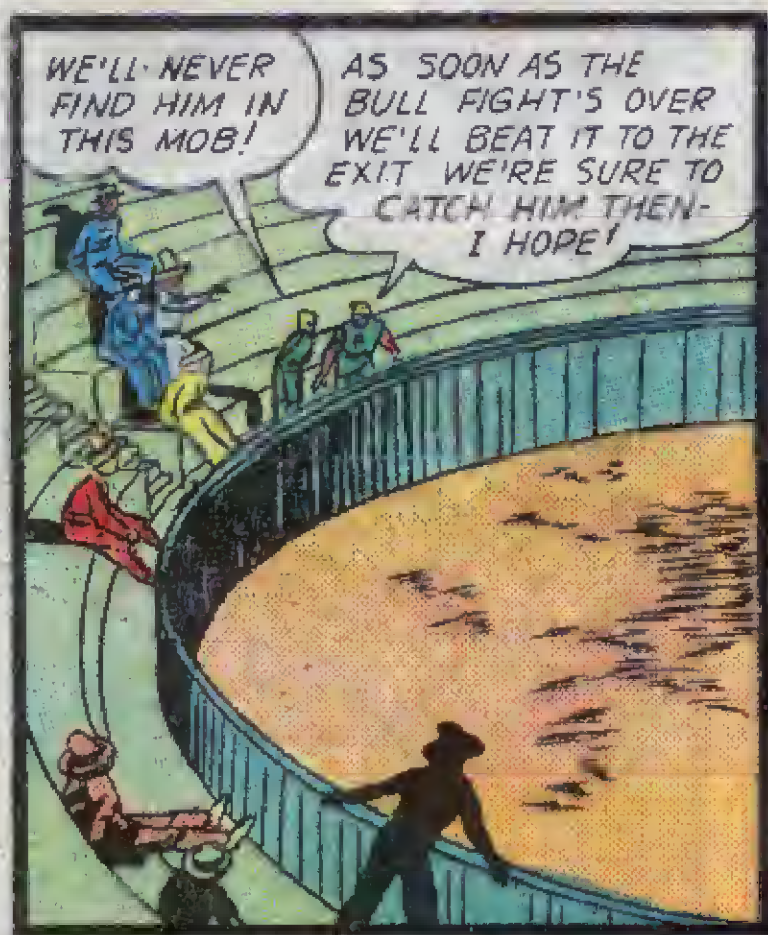
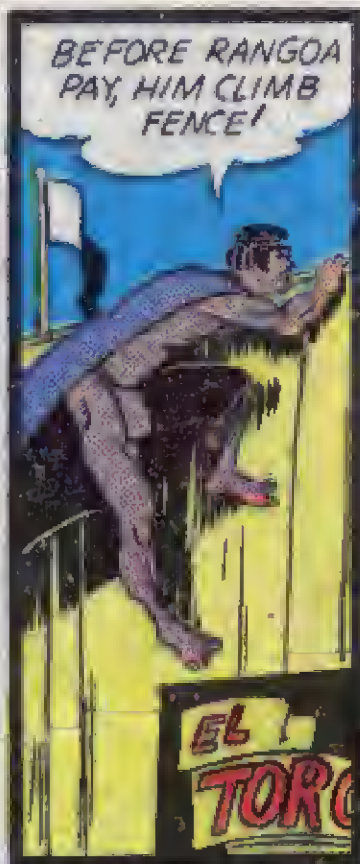
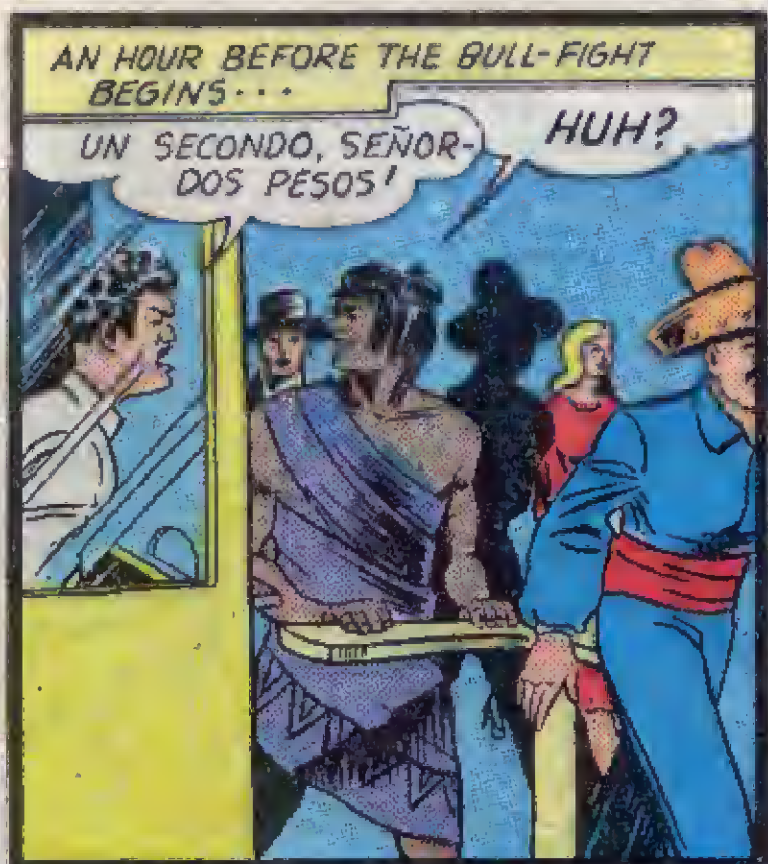


AT THE EMBASSY, DICK TELLS HIS STORY.

THE ONLY WITNESS TO
WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED
IS RANGO. YOU'D
BETTER FIND
HIM.

BUT I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
HE IS. WAIT A
MINUTE. HE SAID
HE'D MEET US AT THE
BULL FIGHT,
TOMORROW.

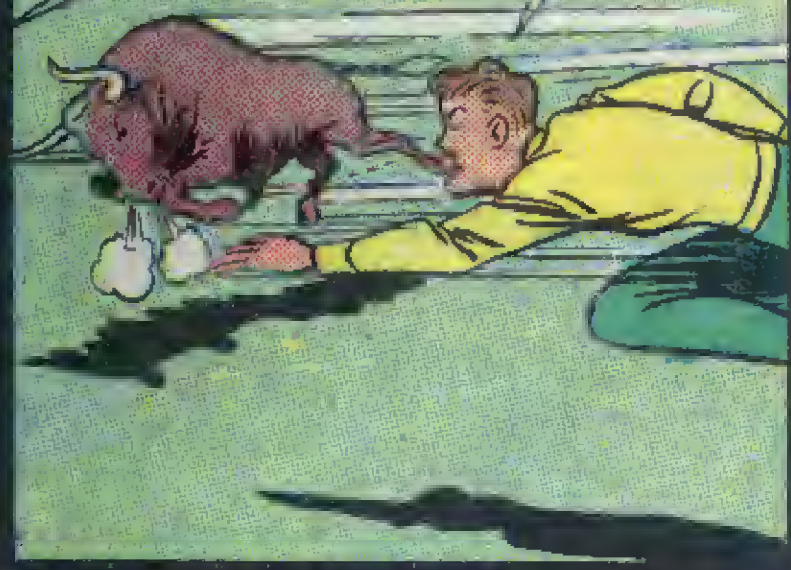




A STUNNED HUSH HITS THE ARENA!
SUDDENLY, A FAMILIAR FIGURE LEAPS!

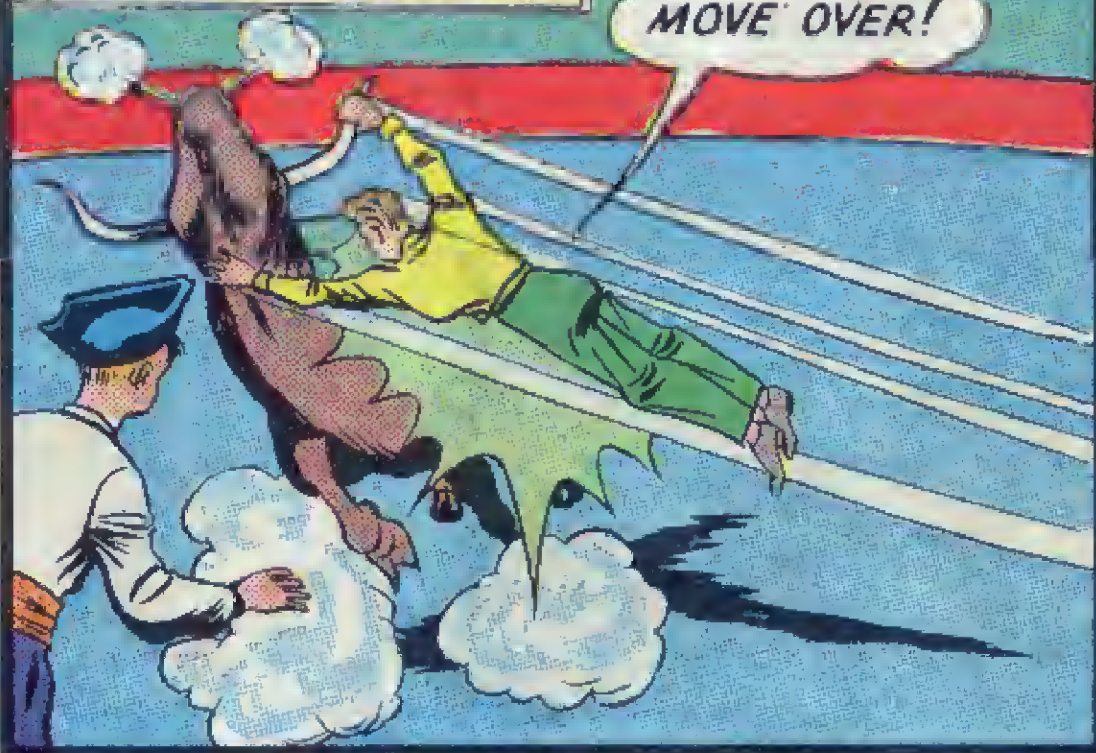
HELP!

RIGHT WITH
YOU, KIDDO!



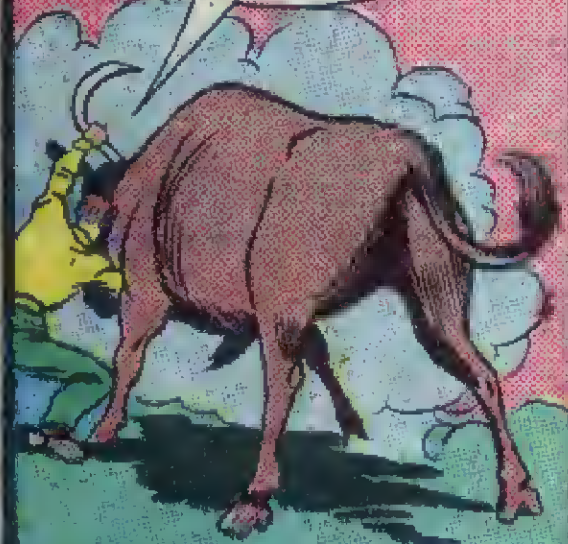
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, DICK HURLS HIMSELF AT
THE ONRUSHING BULL!

MOVE OVER!



AS THE ANIMAL SWERVES...

THE KID'S SAFE BUT
NOW **I'M** IN A JAM!
IF I CAN JUST
FLIP...



... WITH A TREMENDOUS
EFFORT...

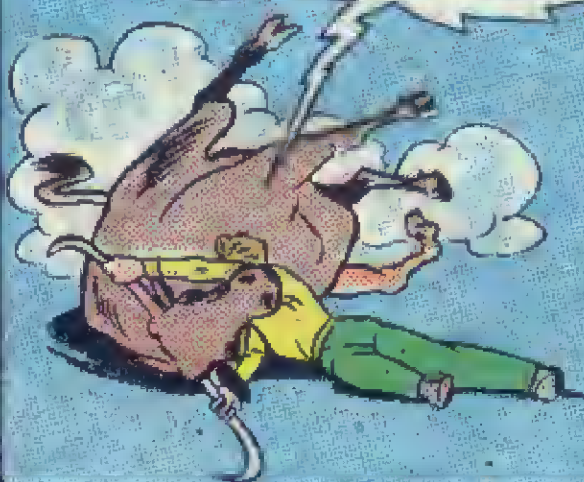
... HIM OVER!



... DICK THROWS HIM TO THE
GROUND!

THAT SHOULD KEEP
YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE!

HEY! SOME ROPE-
QUICK!

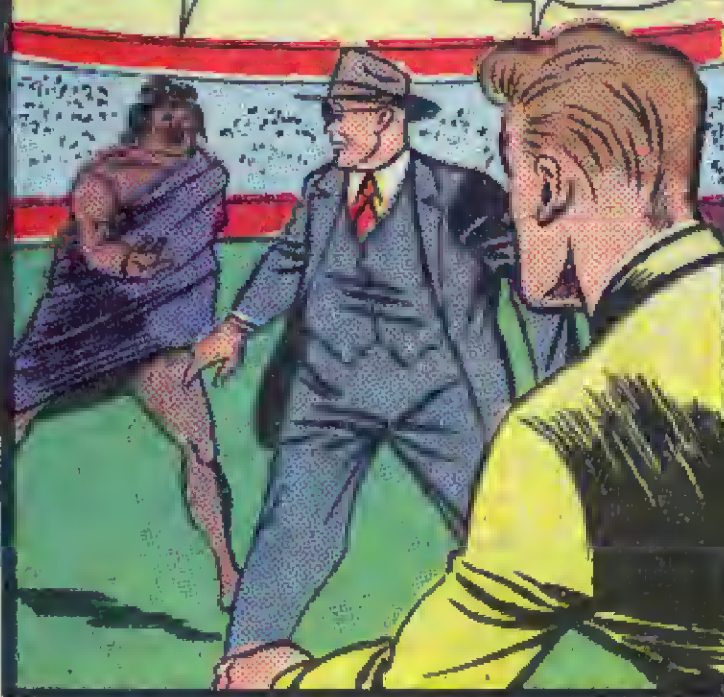


I- MAYOR OF
CARAJUA CITY-
EXTEND TO YOU
MY THANKS FOR
SAVING MY BOY!
YOU ARE A
HERO!



ME, TOO! EET WAS WONDERFUL!
BETTER THAN STICKING
BULL WITH SWORD!

RANGO!



IF YOU WANT TO DO ME A GOOD
TURN, RANGO, TELL THE MAYOR
ALL ABOUT THAT ATTACK YOUR
MEN MADE ON OUR
CAMP LAST NIGHT!

SURE!
I TELL!



RANGOA RELATES THE WHOLE STORY.

GRACIAS, RANGOA! SEÑOR COLE, YOU AND YOUR PARTY HAVE BEEN WRONGED. I WILL MAKE AMENDS!



FIRST, I WEEEL ORDER THEE ARREST OF MIERDO, WHO EES RESPONSIBLE FOR THEE ATROCITY STORY. THEN THEE SWIMMING MEET WILL BE HELD!

YIPPEE!



BUT BEFORE AN ALARM CAN BE BROADCAST FOR MIERDO, A PRO-AXIS POLICEMAN MAKES A CALL.

YOU HAD BETTER MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE, SEÑORES MIERDO Y HERBST!

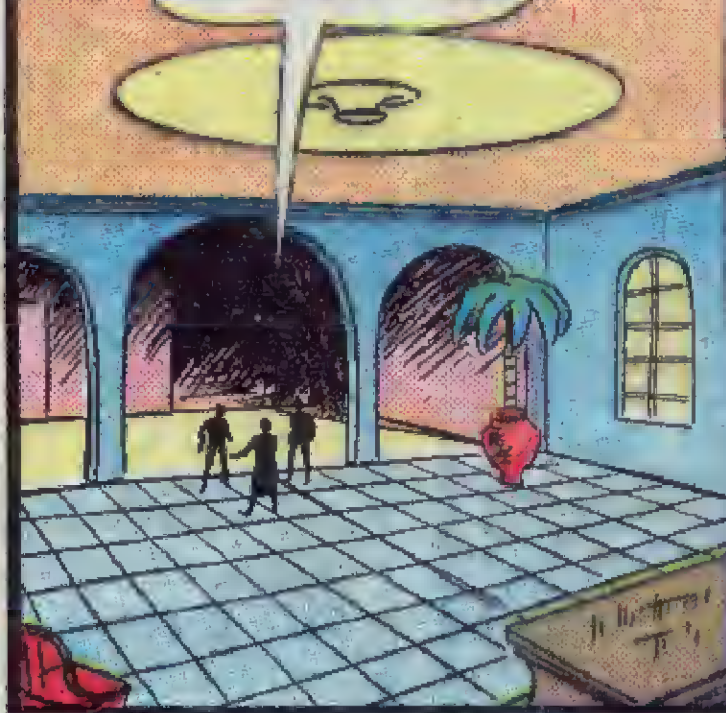


WE CAN HIDE HERE AT THEE GERMAN EMBASSY! COME, SEÑOR!

I DO NOT THINK HERR AMBASSADOR VILL BE IN A GOOD HUMOR, SENOR MIERDO!

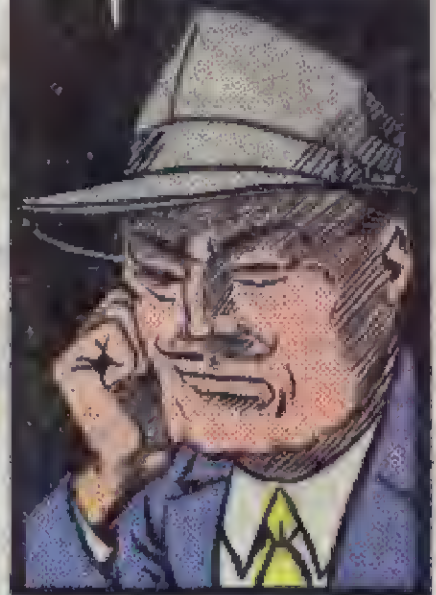


YOU ARE THROUGH AS A GESTAPO AGENT, HERBST! BACK YOU GO TO DER REICH! AS FOR YOU, SENOR MIERDO, YOU'D BETTER GET ANOTHER JOB.



LATER, MIERDO BROODS OVER HIS LATEST SETBACK.

COLE EES RESPONSIBLE, FOR THAT HE SHALL PAY.



THE FINAL EVENT OF THE SWIMMING MEET... THE ONE-MILE FREE-STYLE STARTS IN CARAJUA BAY.



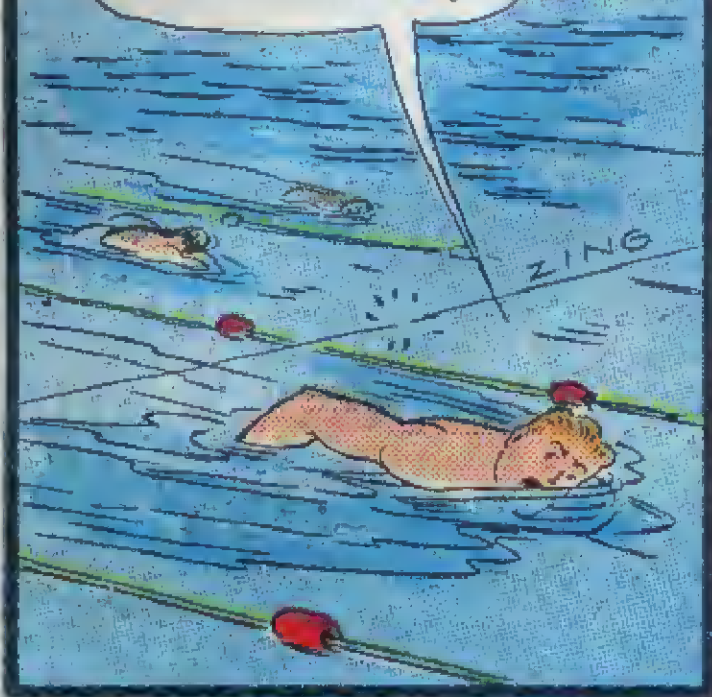
OUTSIDE THE ROPES...

COLE EES AHEAD- BUT THEES RACE HE WEEEL NOT WEEN!

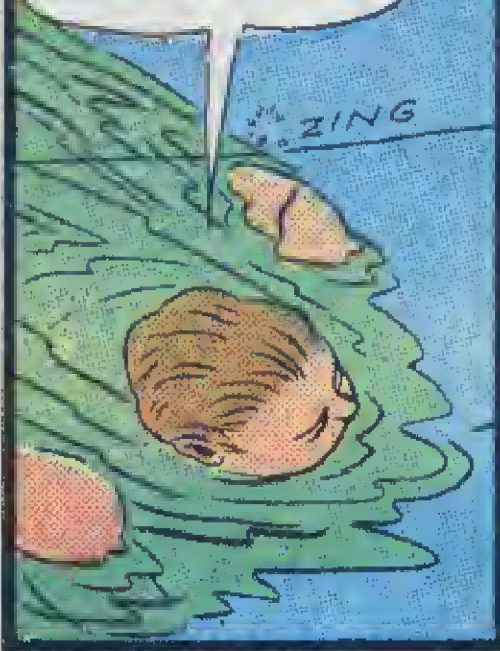


DICK HITS THE FIRST TURN.

WHAT'S THAT WHISTLE?
... BULLETS!



MORE OF THEM!
SOME ONE'S USING
A SILENCER!
BOY-THAT
WAS CLOSE!



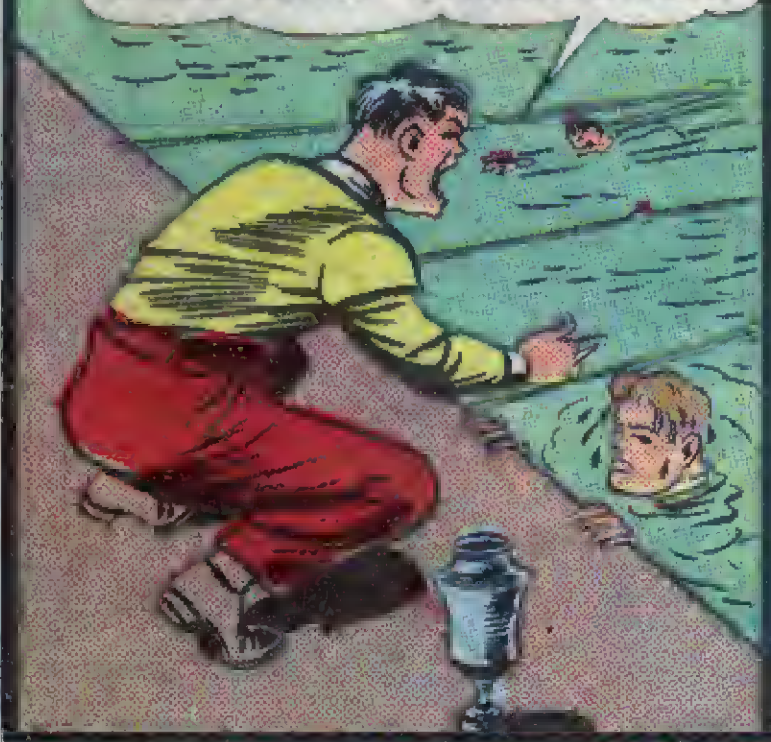
IN THE HOME STRETCH, DICK
PLUNGES UNDERWATER!

THE ONLY WAY HE CAN NAIL ME
NOW IS WITH A DEPTH BOMB!
BUT IT'S A TOUGH WAY
TO RACE!



SUMMONING ALL OF HIS STRENGTH,
DICK TEARS THROUGH THE WATER!

COLE WINS- UNDERWATER!



HEY, WAIT! HERE
EE'S THEE PRIZE!



HOLD IT! I'VE
GOT A DATE
WITH A NAZI!

MIERDO TRIES TO FLEE, BUT
CANNOT START THE MOTOR

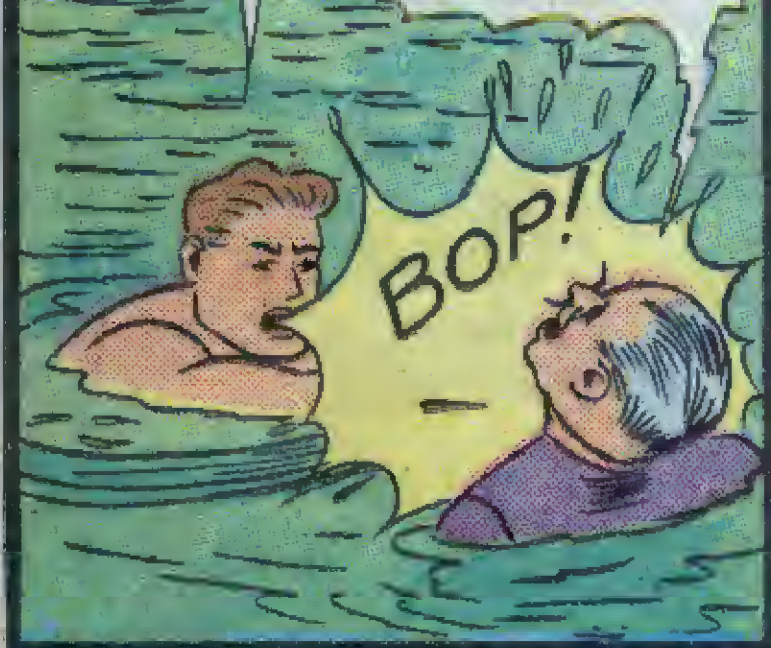
INTO THE
DRINK,
YOU HEEL!

NO! NO!



THIS IS FOR ME! THIS IS FOR
UNCLE SAM! AND THIS IS
FOR GENERAL
PRINCIPLES!

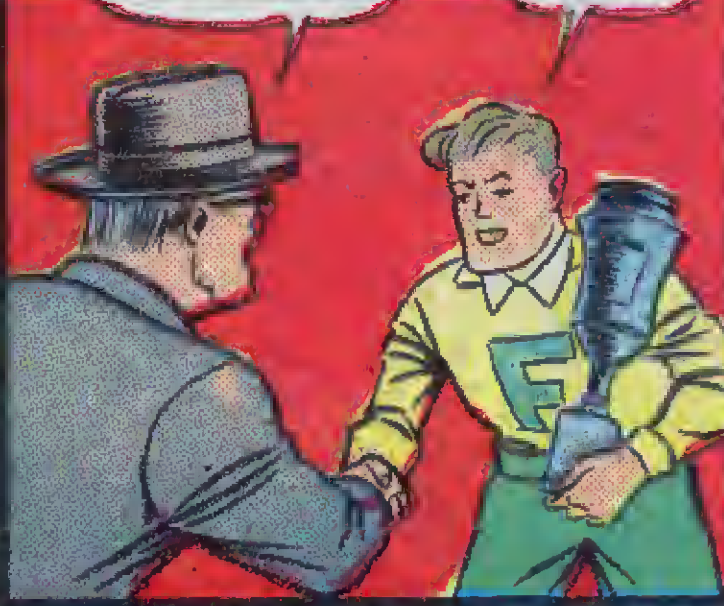
YEOW!
I GEEVE UP!



MIERDO IS TURNED OVER TO THE
POLICE.

MAGNIFICENT !! WHEN
YOU LEAVE TAKE MY REGARDS TO
YOUR GREAT COUNTRY. WE
AMERICANS MUST STICK
TOGETHER!

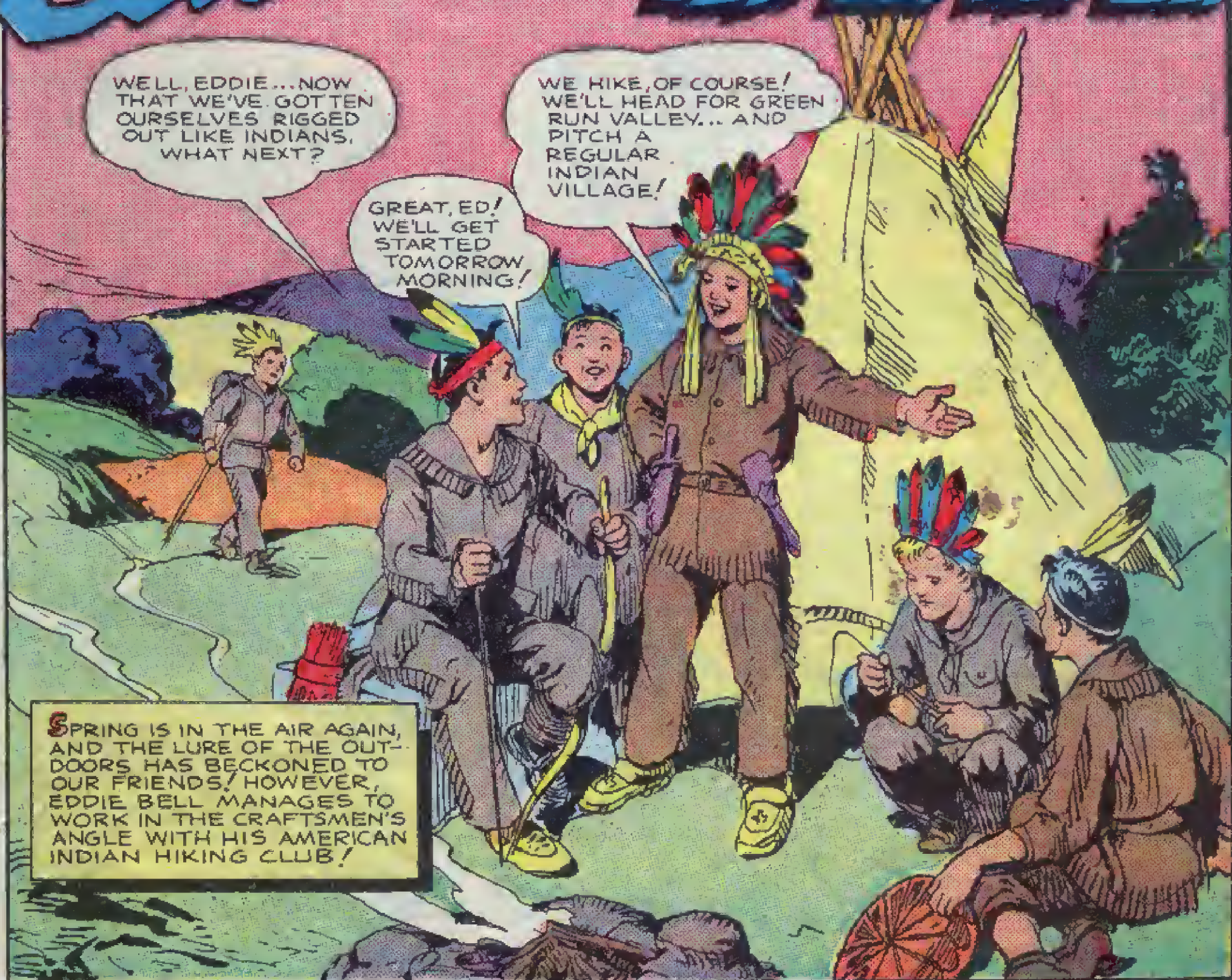
RIGHT!



DICK COLE
KNOWS THAT
THE BEST WAY
TO
STICK TOGETHER
IS TO KEEP
STICKING STAMPS
INTO A BOOK
UNTIL YOU CAN
STICK
A WAR BOND
IN THE BANK

LICK A STAMP
AND
LICK THE
AXIS!

Edison BELL



SPRING IS IN THE AIR AGAIN, AND THE LURE OF THE OUTDOORS HAS BECKONED TO OUR FRIENDS! HOWEVER, EDDIE BELL MANAGES TO WORK IN THE CRAFTSMEN'S ANGLE WITH HIS AMERICAN INDIAN HIKING CLUB!

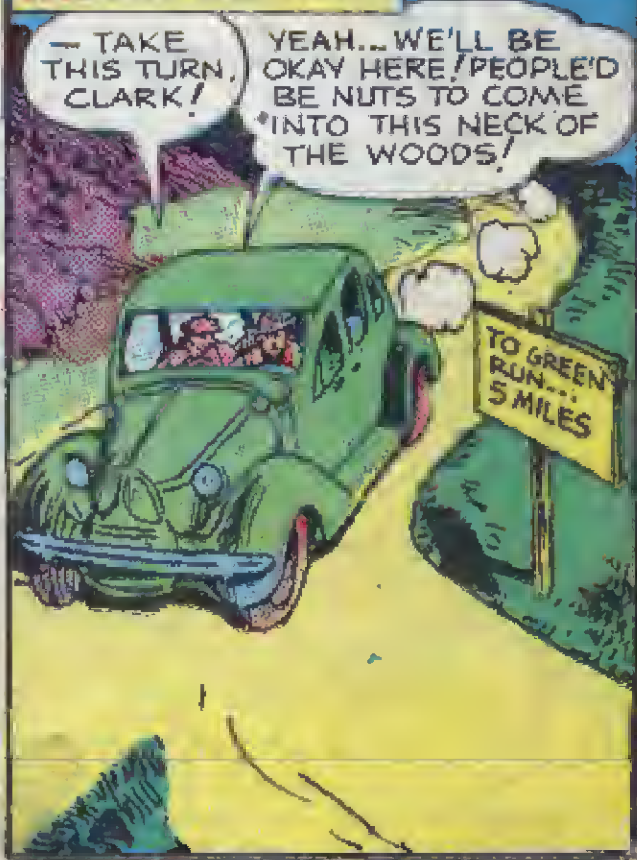
HOWEVER, THAT NIGHT, JUST A FEW MILES AWAY.



THE NEXT MORNING, IGNORANT OF THE BOLD ESCAPE, THE INDIAN CLUB SETS OUT ON IT'S FIRST HIKE!



MEANWHILE,



WELL, WE'LL SOON
BE IN THE OLD INDIAN
VALLEY OF GREEN
RUN!

IS IT TRUE,
EDDIE, THAT THE
VALLEY WAS ONCE
CONSIDERED
HAUNTED?

THAT'S RIGHT...
AND AS A
RESULT, THE
VALLEY HASN'T
BEEN SETTLED
SINCE THE
REDMEN WERE
HERE...
WHY, THE ONLY
ROAD UP HERE IS
A DEAD END...
SO NO CARS
EVER...

HEAR
SOMETHING,
FRED?

I DON'T KNOW... DID
YOU SAY **NO** CARS
COME UP THIS
WAY?

THAT'S RIGHT...
THERE'D BE NO
REASON TO
COME, WHY?

OH, NOTHING!
I GUESS I
WAS
MISTAKEN...

INDIAN JEWELRY

BEADS OF WAR!



SIMPLY
STRING HORSE
CHESTNUTS
AND ACORNS
TOGETHER
AS SHOWN.

BONE VEST!

LONG
STRIPS
OF
FELT.

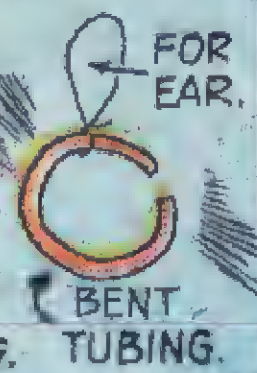
TIED
AROUND
NECK.

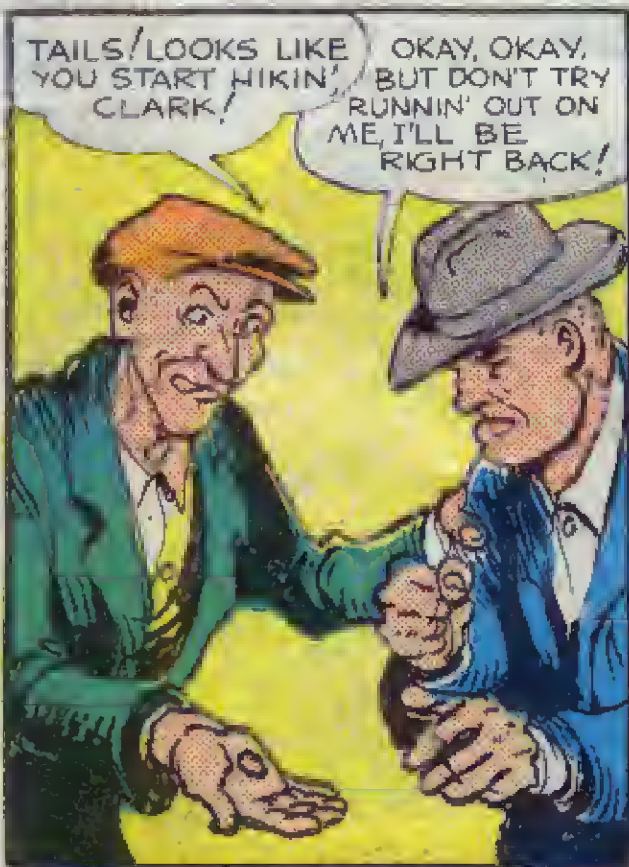
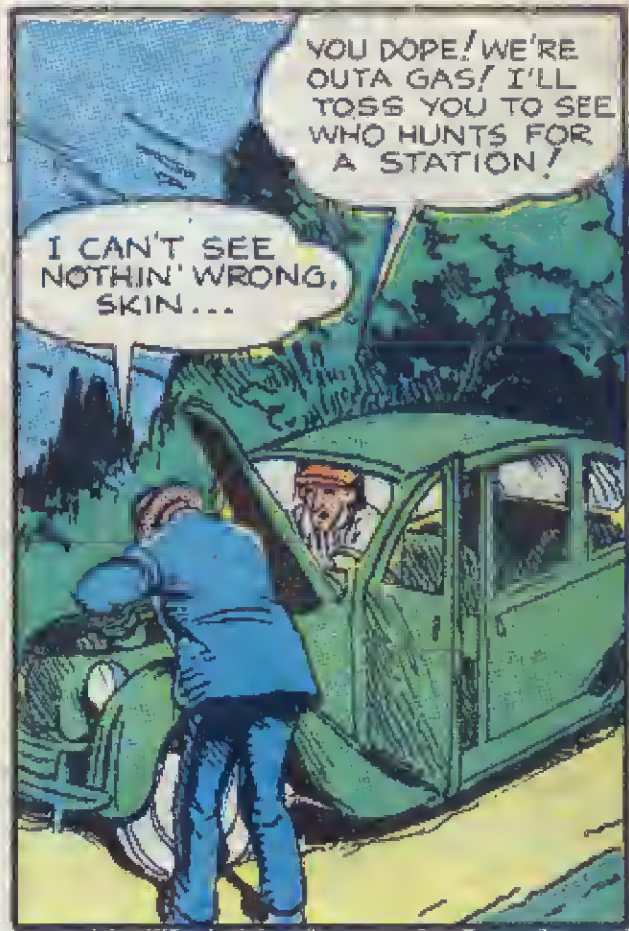
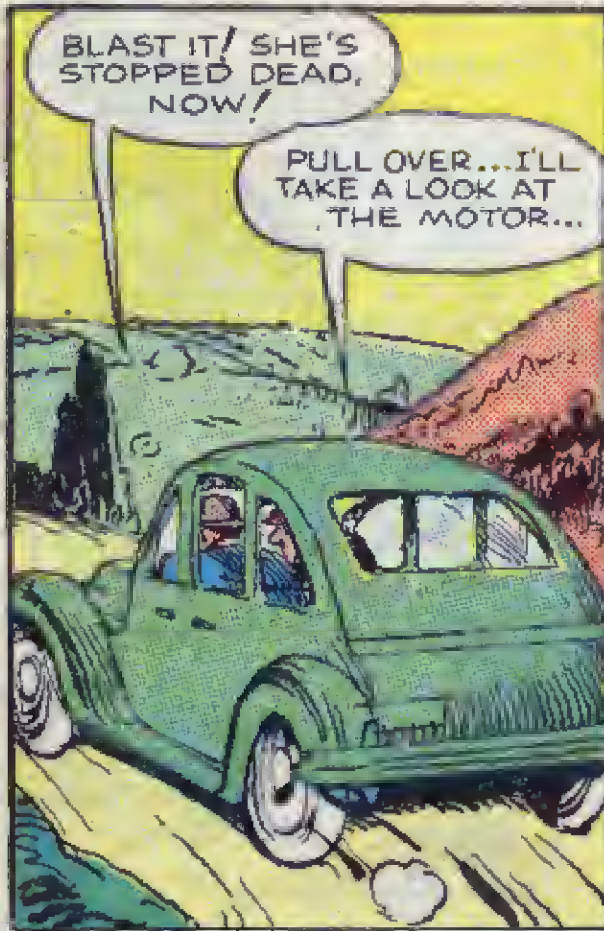
LACE WITH
NEEDLE
AND STRING.

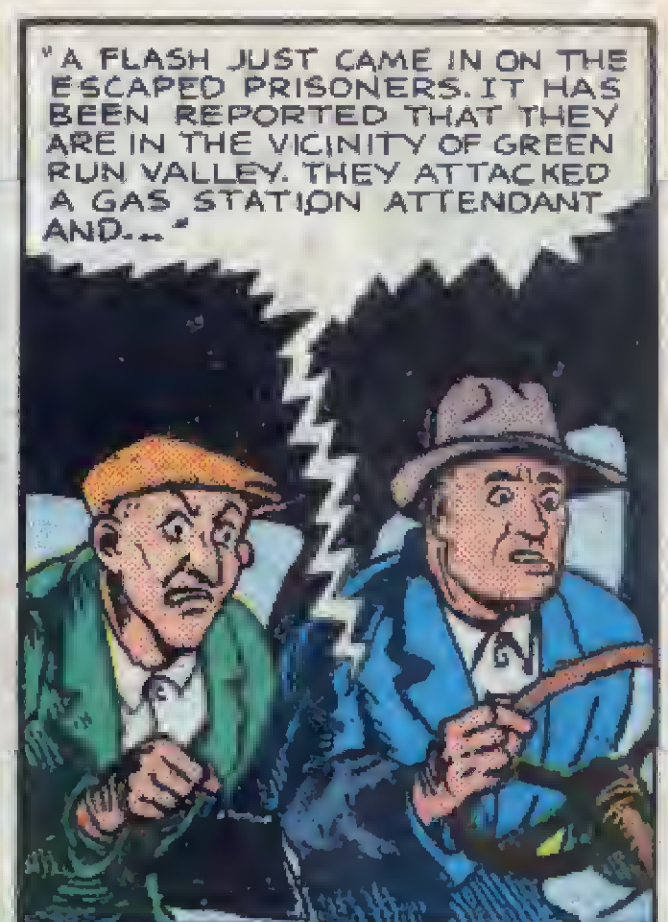
"BONES"
ARE SHORT PIECES OF
HOLLOW ELDERBERRY
STICKS, PAINTED WHITE.

OTHER NECKLACES MAY BE
MADE OF PAINTED
PEANUTS. ALTERNATE
WHITE ELDERBERRY STICKS
AND HORSE CHESTNUTS
OR - SMALL FEATHERS.

INTERESTING
LARGE BRASS
EAR RINGS MAY
BE MADE AS
SHOWN, AND
HUNG OVER
EARS WITH STRING.







Your INDIAN MUSEUM!

WHY NOT START YOUR OWN INDIAN RELIC COLLECTION! ARROWHEADS, ETC. ARE EASY TO FIND. MOST LARGE MUSEUMS HAVE A SURPLUS THEY WILL SHARE, AS WELL AS MANY OTHER COLORFUL RELICS. THOSE YOU CAN'T FIND, MAKE!---- AND WATCH YOUR COLLECTION GROW!

A TOMAHAWK IS EASY TO MAKE. LOCATE A WELL-SHAPED STONE, AND INSERT IN SPLIT HANDLE; TIE WITH CORD.



MOUNT YOUR REAL FLINT ARROW HEADS AS SHOWN TO RIGHT.



A GLASS FURNITURE COASTER FILLED WITH PLASTER OF PARIS... SET RELIC IN WHILE PLASTER IS WET.



KEEP IT GOING, BRAVES!
IT SAYS IN THE BOOK THAT
THE INDIANS WORSHIPPED
THE SUN WITH THIS
DANCE!

WE CAN
USE SOME
SUN TOMORROW.



AND, ON THE HILLTOP OVERLOOKING
THE CAMP...

GEE, SKIN,
YOU'RE RIGHT/
GIMME A LIGHT,
QUICK!

YEAH!



W-WHAT'LL
WE D-DO,
CLARK?

BEAT IT OUT OF
HERE— THEY
MIGHT BE
FRIENDLY BUT
I AIN'T TAKIN'
ANY CHANCES!



THEY LEAVE... AND, LEAVE BEHIND
THEIR TRADEMARK! **FIRE!**



ED! I DID SEE
SOMEONE UP THERE!
ISN'T THAT SMOKE?

WOW!



COME ON, FELLOWS!
WE'VE GOT A DATE
TO MEET A **FOREST**
FIRE!

GRAB AN
AXE, HURRY!



Make These INDIAN CLOTHES

THE COAT AND TROUSERS OF AN OLD
TAN OR BROWN SUIT MAY BE FIXED UP
LIKE THIS...

STRIPS OF BEAD
WORK OR PAINTED
CANVAS SEWN
TO FRONT OF
COAT.



CUT LAPELS
OFF COAT
AND CUFFS
OFF PANTS.

SEW STRIPS
OF FRINGE
ALONG SIDES
AS SHOWN.
CUT FRINGE
OUT OF
CANVAS.

MOCCASINS

IMPROVISE BY PAINTING
UP, OR SEWING BEAD-
WORK ONTO, A PAIR OF
OLD SNEAKERS OR
MOCCASIN-TYPE SHOES.



MEANWHILE THE TWO CONVICTS LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE MAZE OF TREES...

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'?

OH, KEEP QUIET!



AND CIRCLE BACK TO THE CLIFF.

LOOK!

FIRE!



EDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS CLIMB UP THE SIDE OF THE STEEP HILL.

THIS WILL BRING US UP BEHIND THE FIRE!

GOOD!



WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE IF...

CLARK!



WE'RE TRAPPED! THE INDIANS HAVE CUT US OFF!



ED! THOSE MEN THINK WE'RE REAL INDIANS!

THEY MUST'VE STARTED THE FIRE! GET THEM!



FRED AND JERRY GO AFTER THE FLEEING MEN WHILE EDDIE AND THE OTHER BOYS START FIGHTING THE BLAZE.

GOTCHA!

OHH!

LOOK OUT!

NO! G'WAY!



A CONVENIENT ROCK AND A TREE AND...

TIE THEM TO A TREE!

THEY'RE BOTH KNOCKED OUT! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM NOW?

HEY... LOOK!





HOLY SMOKES,
JERRY!
THEY'RE
CRIMINALS!



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE PRISON...

NO WORD YET,
WARDEN!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!
THOSE MEN ARE
KILLERS!



AFTER TYING UP THE CRIMINALS
THE BOYS TURN THEIR
ATTENTION TO THE FIRE...

SPREAD OUT-
EVERY TEN FEET!
THAT'S THE
WAY!



CLEAR A PATH
THREE FEET WIDE
IN FRONT OF THE
FIRE AND THROW
ALL THE LOOSE
STUFF INTO THE
BLAZE!

OKAY!



NOW, LIGHT THE
PILE OF STUFF
YOU'VE CLEARED!

WHAT!
START
ANOTHER
FIRE?



YEAH-WE CAN CONTROL
THIS ONE, DON'T LET IT
GET ACROSS THE
CLEARING! THEN
WHEN THE BIG
FIRE REACHES
THIS ONE, IT'LL
BURN OUT!

INDIAN TOM-TOMS

TOM-TOMS WERE USED BY THE
INDIANS TO SEND MESSAGES

THEY ALSO BEAT OUT
RHYTHMS AND DANCED
TO THEM FOR
PLEASURE AND IN
CEREMONIAL WORSHIP.
HERE ARE A FEW
TYPES OF DRUMS
YOU CAN MAKE.



DECORATE
WITH
FEATHERS.

SMALL
NAIL
BARREL.

THESE SIMPLIFIED TOM-TOMS
ARE COVERED TIGHTLY WITH
HEAVY BUTCHER
PAPER ... HELD
TIGHT WITH
STRONG CORD.

BUTTER TUB
DRUM



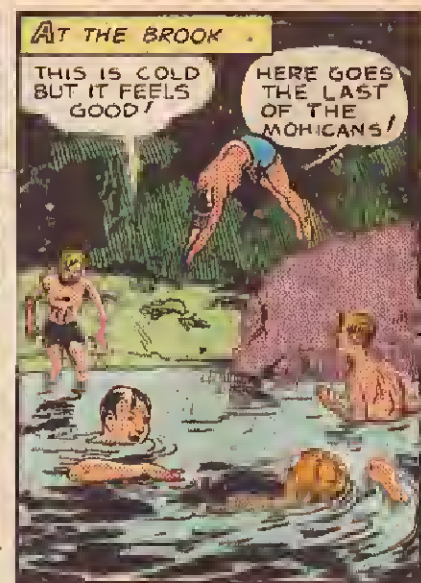
THE DRUM
STICK...



IS A SHORT
BRANCH WITH
A RUBBER BALL
COVERED AND
PAINTED ON THE END.

CARRY THIS
PAINT CAN
TOM-TOM
AROUND YOUR NECK!





PIPE / PEACE

TO HANG IN YOUR ROOM!

CARVE FLAT FOR MOUTH

TIE FEATHERS TO PIPE.

DIG OUT SLIGHTLY

SIMPLY A BROOM STICK, NOTCHED AND PAINTED!

TURKEY OR EAGLE FEATHERS WITH TUFTS OF DOWN GLUED TO TIPS.

STAIN FEATHER TIPS WITH RED OR GREEN INK.

YOU CAN REALLY DO A JOB ON IT IF YOU'RE HANDY WITH A PENKNIFE!

40

BILL PROCEEDS TO THE SCENE OF THE FIRE.



NOW WHO THE HECK PUT THIS OUT?



WHOEVER IT WAS DID A GOOD JOB! I WONDER IF THOSE TWO GUYS...

THIS PAL APPEARS...



SAAY- I KNEW YOU WERE GOOD, BILL, BUT THIS IS **TOO MUCH!**

NIX! SOMEONE GOT HERE BEFORE ME!

DOWN AT THE BROOK...



COME ON, KIDS- WE'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT FIRE- JUST TO BE SURE!

RIGHT WITH YOU!



UH-OH- THE RANGERS! HOPE THEY DON'T THINK WE STARTED IT!



YEAH... SAY, THOSE GUYS MUST BE NUTS, THEY KEPT BABBLING THAT THEY WERE ATTACKED BY... (GULP) HEY, LOOK!

GOT THE ESCAPED PRISONERS TIED UP?



SORRY IF WE FRIGHTENED YOU- WE HAVE AN INDIAN CLUB AND...

FOR GOSH SAKES- **KIDS!**



EDDIE EXPLAINS.

... WE PUT IT OUT! I'M GLAD YOU CAUGHT THOSE CRIMINALS, THOUGH. WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT THEM!

WELL, I'LL BE- THAT WAS NICE GOING, BOYS!



I'M GLAD I SAW THIS MYSELF OR I'D HAVE SUGGESTED AN INSANITY PLEA FOR THOSE BOYS!

S'LONG, BOYS. YOU CAN BUILD A REAL CAMP WITH THE REWARD MONEY!

REWARD! OBOY!

EDDIE BELL APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **4-MOST** AND **BLUE BOLT** COMICS WITH MORE FUN AND NEW ADVENTURES.

YOU

CAN MAKE THIS

American Indian HEAD-DRESS

SOFT DOWNY FEATHERS
STUCK ON WITH AMBROID

By Gill

LONG TURKEY
FEATHERS,
OR ACTUAL
EAGLE
FEATHERS
(THEY CAN
BE
PURCHASED
THROUGH THE
MAILS) ARE
USED.

FEATHERS ARE
FASTENED TO HAT
BY LACING STRONG
THREAD OR STRING
THROUGH LOOPS
IN FELT COVERS.
(FOR COVERS, SEE
BELOW)

STRIP OF BEAD WORK
SEWN ONTO HAT.

CROWN CUT
FROM OLD
FELT HAT

ERMINES TAILS OR
OTHER SIDE DECORATIONS.

STRING TIED
TO EACH
FEATHER

HOLDS
THEM IN
PLACE.

COVER THE
BOTTOM TIPS OF
ALL LARGE FEATHERS
WITH FELT STRIPS.
LEAVING A LOOP
AT BOTTOM SO
IT MAY BE
LACED TO HAT.

FEATHER

NEEDLE
AND
THREAD

FELT STRIP.

SEW THROUGH TIP.

THE BACK STRIP
IS CANVAS, OR
OTHER STRONG
MATERIAL, AND
FEATHERS ARE
LACED ONTO IT
IN ROWS OF
TWO OR THREE.

...

THERE YOU ARE!
NOW GO TO WORK!

GOOD AS GOLD

BY RAY GILL

"NO KIDDIN', Mr. Greeves! Were there really pirates in the old house by the river?" Little Donald Lahey held tighter to his twin sister's hand, her name was Jean . . . also ten years old, as they both listened to the town's most colorful old man Jeb Greeves' frightful story of pirates and treasure!

"Yes, Donnie, my boy," Jeb continued with a twinkle in his eyes, "I remember them well . . . I must have been your age when it all happened!"

"Geel!" Both twins sighed at once. Suddenly Jean perked up with, "And what about the treasure?—did they take it away with them?"

"No, they didn't, little lady . . . as far as anyone knows it's still there!" Jeb continued, "and it'll be found . . . by someone brave enough to go in there some night and follow the strange lights and noises to it!"

Well, at this point, the twins eyes were ready to pop out. They both stood with their mouths open as old Jeb, famous for his stories . . . no one can say how true or false, ambled off into the gathering dusk. The twins looked at each other. They realized how late it must be and ran for home.

After dinner, they were ushered up to their rooms and the lights were turned off by Bill, their older brother. As he started to close the door behind him . . .

"Say, Bill!" Don's voice broke

the stillness.

"Shh!" Bill was taken un-awares by Donald's sudden cry. "Do you want to wake your sister?—What do you want?"

"I was just wonderin'," Donnie mused. "Is pirate treasure still good? I mean, could a fella spend it like other money?"

"What?—now listen, kid . . ." Bill was about to lose patience but decided the best way to stop Don was to answer his question and make him happy. Perhaps then he'd go to sleep and Bill could get back to his homework. Bill was tired . . . he'd worked all day delivering orders for the local butcher. He had taken a job to help his mother after his dad died . . . the pension wasn't much. "Sure it's good . . . most of it was gold, I guess. Now go to sleep, will you!"

"Okay, Bill . . . I'll go to sleep . . . soon." Donnie laid back . . . filled with big thoughts. Suddenly he felt queer, as if someone were entering the room. He knew it wasn't Bill because he could hear the typewriter going, downstairs in the living room. "Who—who's there?" Donald called from under the blankets.

The strange figure hovered over him for a moment then it tore the covers off him with a quiet: "Boo! It's me!"

Donnie sat up . . . ashamed at being frightened by his sister. "Gosh, Jeannie you shouldn't have done that!" But Donald caught himself . . . he wasn't going to admit being frightened to a *girl*! "—But you didn't scare me! I don't scare so easy!"

Jean giggled at her brother's show of manliness and a sudden desire to test him leaped into her fertile young mind. "Oh, no! I know you weren't scared, Donnie! Not much!" Jean giggled again but Donald silenced her.

"Quiet! If Bill hears us, he'll get mad!"

"I know, I heard him talking to you," Jean said . . . and I know what you were thinkin', too!—But you're too scared to try it! Aren't you?"

"Who . . . me?" Don's voice cracked a bit on that last one . . . but he kept his composure. "I am not!—but you are! I'd get dressed and go over to that old house right now if you weren't scared to!"

But Don's attempt at table-turning didn't work here . . . Jean was set to follow through with her dare.

"I'm all set!—and I'll bet I'm dressed before you are, too!" With that, she ran into her own room. Don could hear her dressing so he slowly got out of bed and started himself!

Half an hour later the twins found themselves standing on a hill overlooking the deserted old mansion. The fog of the evening had lingered and the faint wisps gave an eerie appearance to what was known as the haunted house. Holding Don's hand, Jean felt him shiver.

"What's the matter, Donnie?" she teased. "Scared?"

"No . . . I, I'm cold, that's all! Well, let's go in! We'll never find the treasure out here! We—we've got to follow the strange lights and noises like Mr. Greeves said . . . are you game?" Donald half hoped his sister would back down at this point but she didn't relent. Women, even at ten, are funny like that.

The twins made their way to the big door and went in . . . just like that! Inside, the musty air and cobwebs were perfect background for whatever ghosts might be lurking about but none were. That is until . . .

"Didja hear it, Donnie?" Jean was practically talking into her brother's ear . . . she had a slight quiver in her voice but she was brave. The feel of the hunt had entered her bones!

"Yeah, I h-heard it, sis . . ."

Donnie shook so, that the loose timbers rattled. Jean, with a firm grip on Donnie's hand, dragged him with her as she crossed the room and started down the cellar steps! Donnie closed his eyes to shut out whatever spooks they might run into when suddenly he heard, in the strong voices of men . . . perhaps even pirates: "That was an easy job but we don't split it here!"

Donnie, still with his eyes closed, tried to drag Jean upstairs with him but she wouldn't come. He acted on impulse and let go! He ran for home, feeling the best thing to do would be to get Bill and come back to rescue her!

When Bill heard the amazing story, he hopped into his jacket, grabbed his flashlight, and ran back with Donnie. Entering quietly, they suddenly heard muffled voices. Fearing for his little sister, Bill clicked on his light and boldly sprinted into the cellar to find her standing alone in the darkness next to a large metal door.

"Jeanie! Are you all right?" Bill grabbed up his sister and kissed her. But, on second glance, Bill saw that it wasn't necessary

to worry about her . . . she had closed and locked the metal door and still held the key in her hand! The voices from within were gruff! Mean! Bill took the twins and ran home to call the police.

The next morning, Bill read the newspaper aloud to his mother and the twins, "A gang of hoodlums hiding out in the old river mansion, were trapped last night by Jean and Donald Lahey, age ten! The police will hold the men for questioning until noon but if no new evidence is found, they will be released."

Bill folded the paper and smiled at his small brother and sister. "You scamps! I should have known you'd pull some crazy stunt like that after I heard Donnie asking all those questions about pirate treasure! Well, are you both convinced that there was none there?"

Donald readily said he was but Jean kept quiet . . . dug into her dress and pulled something out. Calmly, she tossed a package of bills on the table. "I'm not! What about *this*? I found it in the room where the pirates were, before I locked them in!"

"For goodness—" Bill cut himself off and called the police.

That afternoon, after a busy morning in court, Donnie and

Jean treated their mother and brother to a soda with the *reward money*!

"Just what happened, Bill?" His mother asked. "I'm a little mixed up with all we heard this morning . . ."

"Well, it seems that these little imps ran smack into the den of a bunch of river pirates but the police didn't have anything on them until Jean popped out with those marked bills. They were the ones who robbed the steamship office last month and they've been hiding out in the old house ever since. The cops have found the rest of the money and . . ."

"But they were pirates," Donnie interrupted, "and this reward money is just as good as *treasure*, isn't it?"

"Okay, Okay!" Bill laughed, "You win! All right?—But if I ever catch either of you running off at night like that again, I'll—"

"Oh, drink your soda," Mrs. Lahey laughed, "I think the twins have learned their lesson. I can remember you doing almost the same thing a few years back but you never got paid for it!"

The color rose on Bill's neck at the twins' laughter. He sipped his drink, while secretly toying with the idea of dropping over to the old house himself one night . . . to check up on the real treasure *himself*!

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF 4MOST COMICS, published quarterly at Philadelphia, Penna., for October 1st, 1942.
State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Novelty Press, Inc., publisher of 4MOST COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 McIntyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 McIntyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Business Manager, Nona

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated

concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Novelty Press, Inc.

(Signed) R. E. MacNEAL

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1942.

(Seal) W. C. TURNER.

(My commission expires April 7, 1943.)

DAN'L FLANNEL

by EDWARD RYAN

MORBID MARSH

... A FREAKISH THROW-BACK TO THE DARK AGES... BATHED IN MISTS... OVER-RUN WITH GIGANTIC, TERRIFYING MONSTERS ... A PRE-HISTORIC REALM FROM WHICH NO HUMAN HAS EVER RETURNED. HOMESPUN CENTER FOLKS SKIRT IT BY MILES

... BUT ...

FATE FORCES DAN'L FLANNEL AND BEULAH BELLE INTO ITS HORRIBLE DEPTHS WHERE THEY MEET UP WITH... BUT LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING.



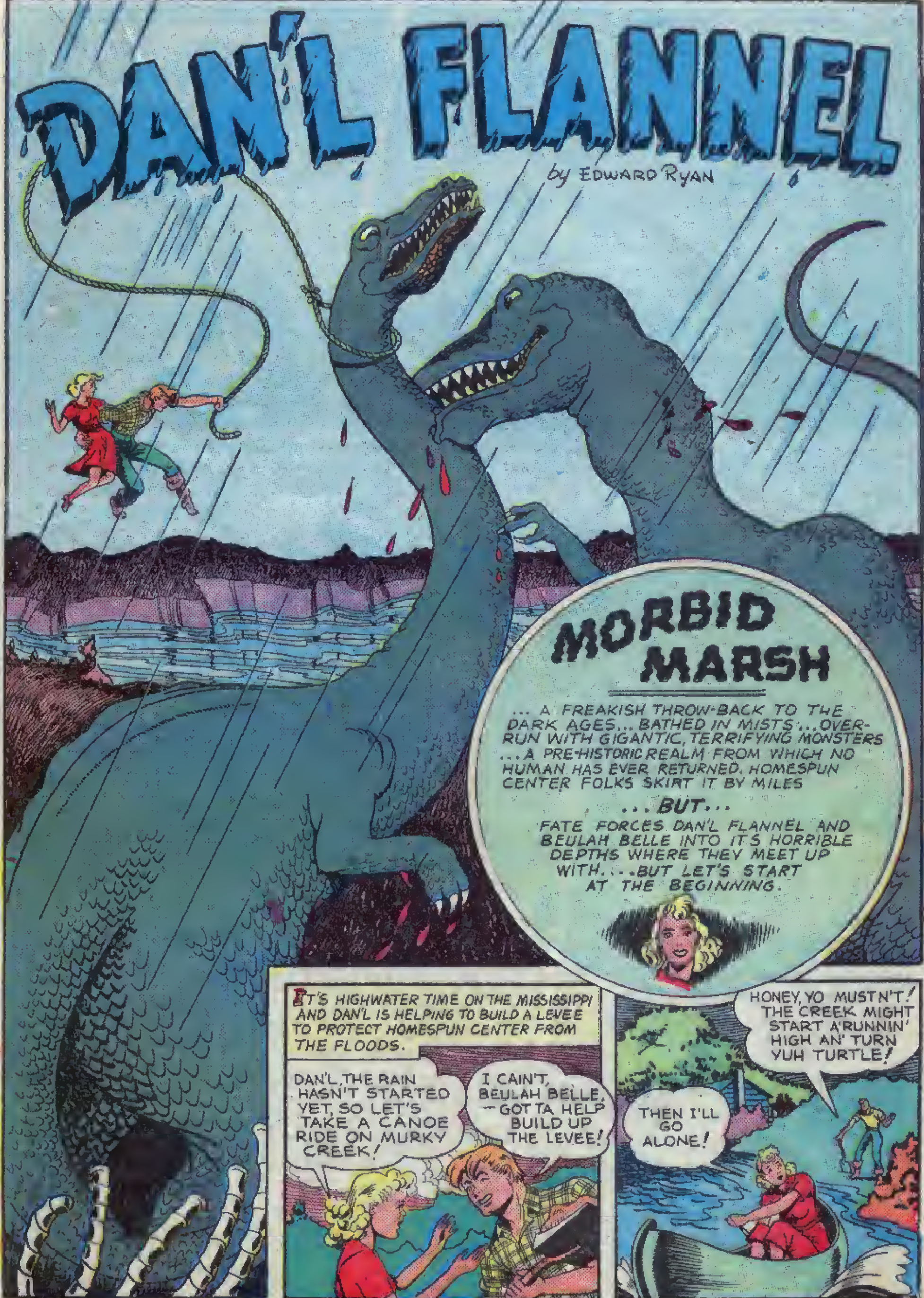
IT'S HIGHWATER TIME ON THE MISSISSIPPI AND DAN'L IS HELPING TO BUILD A LEVEE TO PROTECT HOMESPUN CENTER FROM THE FLOODS.

DAN'L, THE RAIN HASN'T STARTED YET, SO LET'S TAKE A CANOE RIDE ON MURKY CREEK!

I CAN'T, BEULAH BELLE, — GOT TA HELP BUILD UP THE LEVEE!

THEN I'LL GO ALONE!

HONEY, YO MUSTN'T! THE CREEK MIGHT START A'RUNNIN' HIGH AN' TURN YUH TURTLE!

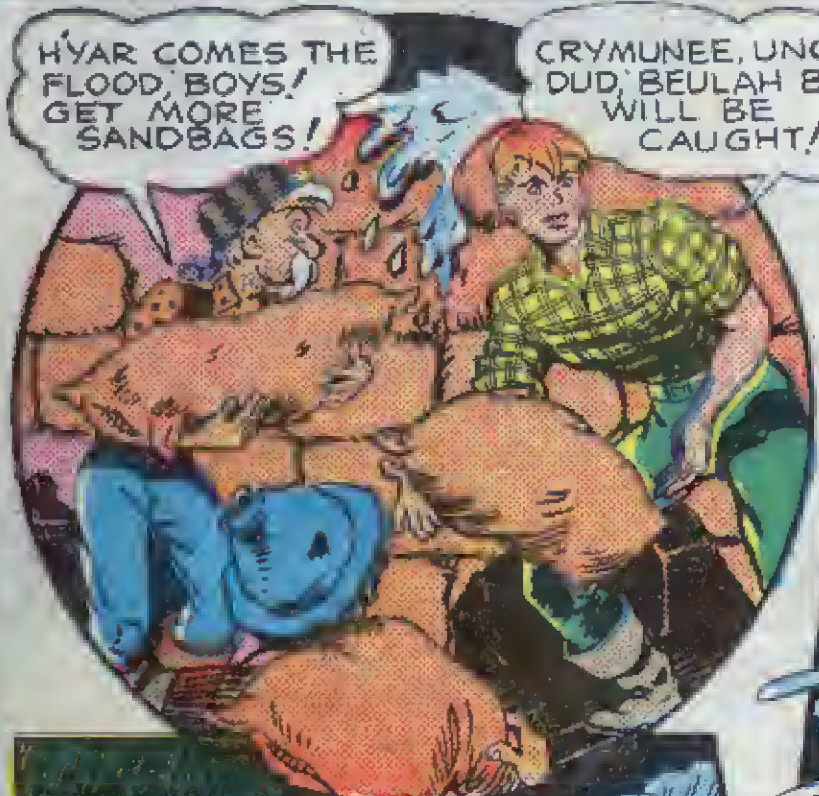




MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES ABOVE HOME-SPUN CENTER, THE RAINS HAVE PILED UP A GIGANTIC WAVE OF WATER NOW RUSHING DOWN THE RIVER.



THE WATER... THE WATER... IT'S GETTING ROUGHER!



H'YAR COMES THE FLOOD, BOYS! GET MORE SANDBAGS!

CRYMUNEE, UNCLE DUD, BEULAH BELLE WILL BE CAUGHT!



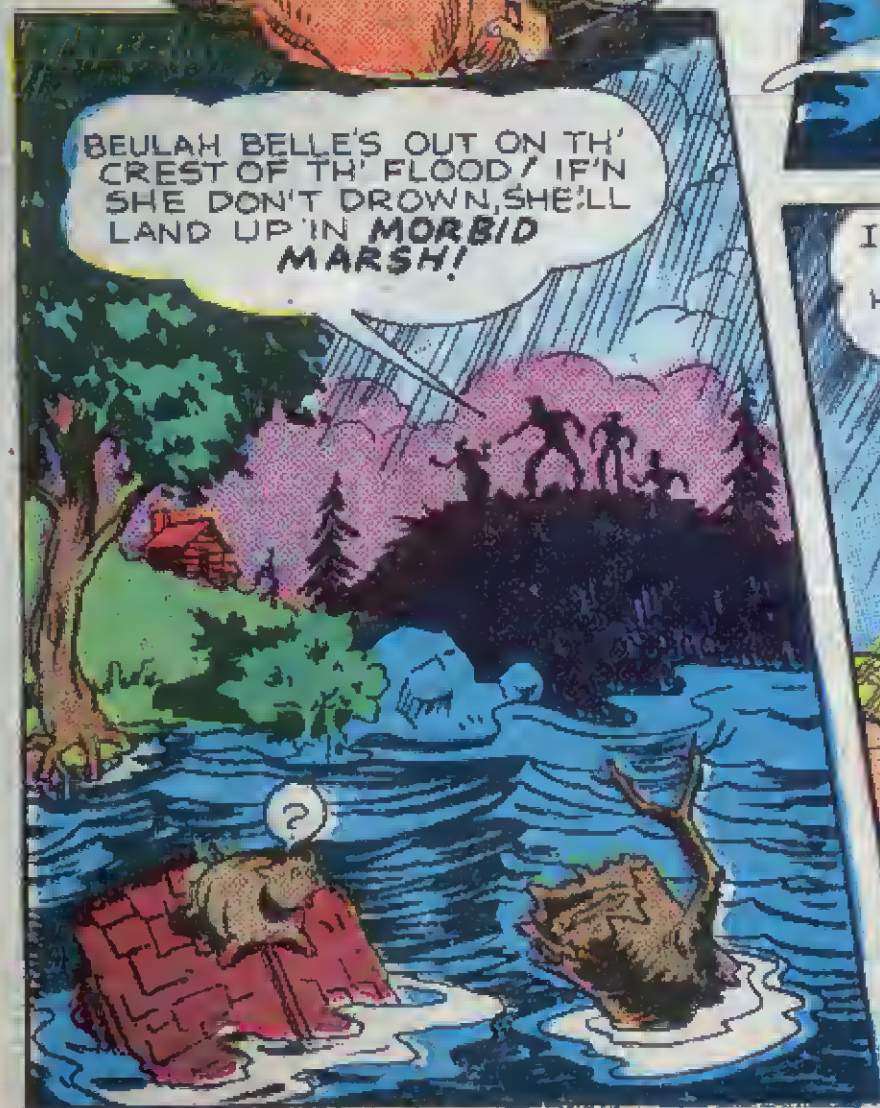
THE WALL OF WATER BACKS UP INTO MURKY CREEK...

OH-H-H!



...AND SWEEPS BEULAH BELLE'S CANOE STRAIGHT INTO MORBID MARSH!

I'M CAUGHT! THE CANOE'S GOING TO TIP! OOH!



BEULAH BELLE'S OUT ON TH' CREST OF TH' FLOOD! IF N SHE DON'T DROWN, SHE'LL LAND UP IN MORBID MARSH!



I GOTTA GO FETCH HER BACK H'YAR!

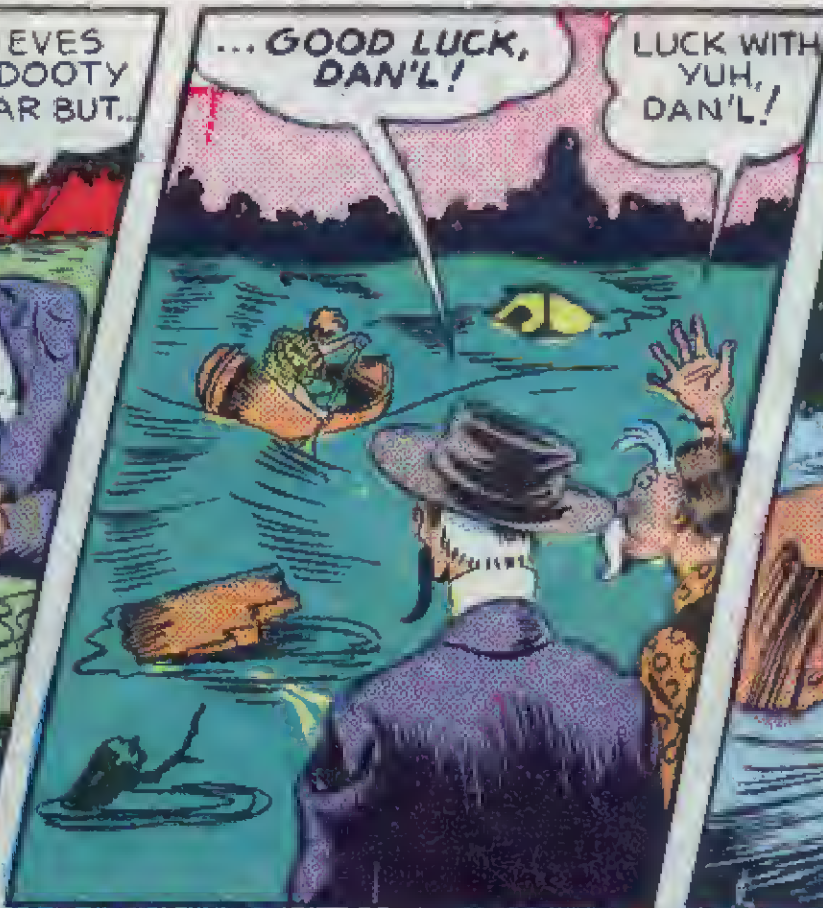
DAN'L, YO' CAIN'T... YOU'LL DROWN, TOO!

DAN'L, AS PREACHER FOR THIS FLOCK, I TELLS YOU... YOUR DUTY LIES IN HELPING TH' TOWN, NOT IN TRYING TO SAVE ONE PERSON!



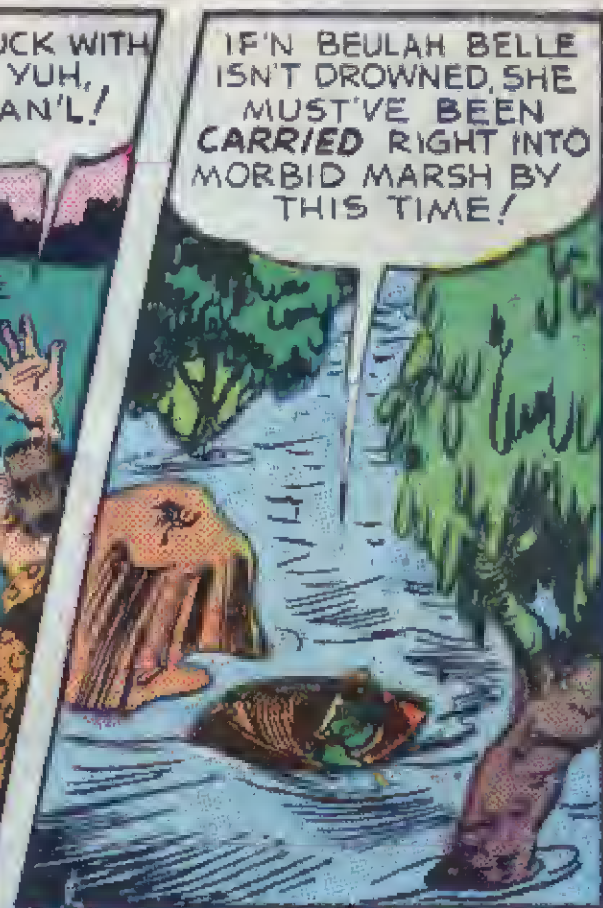
PARSON, IT WOULD BE INHOUMAN FER ME TO STAY H'YAR AN LET BEULAH BELLE GO TO A TURRIBLE FATE!

I BELIEVES YOUR DOOTY IS H'YAR BUT...



...GOOD LUCK, DAN'L!

LUCK WITH YUH, DAN'L!

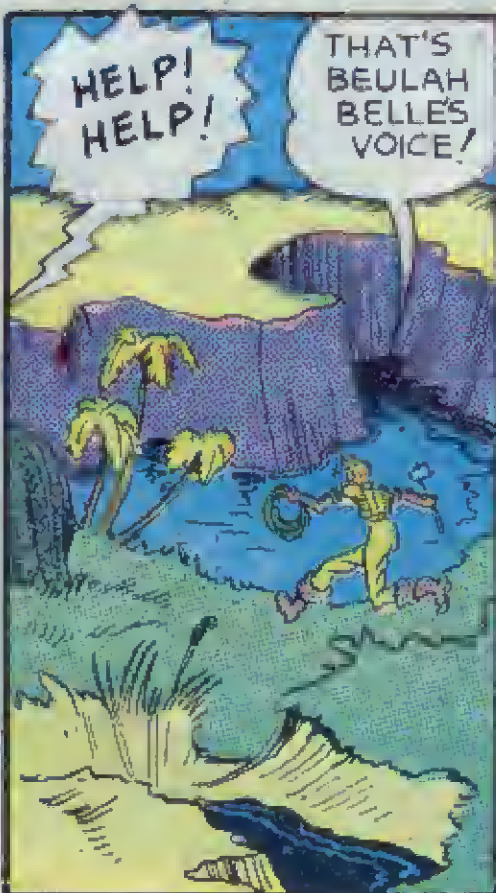


IF N BEULAH BELLE ISN'T DROWNED, SHE MUST'VE BEEN CARRIED RIGHT INTO MORBID MARSH BY THIS TIME!



THE RACING WATERS SHOOT DAN'S CANOE INTO THE PRIMEVAL DEPTHS OF THE DREADED SWAMP

BEULAH BELLE!
IS YO' ALIVE?



HELP!
HELP!

THAT'S BEULAH BELLE'S VOICE!



I'LL CLIMB THIS HILL AND TAKE A LOOK!



BUT...

THE "HILL" TURNS OUT TO BE A MAMMOTH PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR.

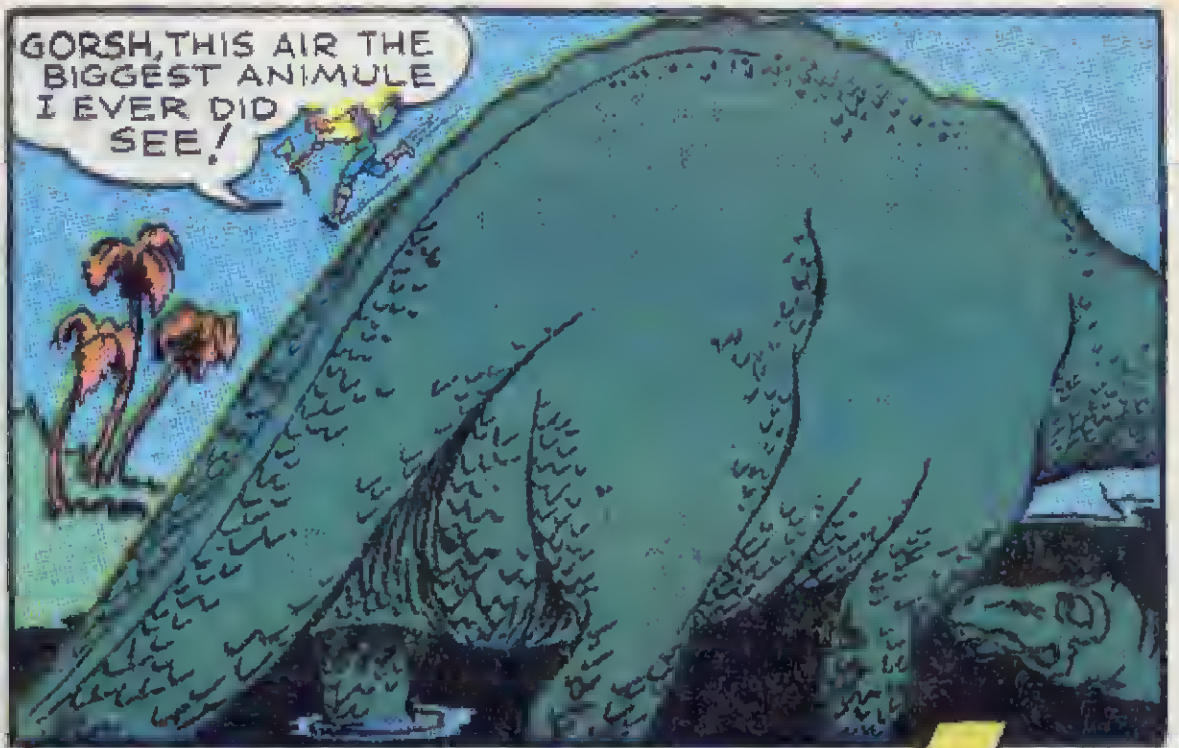
T'HAR' BE BEULAH BELLE!

DAN'L!
DAN'L!

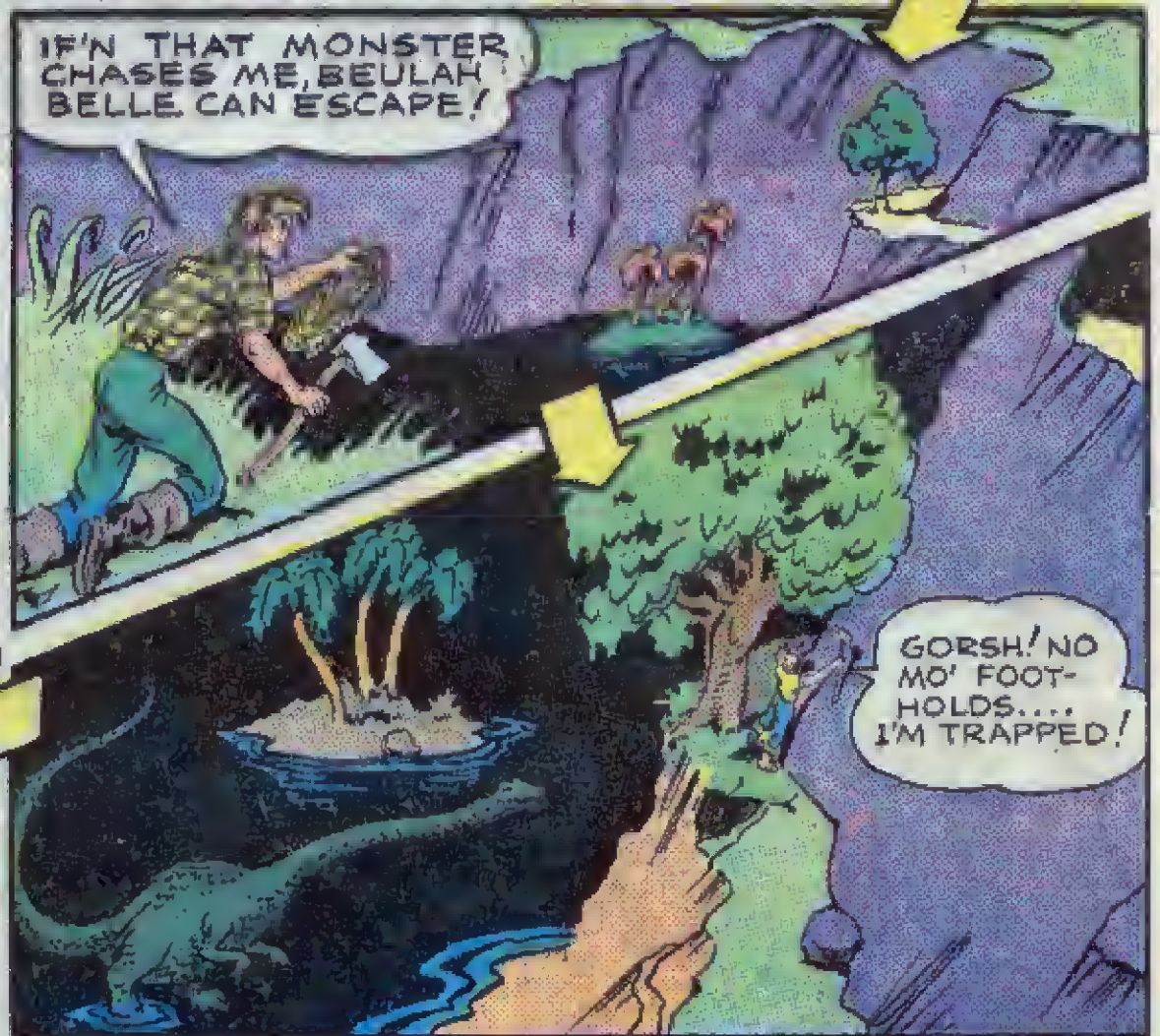


RUN, DAN'L!
RUN FOR
YOUR LIFE!

THIS AIN'T
NO HILL!
THIS BE A
LIVE
CRITTER!



GORSH, THIS AIR THE
BIGGEST ANIMULE
I EVER DID
SEE!



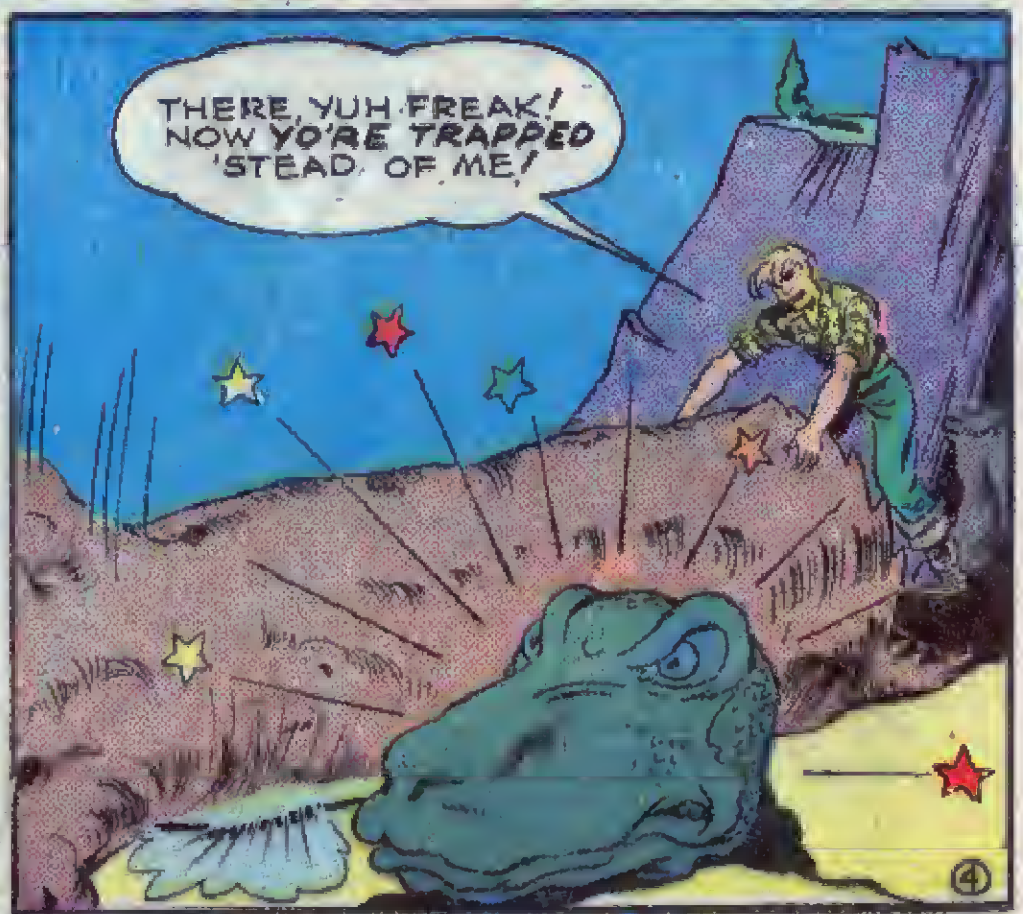
IF'N THAT MONSTER
CHASES ME, BEULAH
BELLE CAN ESCAPE!

GORSH! NO
MO' FOOT-
HOLDS....
I'M TRAPPED!

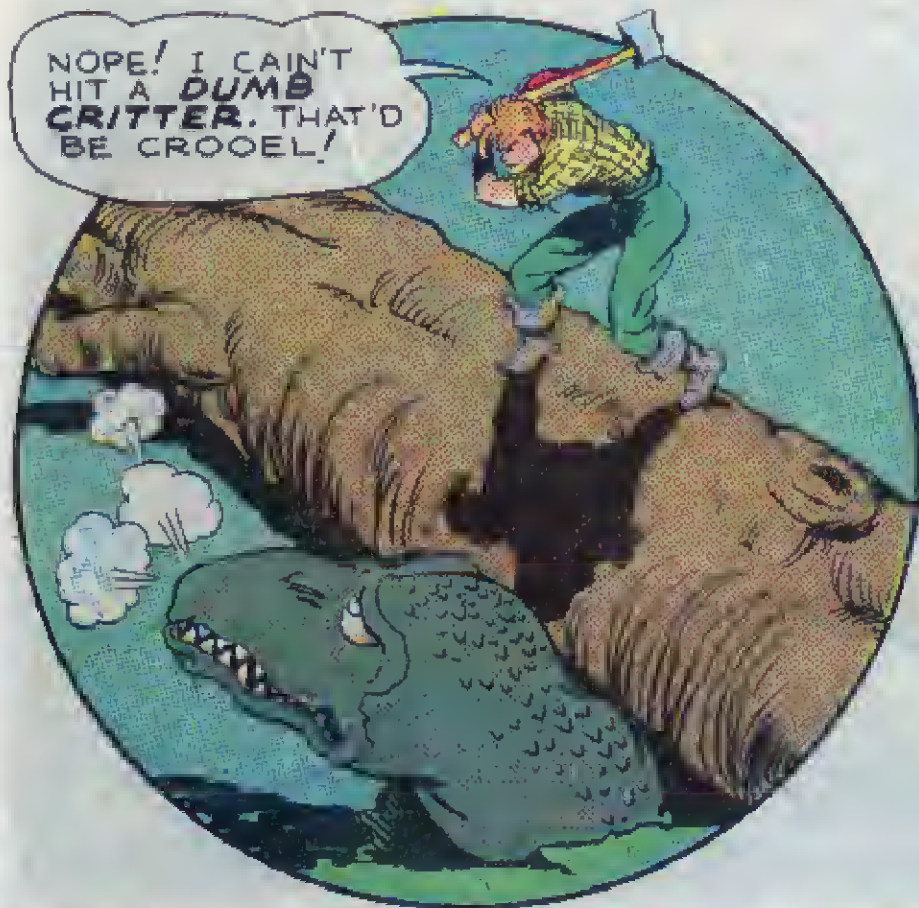


AN' THAT HUNGRY
CRITTER CAN
REACH ME. I'M A
GONER!... SAY!
MEBBE THAT
BREAK IN TH'
LEDGE IS UH
SALOOSHUN!

QUICKLY DAN'L
CHOPS DOWN
THE TREE...



THERE, YUH FREAK!
NOW YO'RE TRAPPED
'STEAD OF ME!



NOPE! I CAN'T HIT A **DUMB CRITTER**. THAT'D BE CROOEL!

DAN'L REMEMBERS THE MAGICAL GIFT GRANTED TO HIM BY A GRATEFUL INDIAN CHIEF... THE **POWER TO TALK ANIMAL LANGUAGE.**

MEBBE IT CAN UNERSTAN' REGULAR ANIMULE TALK! BUT PROBL'Y NOT, BEIN' A FURRINER!



THE DINOSAUR DOES UNDERSTAND.

UGH-A-LOOPA! YOU CAN'T GET OUT'A THIS TRAP!

GR-R-R-R GAZOOK! GUESS YO'RE RIGHT!



THAT SHOWS TH' **BRAIN** IS POWERFULLER THAN **BRAWN**-SO YOU GOTTER DO WHAT I TELLS YUH!

UH-HUH!

PROVIDIN' YO PROMISES TO BEHAVE AN' BE MY FREN', I'LL TAKE AWAY THIS TREE - **PROVIDIN' YOU'LL BE MY FREN'!**

GALOMP! OKAY, PAL!



BY USING A STICK AS A LEVER, DAN'L EASILY LIFTS THE TREE... FREEING THE DINOSAUR...



SOON AS I GET YO' OUT, YO'RE A'GONNA TAKE ME BACK TO BEULAH BELLE!

THAR SHE GOES!

WHEW! THANKS!

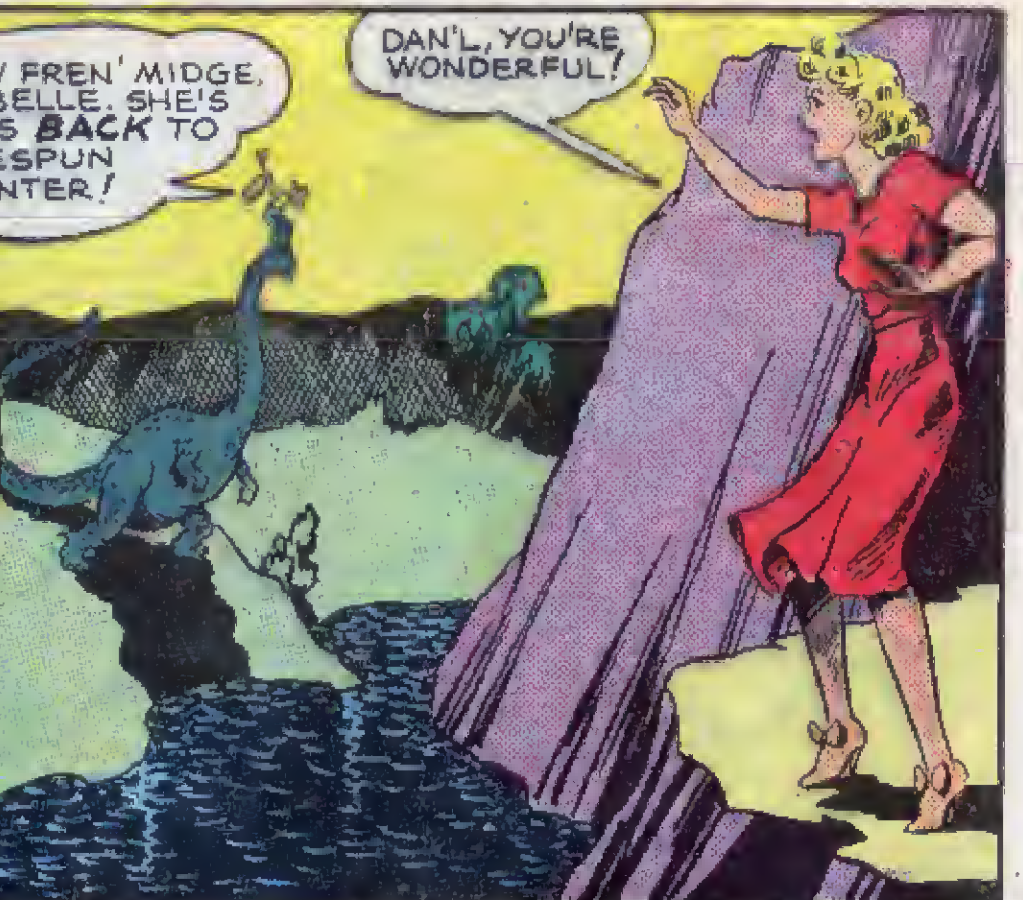




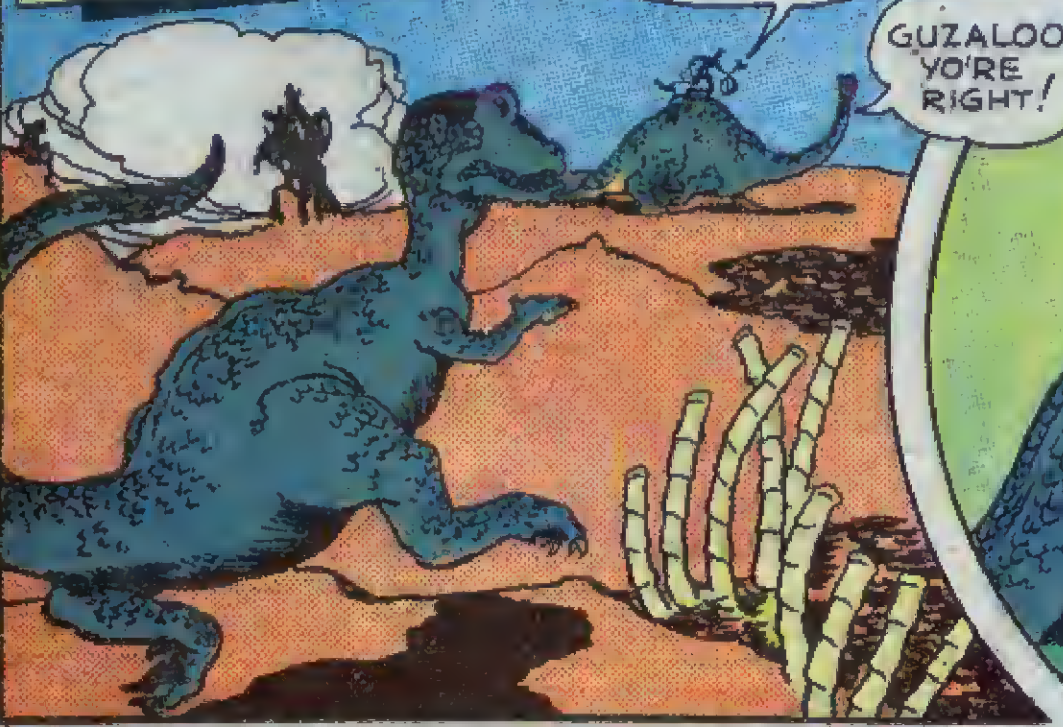
NOW SINCE YO'RE MY FREN', I'M GONNA CALL YOU **MIDGE** BECUZ YO'RE SO SMALL IN INTELLECK. GET GOIN' NOW, MIDGE, AN' WE'LL **RESCUE UP** BEULAH BELLE!

MEET MY FREN' MIDGE, BEULAH BELLE. SHE'S TAKIN' US **BACK** TO HOMESPUN CENTER!

DAN'L, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

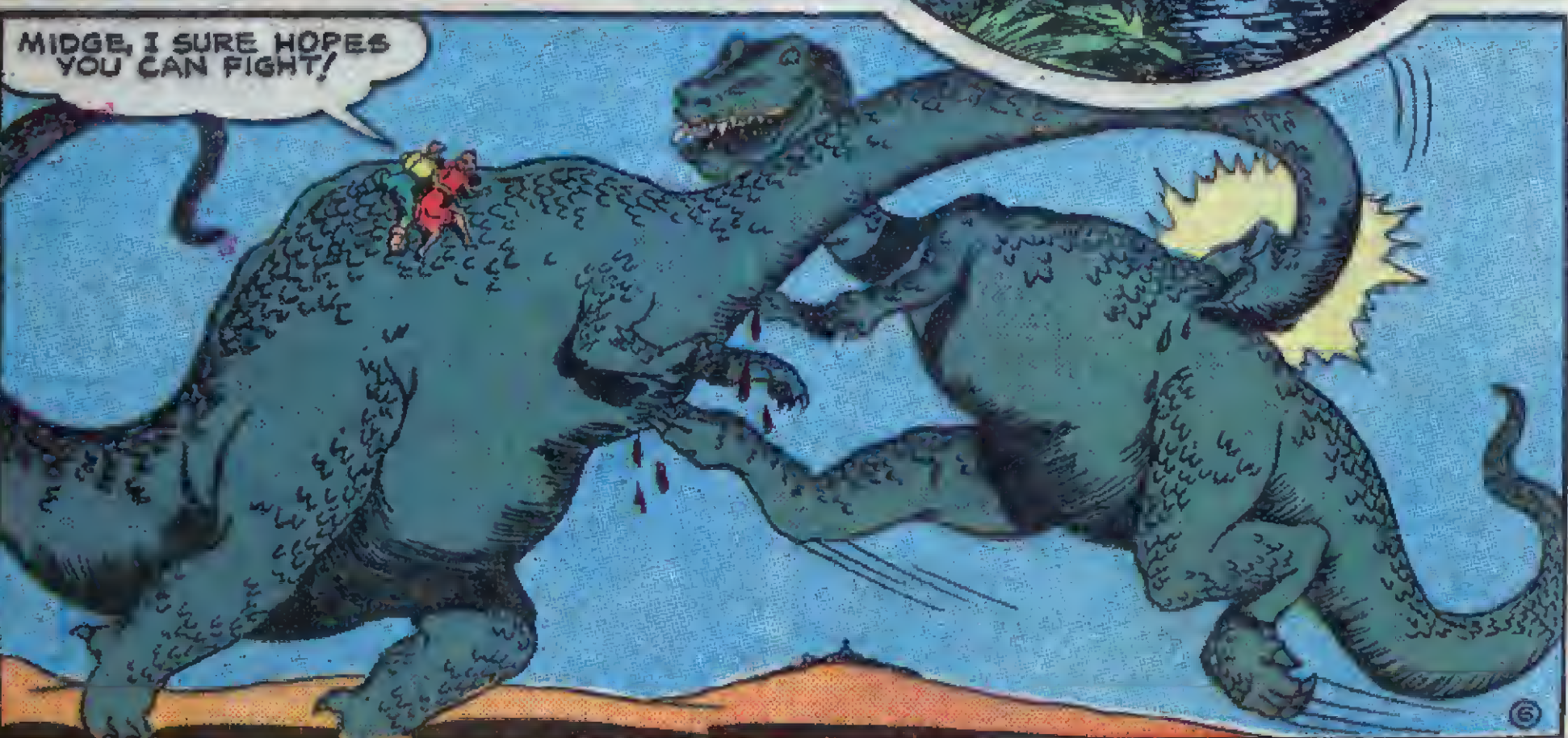
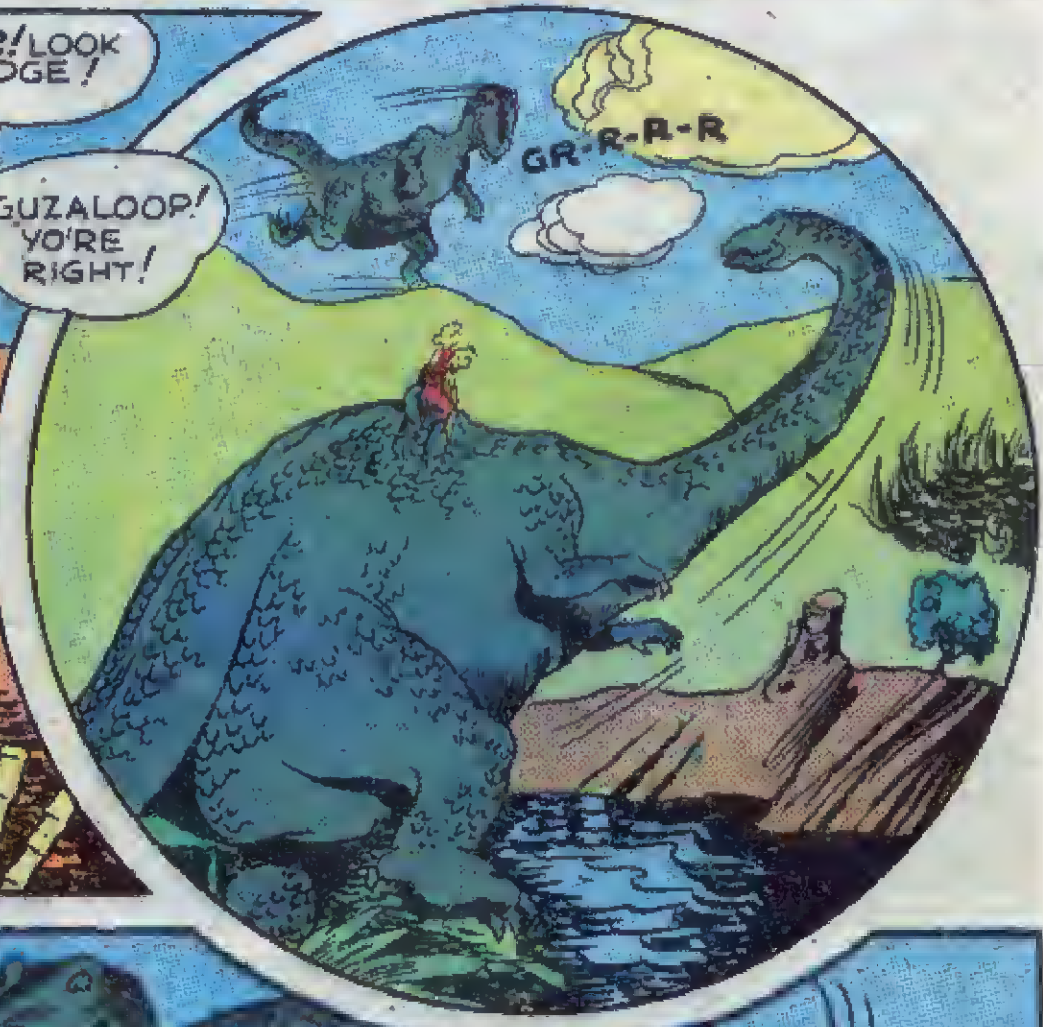


JUST THEN... OVER THE HILL COMES AN ENEMY— ANOTHER PRIMORDIAL MONSTER, KNOWN TO SCIENCE AS **TYRANNOSAURUS REX**.



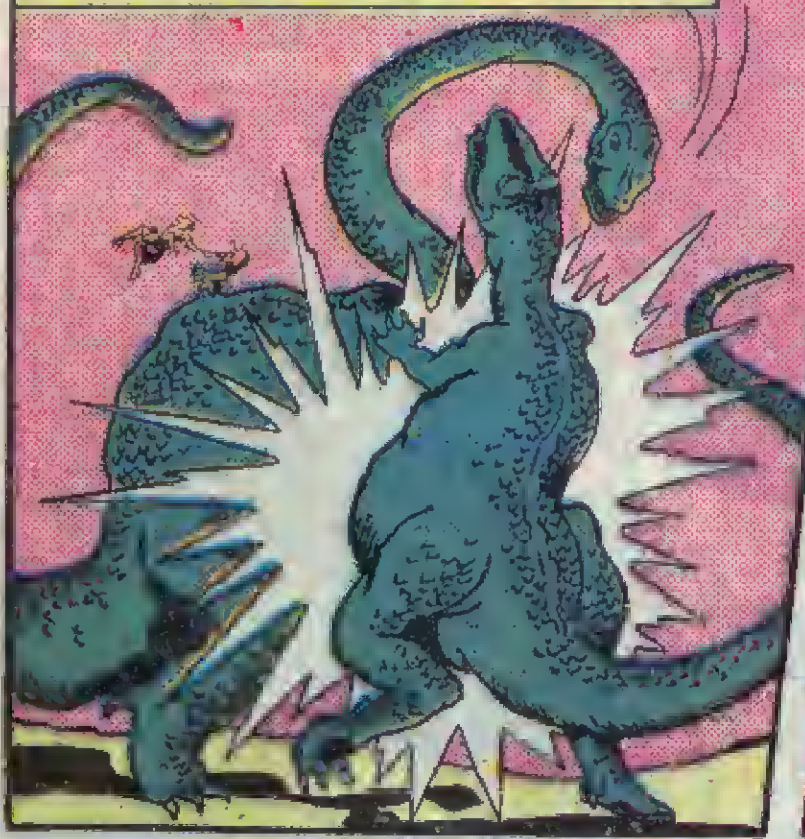
JUMPIN JUPEETER! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN', MIDGE! WE'RE IN FOR A FIGHT!

GUZALOOP! YO'RE RIGHT!



MIDGE, I SURE HOPES YOU CAN FIGHT!

THE TWO CREATURES CLASH...



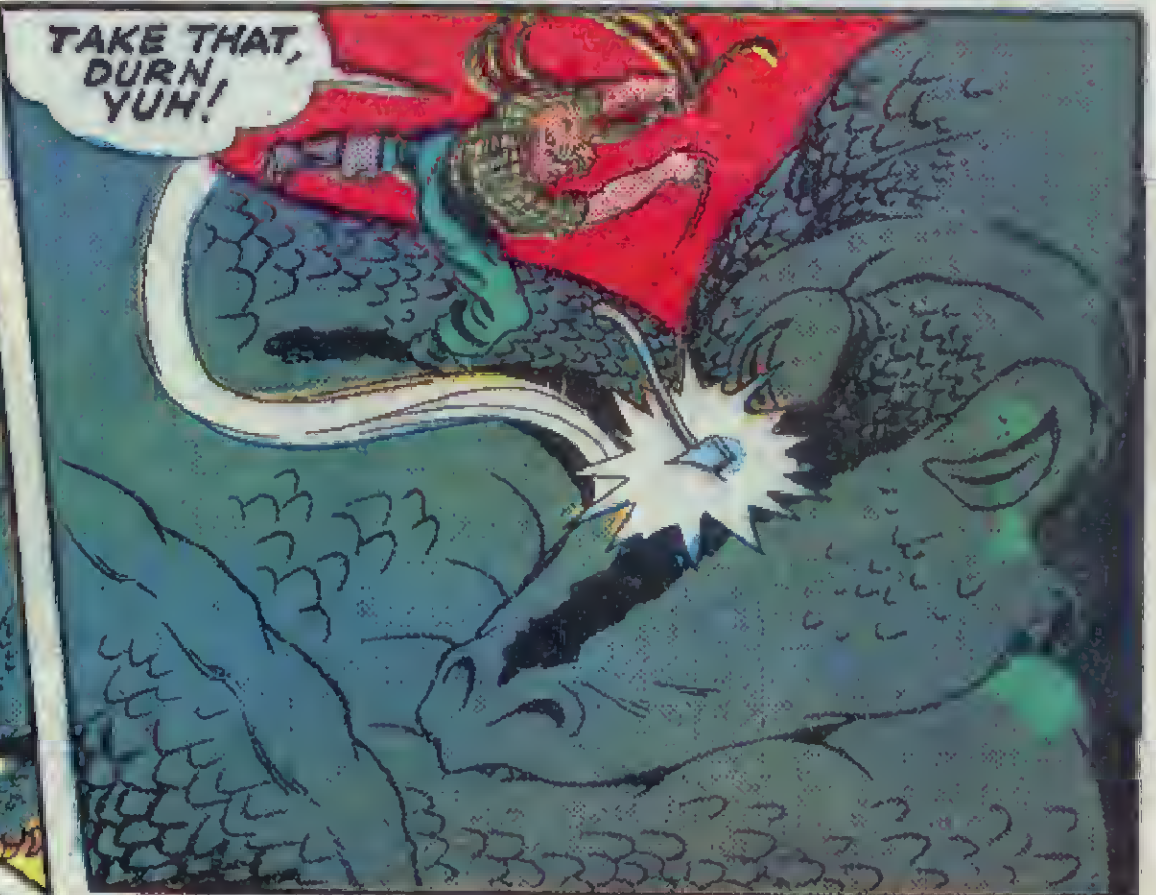
AND THE BATTLE RAGES FIERCELY.



HEY! YOU CAIN'T DO THAT TUH MIDGE!



TAKE THAT, DURN YUH!

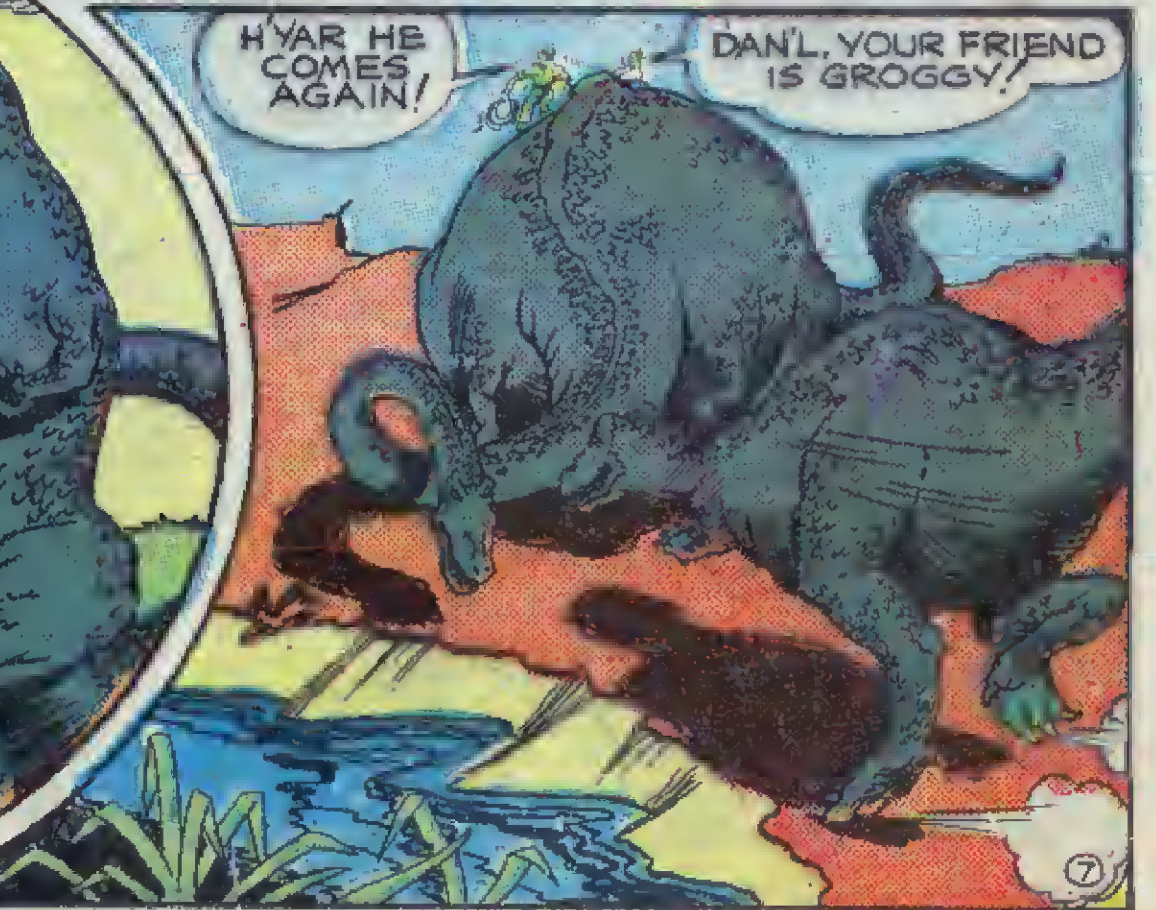


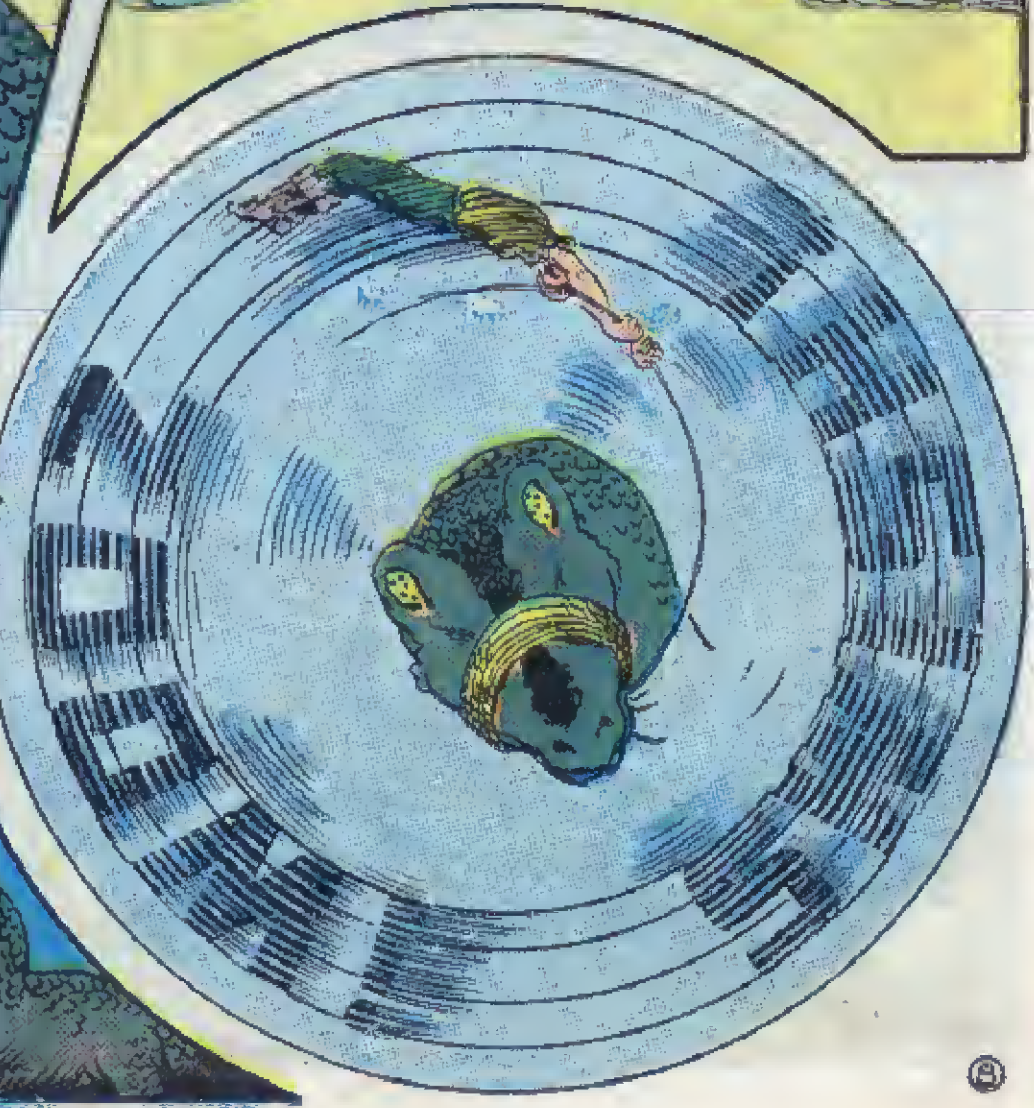
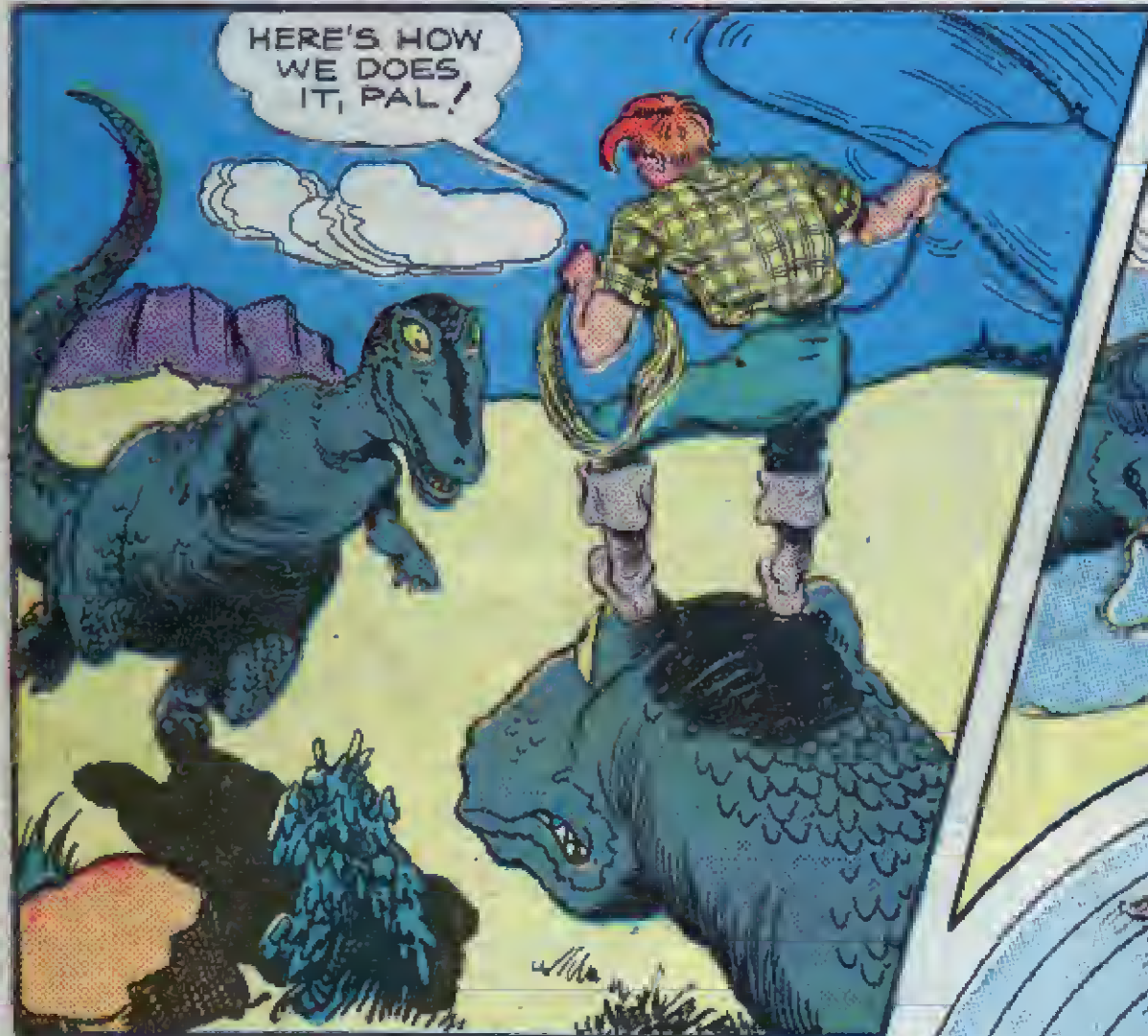
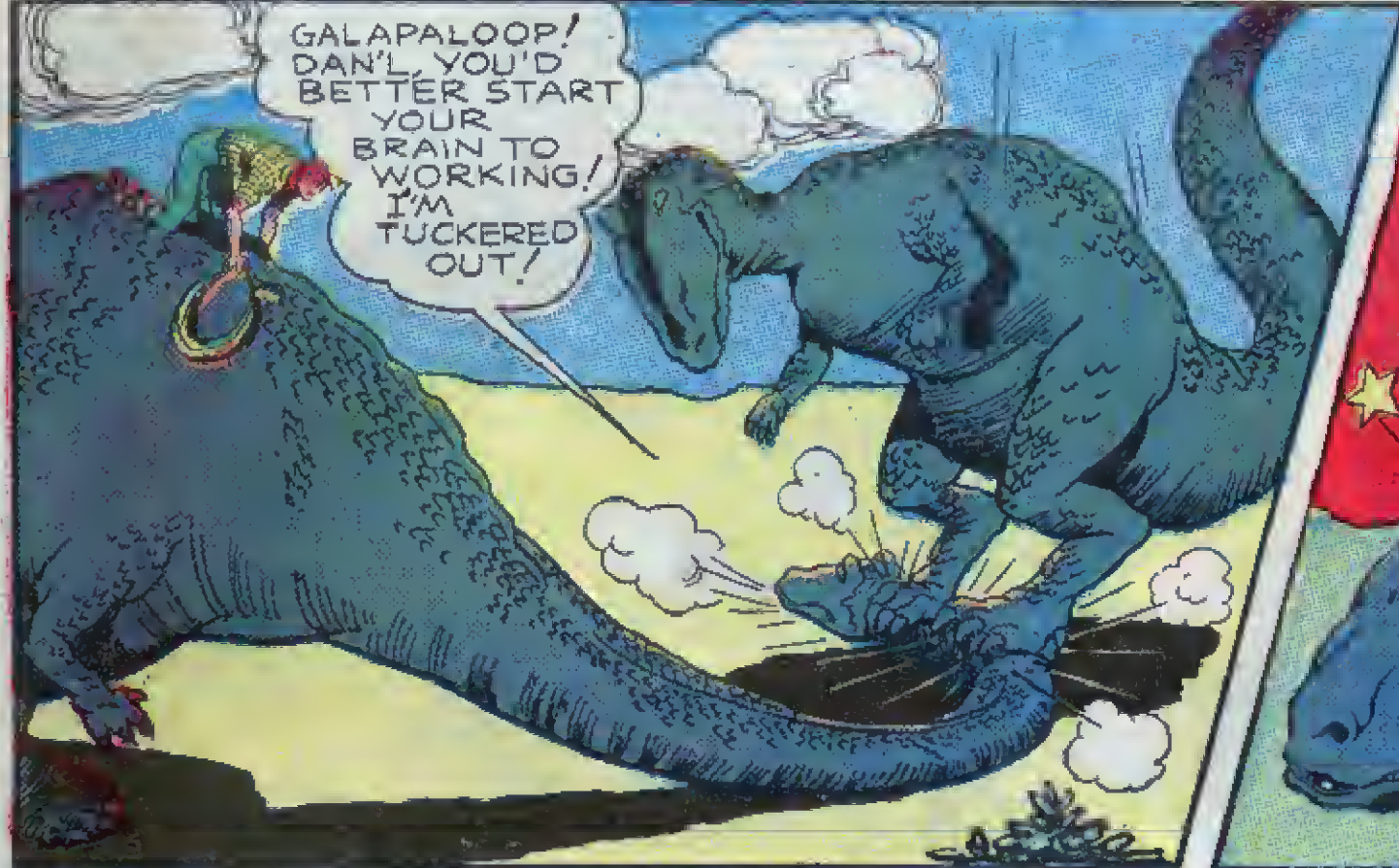
GORSH! HE ISN'T EVEN HURT!



HYAR HE COMES AGAIN!

DAN'L, YOUR FRIEND IS GROGGY!





THE LARIAT COILS
AROUND THE
CREATURE'S
JAWS...

O-O-O-O-MPH!

OKAY, MIDGE,
NOW IT'S YOUR
TURN!

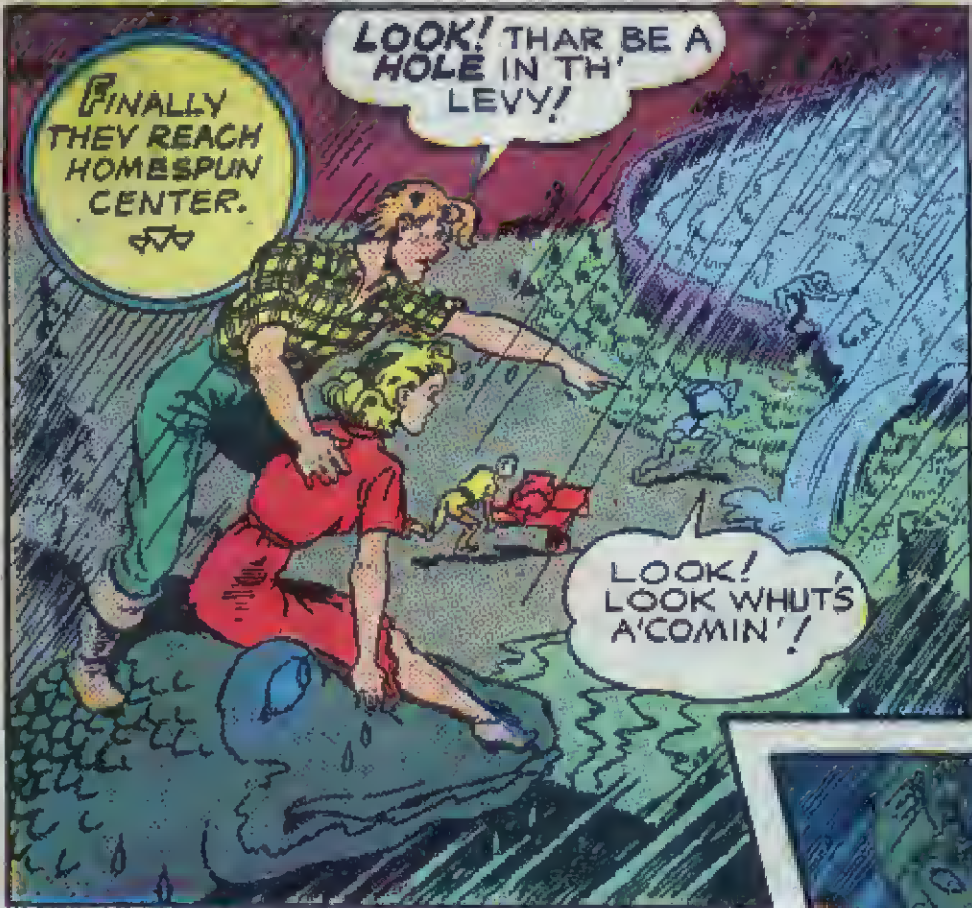
MIDGE WINS...

THIS IS CROUEL
BUT IT'S GOTTA
BE DONE!

I GOTTA SAVE 'EM... I GOTTA... OR
THEY'LL THINK I RAN OUT ON
'EM AN' DIDN' DO MY DOOTY!

HURRY, MIDGE,
HURRY!

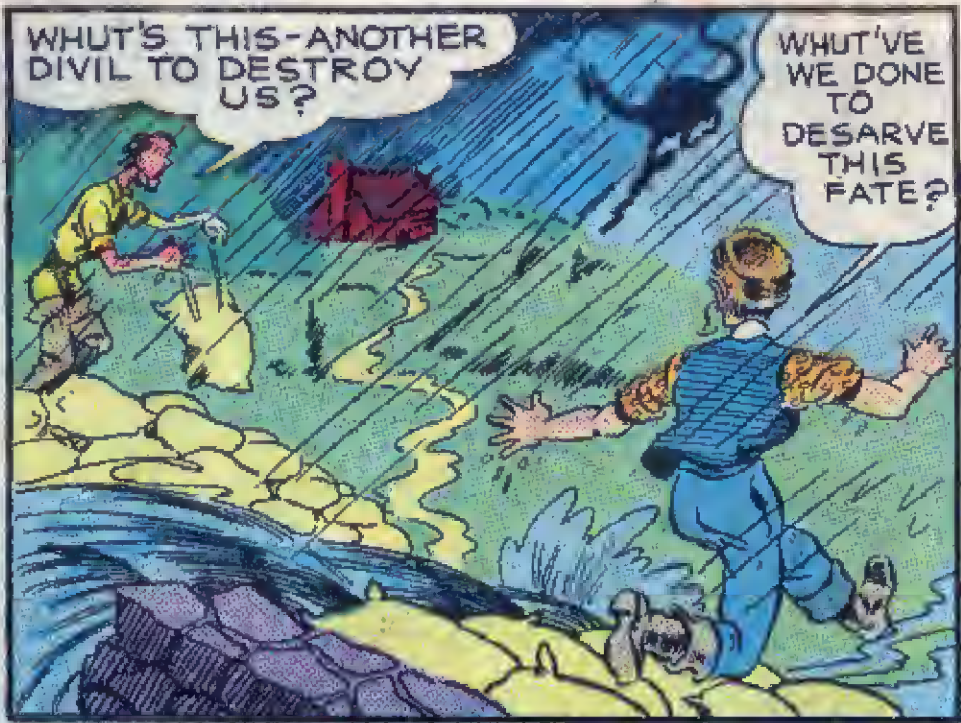
IT'S A'STARTIN' TO
RAIN. WE GOTTA GET
BACK TUH HOMESPUN
CENTER 'FORE
EVERYBUDDY'S
DROWNED!
**GIDDY UP
MIDGE!**



FINALLY
THEY REACH
HOMESPUN
CENTER.

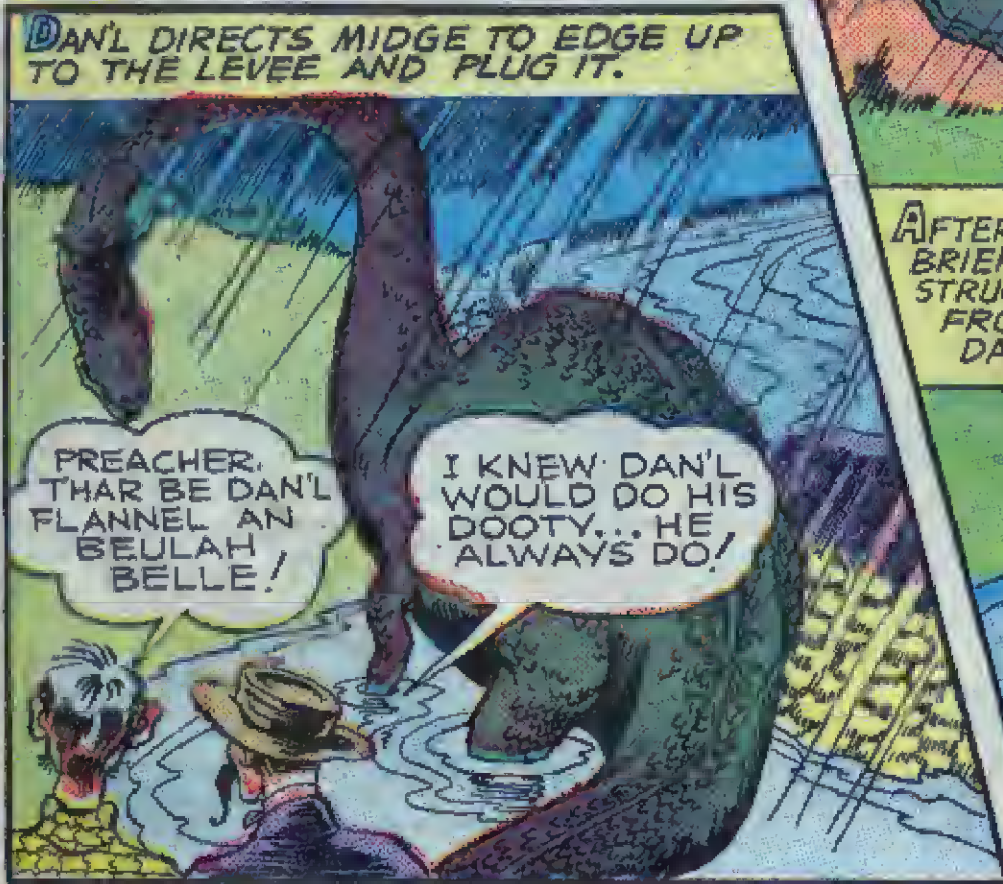
LOOK! THAR BE A
HOLE IN TH'
LEVY!

LOOK!
LOOK WHUT'S
A'COMIN'!



WHUT'S THIS-ANOTHER
DIVIL TO DESTROY
US?

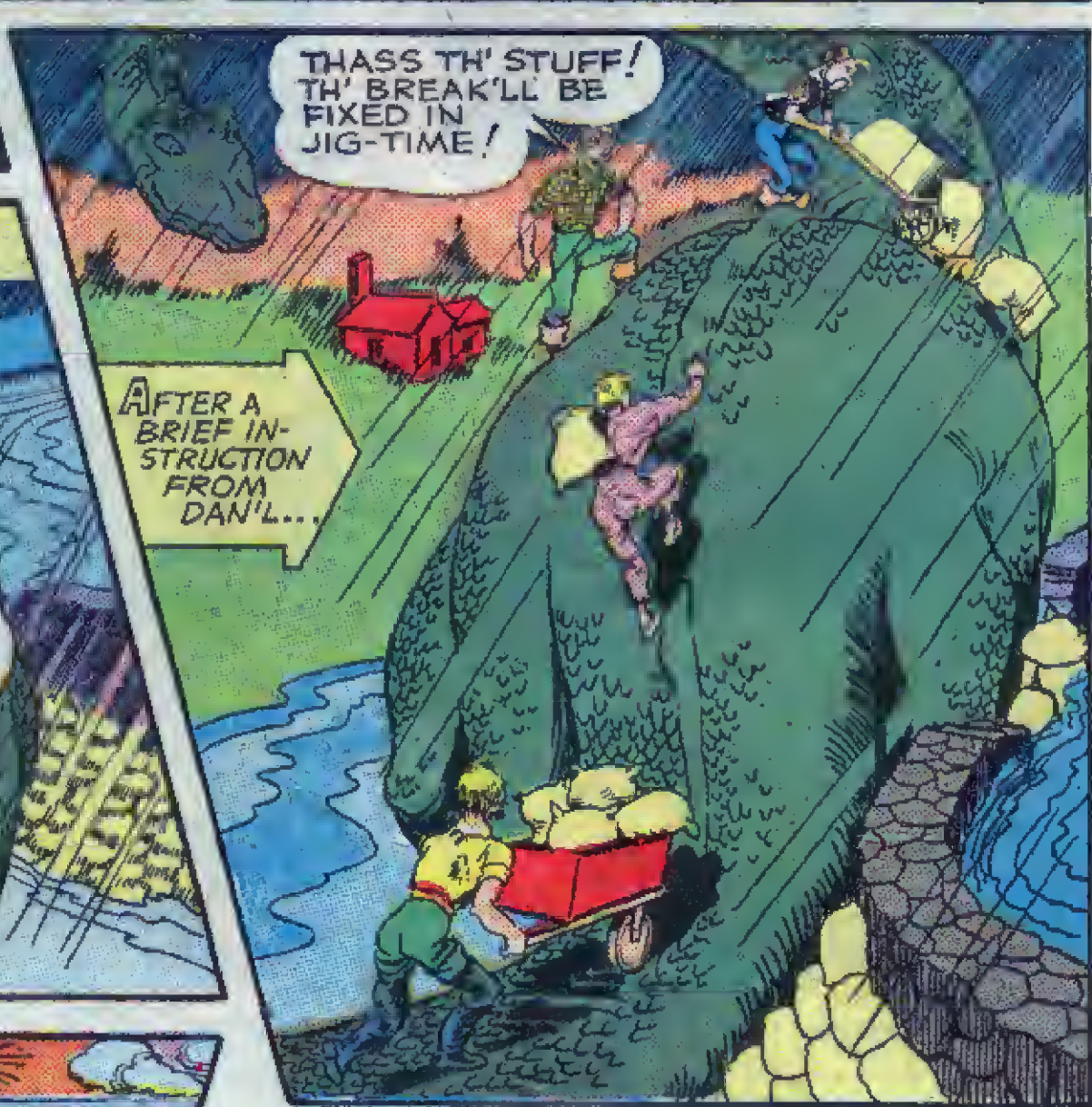
WHUT'VE
WE DONE
TO
DESERVE
THIS
FATE?



DAN'L DIRECTS MIDGE TO EDGE UP
TO THE LEVEE AND PLUG IT.

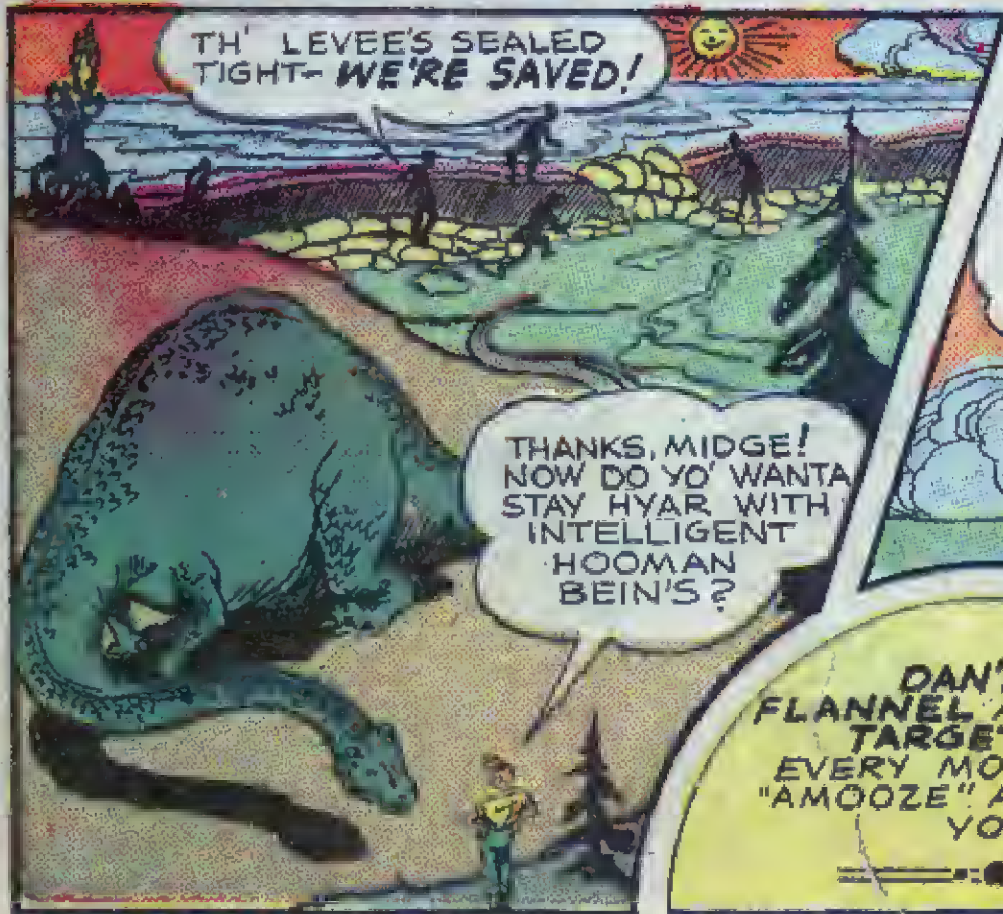
PREACHER,
THAR BE DAN'L
FLANNEL AN
BEULAH
BELLE!

I KNEW DAN'L
WOULD DO HIS
DOOTY... HE
ALWAYS DO!



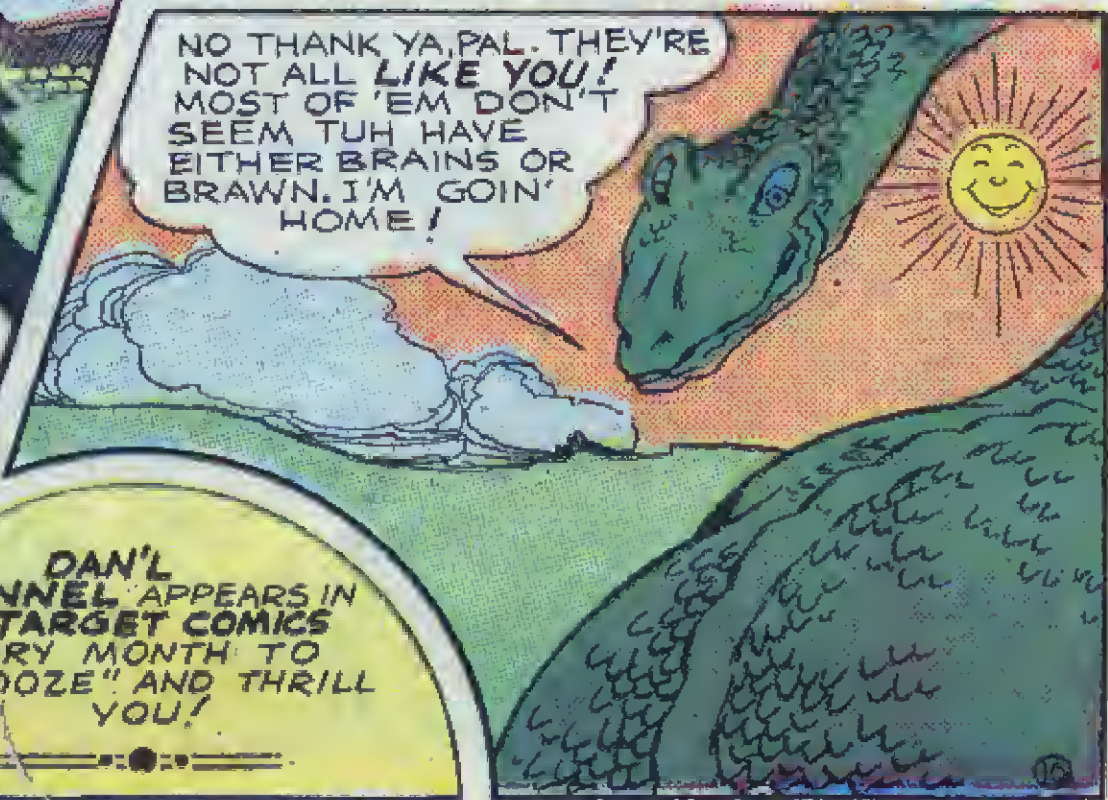
THASS TH' STUFF!
TH' BREAK'LL BE
FIXED IN
JIG-TIME!

AFTER A
BRIEF IN-
STRUCTION
FROM
DAN'L...



TH' LEVEE'S SEALED
TIGHT- WE'RE SAVED!

THANKS, MIDGE!
NOW DO YO' WANTA
STAY HYAR WITH
INTELLIGENT
HOOMAN
BEIN'S?

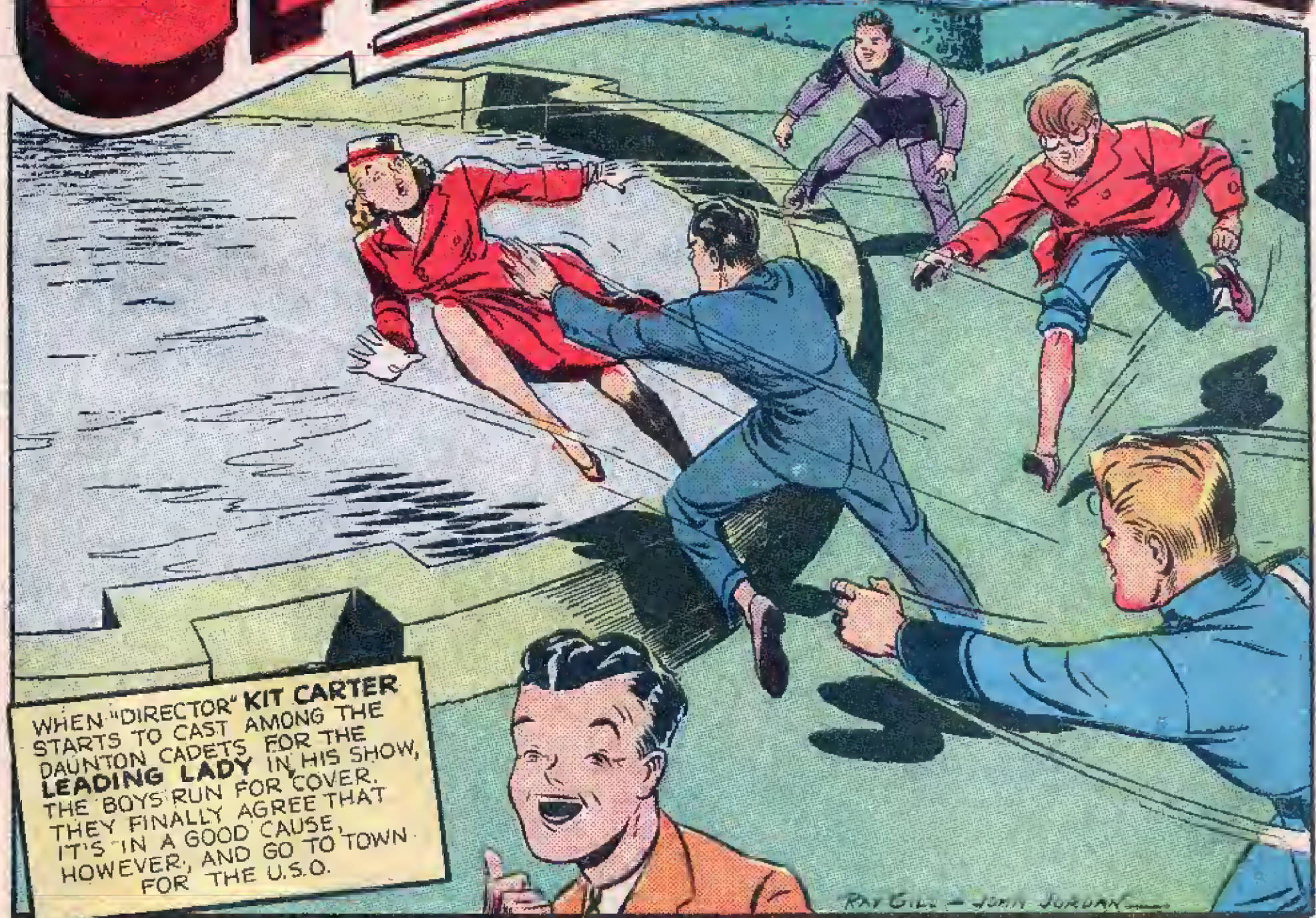


NO THANK YA, PAL. THEY'RE
NOT ALL LIKE YOU!
MOST OF 'EM DON'T
SEEM TUH HAVE
EITHER BRAINS OR
BRAWN. I'M GOIN'
HOME!

DAN'L
FLANNEL APPEARS IN
TARGET COMICS
EVERY MONTH TO
"AMOOZE" AND THRILL
YOU!

The CADET

FEATURING
KIT
CARTER



IT ALL STARTS ON THE BASEBALL FIELD, WHERE THE COACH IS READING A NOTE FROM COLONEL TILGHMAN.

IT'S UP TO YOU BOYS TO RAISE SOME MONEY FOR THE U.S.O.

HERE'S THE BEST WAY TO DO IT...

HOW'S ABOUT...

AW! CARTER ALWAYS GETS THE BREAKS!

LET'S HEAR IT, KIT!

THAT DOES SOUND LIKE A GOOD IDEA! YOU'LL BE THE DIRECTOR, KIT!

OKAY... AND, TO BE FAIR, I'M GONNA MAKE NEIL TOWERS THE LEADING MAN.

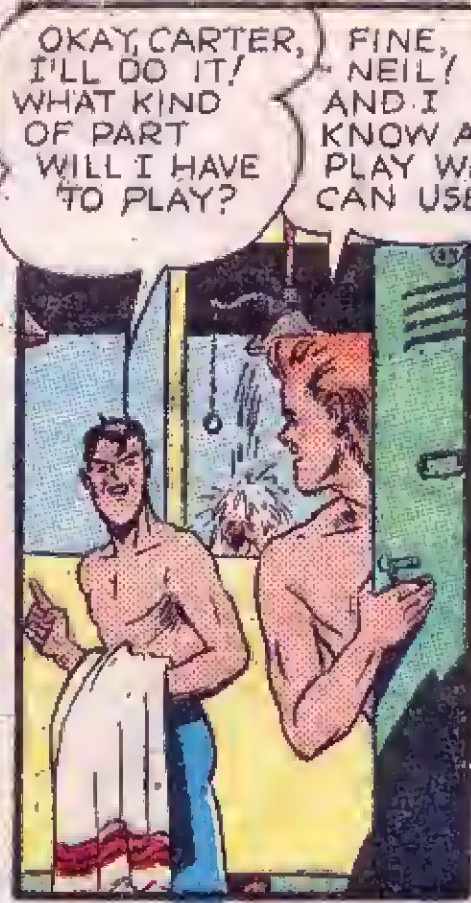
I SAY, LET'S PUT ON A **REAL** SHOW!

LOCKER ROOM



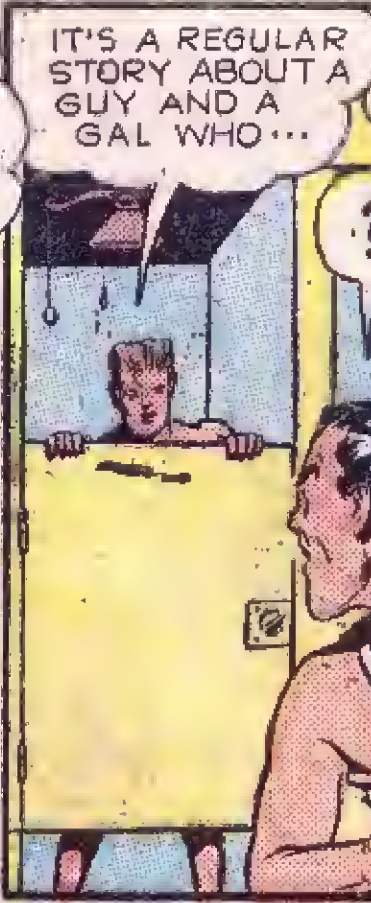
GRAB IT, NEIL! AS DIRECTOR, KIT'LL HAVE TO TAKE A BACK SEAT THIS TIME!

YEAH? YOU THINK SO?



OKAY, CARTER, I'LL DO IT! WHAT KIND OF PART WILL I HAVE TO PLAY?

FINE, NEIL! AND I KNOW A PLAY WE CAN USE.



IT'S A REGULAR STORY ABOUT A GUY AND A GAL WHO...

OH-OH! WHO'S GOING TO BE THE GAL? HA! HA!

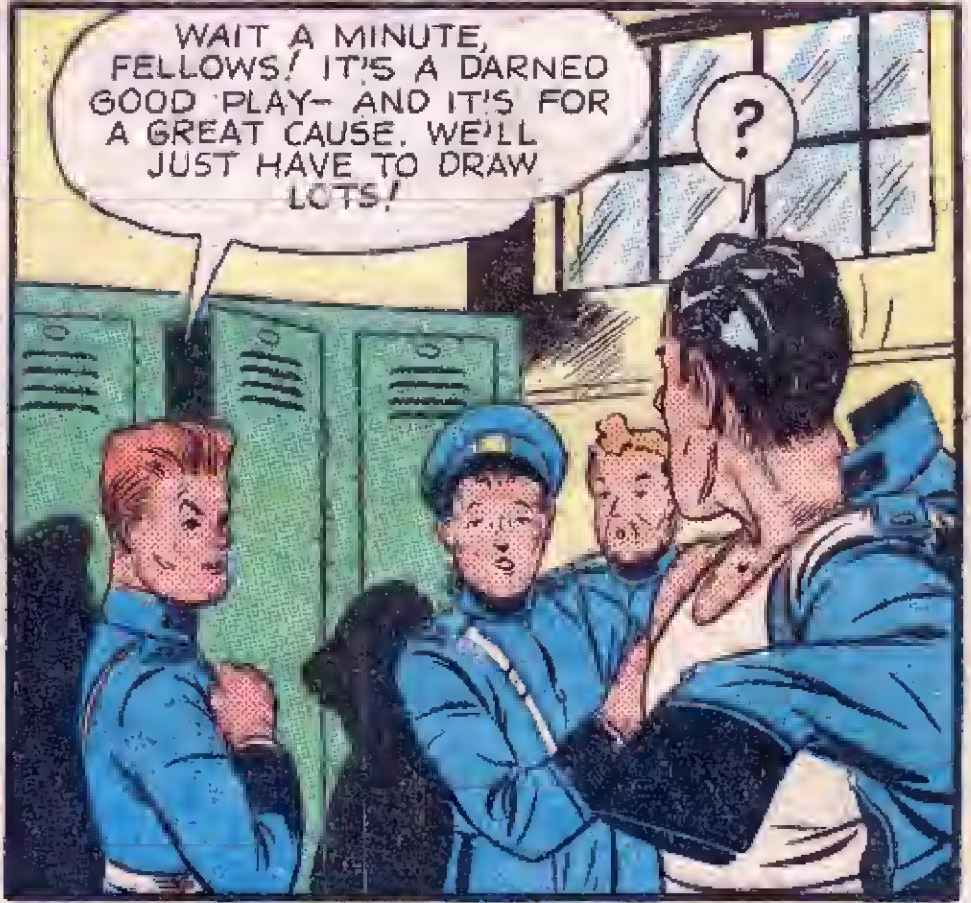


YEAH... THAT'S RIGHT! HMM-

DON'T LOOK AT ME, CARTER!

...NOR ME!

NIX ON THAT!

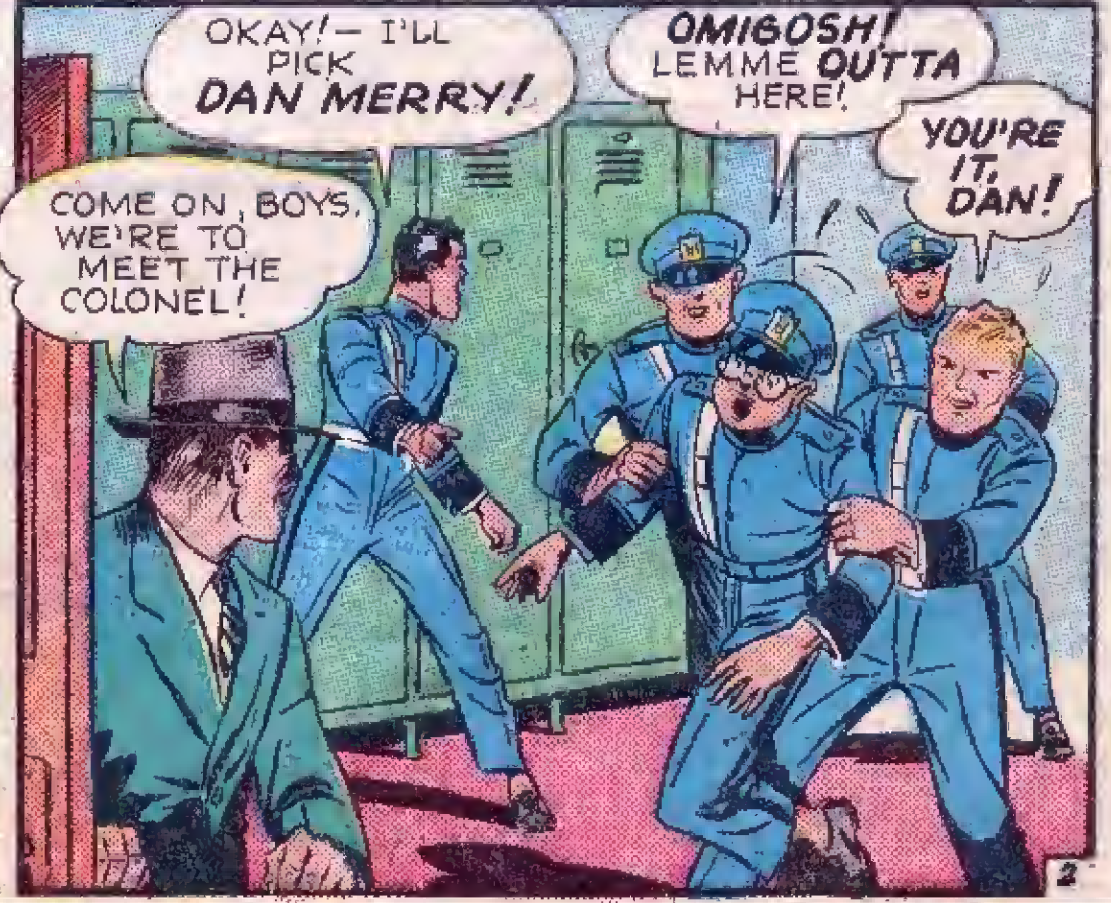


WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS! IT'S A DARNED GOOD PLAY- AND IT'S FOR A GREAT CAUSE. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DRAW LOTS!



HOLD ON, CARTER! AS LEADING MAN, I SHOULD GET MY CHOICE!

THAT WOULD BE ONE WAY TO DO IT.



OKAY!- I'LL PICK DAN MERRY!

OMIGOSH! LEMME OUTTA HERE!

YOU'RE IT, DAN!

COME ON, BOYS. WE'RE TO MEET THE COLONEL!

BUT THAT ISN'T FAIR! DRAW LOTS LIKE KIT SAID... OR **VOTE** ON IT! **GEE!**

HA! HA! YOU'D THINK HE WAS BEING ASKED TO PLAY **HITLER!**

IT'S TOO LATE, DAN! THEY'D ALL VOTE FOR YOU NOW, **ANYWAY!**

AW, GIVE ME A BREAK, GANG, **PLEASE!**

YOU'VE **GOT** A BREAK! YOU'RE LEADING LADY IN OUR SHOW! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

NUTS!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE STUCK, DAN... C'MON, BE A SPORT!

WELL...

SURE! WHY, YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A SWELL DAME!

CUT IT OUT, TOWERS!

WHY! YOU'RE ABOUT THE CUTEST CADET AROUND-

WATCH OUT, NEIL!

I SAID, CUT IT---

UGH!

I WAS EXPECTING THAT!

POW!

CHEESE IT! THE COLONELS COMING!

BREAK IT UP, FELLOWS!

HELLO, BOYS! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE DECIDED ON SOMETHING FOR THE U.S.O. BENEFIT?

COME IN, COLONEL, KIT WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT. IT'S HIS IDEA.

WELL, SIR, I THOUGHT A SHOW WOULD BE FUN.

FINE! EXCELLENT! HMM...

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, CADET MERRY? YOU DON'T SEEM TO AGREE.

HA-HA! HE WOULDN'T SIR!

YOU SEE, CADET MERRY HAS DRAWN THE PART OF THE LEADING **LADY**, SIR!

I SEE! WELL, MERRY, PERHAPS THAT CAN BE FIXED.

HOW, SIR?

?

MY NIECE, NANCY TILGHMAN, IS COMING HERE FOR THE WEEK END. PERHAPS SHE'D TAKE THE PART, IF YOU ASKED HER TO.

I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW. SUCCESS TO YOUR SHOW!

HMMM!

GOSH! THAT'S GREAT!

NOT SO FAST, DAN—YOU'RE STILL HER UNDERSTUDY!

NEIL'S RIGHT, DAN. THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL HAVE TO BE.

OH!

A FEW DAYS LATER.

THE COLONEL'S
BACK FROM THE
STATION!

AND WITH OUR
LEADING LADY, I
TRUST. COME
ON!

GREETINGS,
MISS TILGHMAN.

BOYS, I WANT YOU
TO MEET MY NIECE,
NANCY.

YOU
BET!

I TRUST YOU'LL
BE WELL TAKEN
CARE OF,
NANCY.

GOODNESS!
SUCH
ATTENTION!

YES UH
MISS TILGHMAN.
WE HAVE A FAVOR
TO ASK OF YOU

WE'D LIKE YOU TO
BE THE LEADING
LADY IN THE SHOW
WE'RE GIVING
FOR THE
U. S. O.

WHY-
I'D LOVE
TO!

THAT AFTERNOON... AT THE FIRST
REHEARSAL...

YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE NEIL'S
GIRL-FRIEND,
NANCY.

WHAT A
LUCKY GUY!

AFTER
REHEARSAL...

MAY
I SEE YOU
HOME?

BREAK IT UP!
I'LL TAKE MISS
TILGHMAN WHERE
SHE WANTS TO
GO!

THANK YOU, MR. TOWERS,
BUT I HAVE TO
REHEARSE OUR
PART WITH CADET
MERRY,

THANK
YOU!

HA-HA!

OH,
DARN!

THAT'S
ONE ON
YOU, NEIL!
HA-HA!



I'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

WHAT? HE'S GOT TO REHEARSE WITH HER? YOU FIXED THAT YOURSELF!



MAYBE SO BUT I'LL BET THAT I'LL BE THE ONE WHO TAKES HER TO THE DANCE AFTER THE SHOW!

THAT'S A TALL ORDER, NEIL!



WELL, I'LL START ELIMINATING RIGHT NOW **YOU GUYS** STAY AWAY FROM HER!

SHE'S ALL YOURS— AFTER ALL, YOU **ARE** BOXING CHAMP!

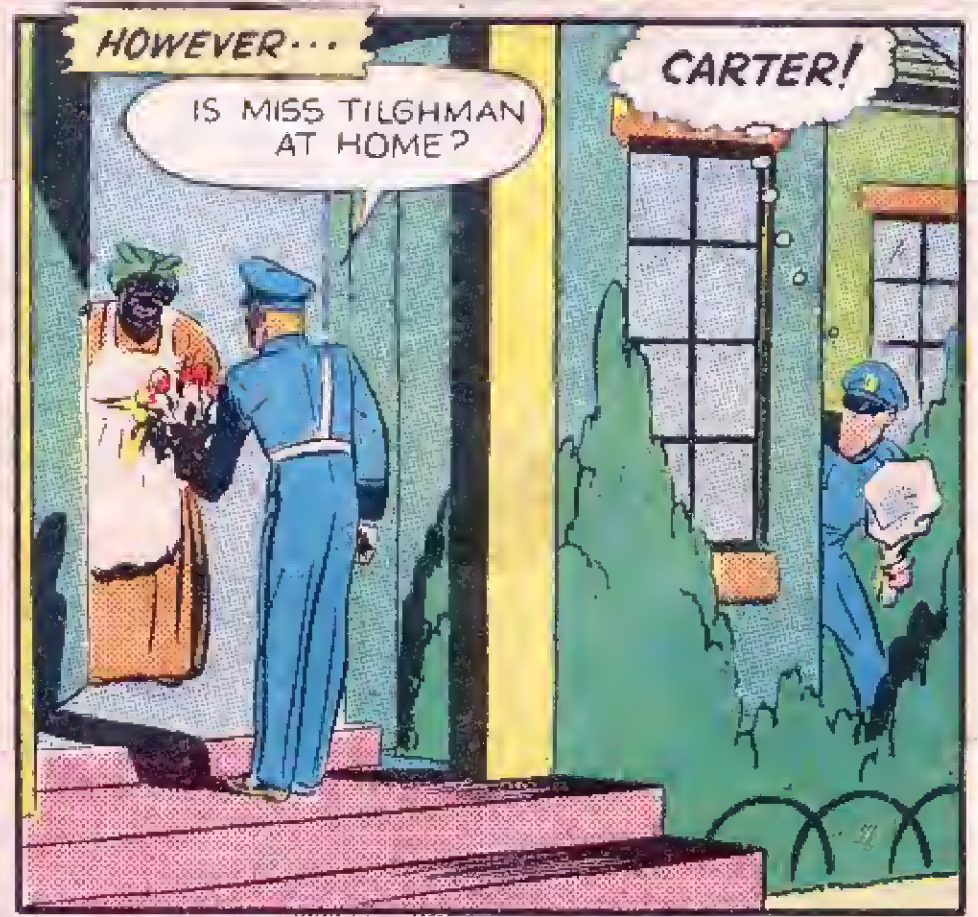


HALF AN HOUR LATER...

LOOK AT THE SHEIK!

HE'LL STAY OUT OF MY WAY!

BETTER LOOK OUT FOR KIT CARTER! HE'S GONE CALLING TOO!



HOWEVER...

IS MISS TILGHMAN AT HOME?

CARTER!



HAVE YOU ASKED YOUR PARENTS IF YOU MAY STAY ON FOR THE SHOW NEXT SATURDAY?

YES, THEY GAVE ME PERMISSION OH, KIT, YOUR FLOWERS ARE LOVELY THANK YOU!



AND SO, REHEARSALS PROGRESS...

UH... SAY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT?



A FINE THING! IT'S GETTING SO A GUY ISN'T **SAFE** AROUND HERE!

AND, FIVE MINUTES LATER...

SAY, EDDIE, HAVE YOU SEEN DAN?

YEAH, HE JUST WENT OUT, I THINK

OH, THERE YOU ARE! THAT WAS A NICE REHEARSAL, OLD BOY.

!

MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO HIT A LADY!

HE-HE!

NANCY!

BOO!

HA! HA! HA!

AW, LET UP! THAT **WOULD** HAPPEN JUST WHEN I WAS GOING TO ASK HER TO THE DANCE!

HA! HA! THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, BEAUTIFUL?

I DON'T MIND EVEN YOU TODAY, HANDSOME! BESIDES, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL HAVE TO MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF ON THE STAGE!

DON'T BE TOO SURE! THERE'S LOTS OF TIME BEFORE THE CURTAIN GOES UP!

?

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OH, NANCY! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO ASK YOU ABOUT THE DANCE...

WHY BOTHER, NEIL? I HEARD YOU HAD IT ALL SETTLED - BUT YOU MUST HAVE MADE A **MISTAKE!**

FINALLY, THE DAY OF THE SHOW ARRIVES.

HEY, PHIL, WAIT UP!

MAKE IT QUICK. I HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN FOR SOME EXTRA COSTUMES

GOOD! I WANT YOU TO SEND NANCY THIS TELEGRAM TELLING HER TO COME HOME!

I DON'T GET IT! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED HER TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH YOU

I'M SACRIFICING THAT TO GET EVEN WITH DAN MERRY! YOU DO AS I TELL YOU!

BU
STO

GOOD! THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF DAN... AND, IT'S A PERFECT EXCUSE FOR MY **NOT** TAKING NANCY TO THE DANCE

WELL-OKAY!

LATER...

TELEGRAM FOR MISS TILGHMAN!

HERE I AM!

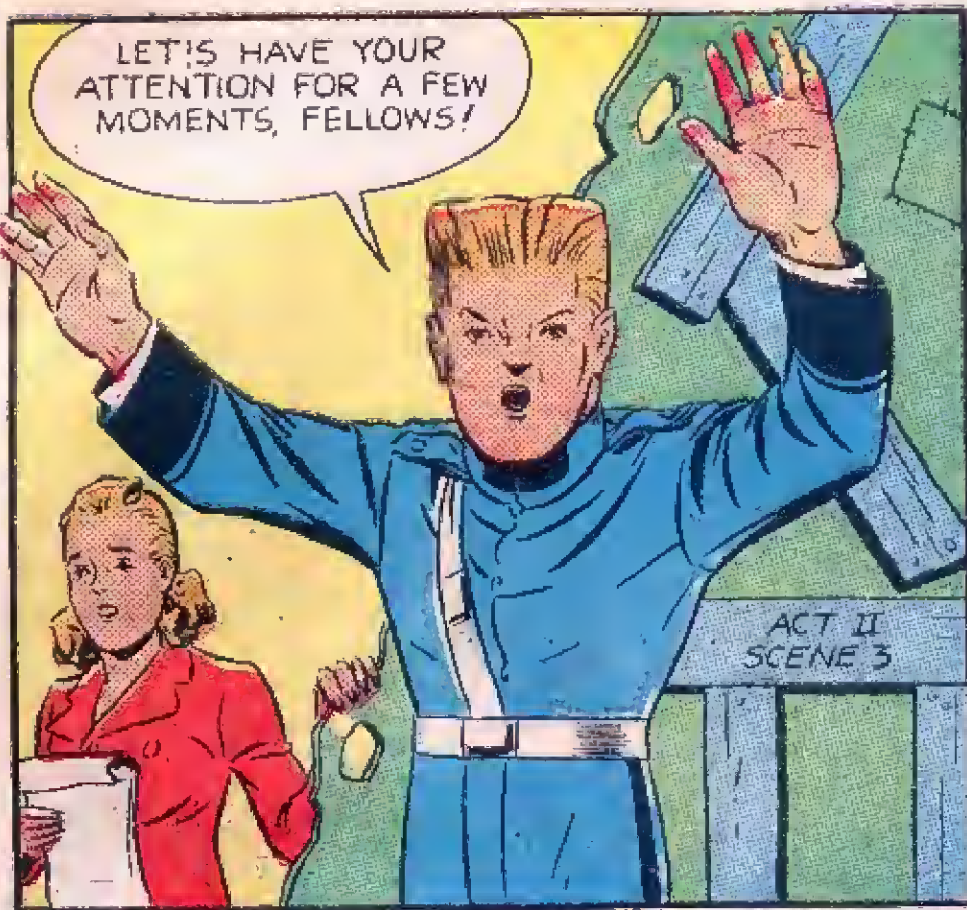
I'M SORRY!

FORGET IT! I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS. DAN HERE KNOWS THE THE PART, DOESN'T HE?

YES, UNFORTUNATELY

BAD NEWS, NANCY?

YES... IT'S FROM FATHER... I'VE GOT TO GO HOME IMMEDIATELY



LET'S HAVE YOUR ATTENTION FOR A FEW MOMENTS, FELLOWS!

ACT II
SCENE 3



MY PARENTS WANT ME TO COME HOME... SO, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T BE IN YOUR SHOW, AFTER ALL.

SHUCKS!

AW!



HOWEVER, DAN MERRY IS PREPARED TO TAKE MY PLACE, SO. **GOOD LUCK!**

WOO-WOO! ISN'T HE CUTE?

HA! HA! I'M GOING TO GET A FRONT SEAT TONIGHT!



YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES—RIBBING DAN! HE'S THE **BEST SPORT** IN THE ENTIRE SCHOOL!



LET'S GO, NANCY!

WE'RE ONLY KIDDING, DAN—WE'RE RIGHT WITH YOU, PAL!



COLONEL TILGHMAN, SIR, NANCY HAS TO GO HOME THIS AFTERNOON.

THAT'S RIGHT, UNCLE BILL. I JUST GOT A TELEGRAM.



THAT'S TOO BAD, NANCY. CADET CARTER, WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE MY CAR AND DRIVE NANCY TO THE STATION?



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

YOU KNOW—IT'S STRANGE... THE MORE I THINK ABOUT THAT TELEGRAM, KIT...

?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NANCY?

WELL, THIS TELEGRAM CAME FROM THE CITY AND MY FOLKS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE AT MOUNTAIN LAKES UNTIL MONDAY!

HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I JUST GOT A HUNCH!

LATER... HALF AN HOUR BEFORE CURTAIN TIME...

GEE WHIZ! WHERE'S KIT? I'M HIS ASSISTANT BUT THESE GUYS WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME!

DUCK!

COME ON, YOU FELLOWS! GET ON THE STAGE. THE CURTAIN GOES UP IN TEN MINUTES!

HAVING TROUBLE?

TOWERS! WHERE'S YOUR LEADING LADY?

I'LL GET "HER"—IT'S A PLEASURE! HA! HA!

★
LEADING LADY

YOUR PUBLIC IS WAITING, DEARIE!

WHY YOU..!

EASY, DAN! THIS IS A PLAY—NOT A BOXING MATCH!

OKAY—OKAY! BUT WHERE IS KIT? I THOUGHT AT LEAST I'D HAVE MORAL SUPPORT!

OH-H! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS IS OVER!

NOW, LET'S TAKE A LOOK INTO THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

YOU'D BETTER GO EASY WITH MERRY... HE'S BOILING OVER!

WHY?... THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!

LEADING MAN

OKAY, NEIL. BUT... DAN MERRY IS NO SISSY, YOU KNOW!

SKIP IT! I'M HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE!

BY THE WAY... HOW ABOUT THAT BET! ARE YOU TAKING NANCY TO THE DANCE?

THAT'S ALL OFF, NATURALLY. SHE ISN'T **HERE**, NOW!

TWO MINUTES, NEIL! HURRY IT UP!

DING AN

KNOCK!

KNOCK

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, NEIL!

OH! SHE HAD **PROMISED** TO GO WITH ME!— HAVE TO HURRY NOW.

CURTAIN GOING UP!

IF YOU THOUGHT THE FIRST ACT WAS FUNNY, WATCH THIS ONE! HA-HA!

KNOCK 'EM DEAD, TOWERS!

AT THAT SAME MOMENT, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE...

ALL SET?

YOU **BET** I AM!

ACT II

THE CURTAIN GOES UP FOR THE SECOND AND LAST ACT.

HELLO, TED!
SORRY IF I'M
LATE...

WELCOME, JESSICA!
I FEARED MY HEART
WOULD BREAK WHILE
YOU WERE AWAY!

WELL THEN, TED,
HAVEN'T YOU A NICE
BIG KISS FOR ME?

HEY! WHAT'RE
YOU TRYING TO
DO? CUT THAT
STUFF!

WHISPER

OH, TEDDY—
YOU'RE NOT
BASHFUL?

NOW,
LISTEN!

IS THAT
TOO MUCH
TO ASK?

I'LL GET
YOU FOR
THIS! I'LL...

HA! HA!
HA!

oops!

BOOM!

MIRACULOUSLY, THE SHOW IS COMPLETED, THEN...

NOW, FELLOWS, LET'S
COOL OFF OUR "LEADING
LADY" A BIT!

OOH-H!
NO!

PUT ME DOWN!

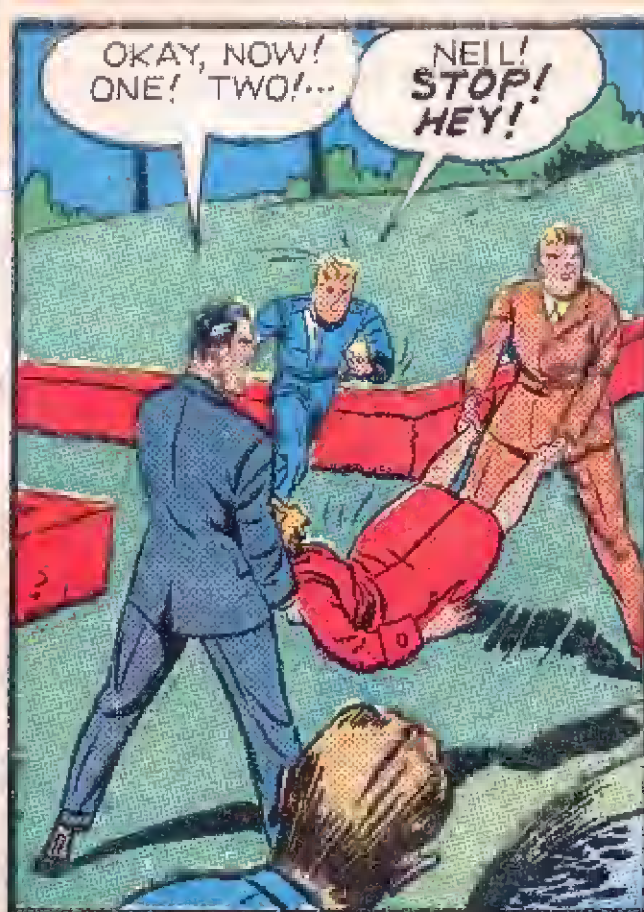
OKAY!... BUT
WE HAVE A SPECIAL
PLACE IN MIND!
COME ON, BOYS!



HERE WE ARE!
THE FOUNTAIN!

YOU-
YOU-

TCH, TCH!
SUCH
LANGUAGE!



OKAY, NOW!
ONE! TWO!...

NEIL!
STOP!
HEY!



BUT...

SCRAM, CARTER!
... THREE!

NO-O-O!

HA-
HA!



OMIGOSH!

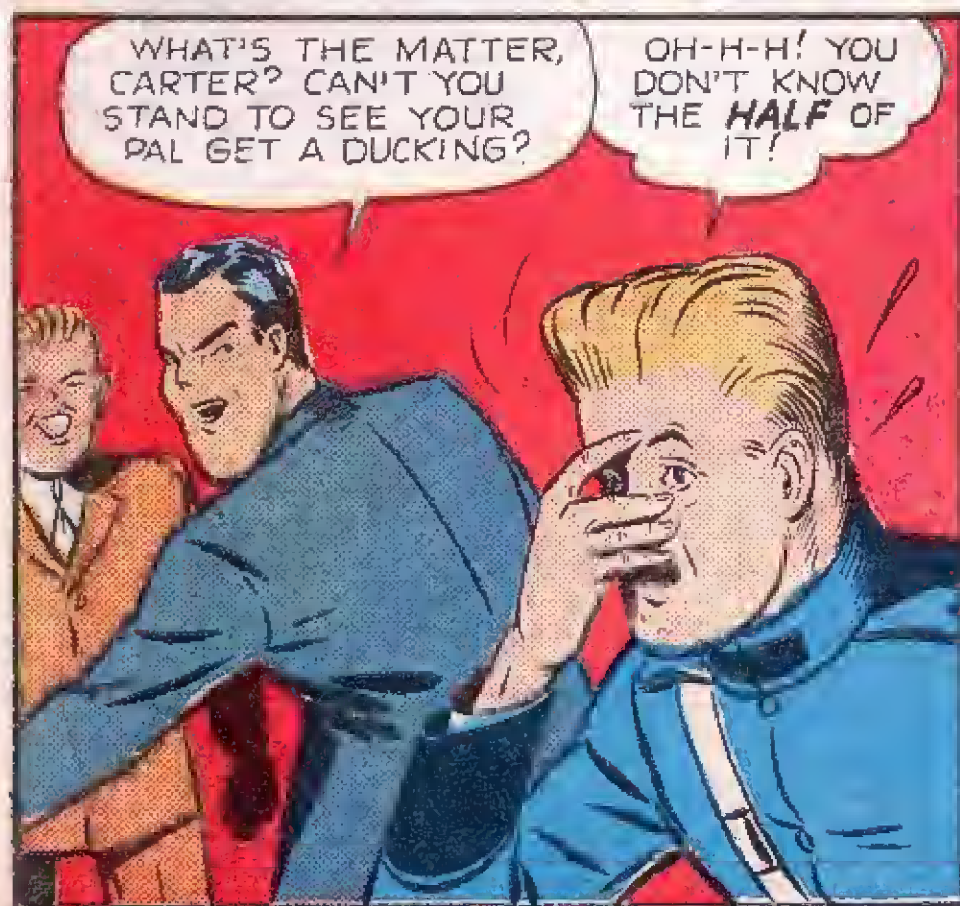
BLUB!

SPLASH!



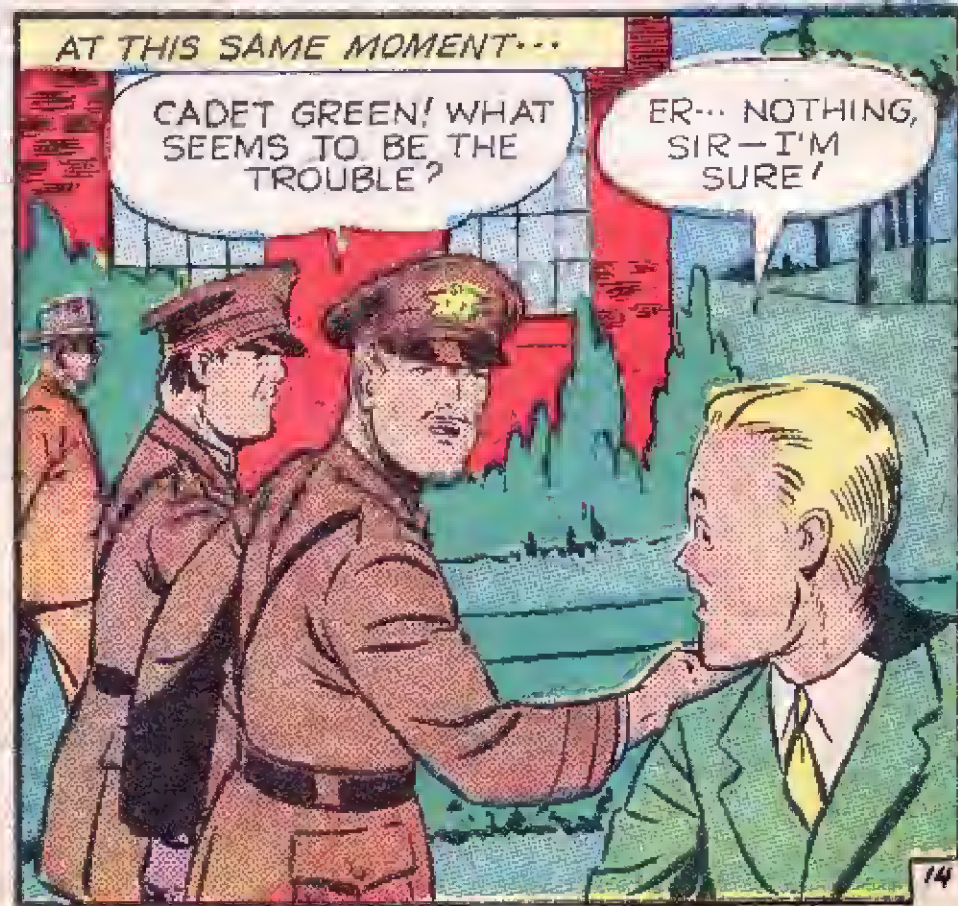
HA! HA! YOU'RE
ALL WET, MERRY!

THAT'LL TEACH
HIM TO GET PLAYFUL
WITH ME!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
CARTER? CAN'T YOU
STAND TO SEE YOUR
PAL GET A DUCKING?

OH-H-H! YOU
DON'T KNOW
THE **HALF** OF
IT!



AT THIS SAME MOMENT...

CADET GREEN! WHAT
SEEMS TO BE THE
TROUBLE?

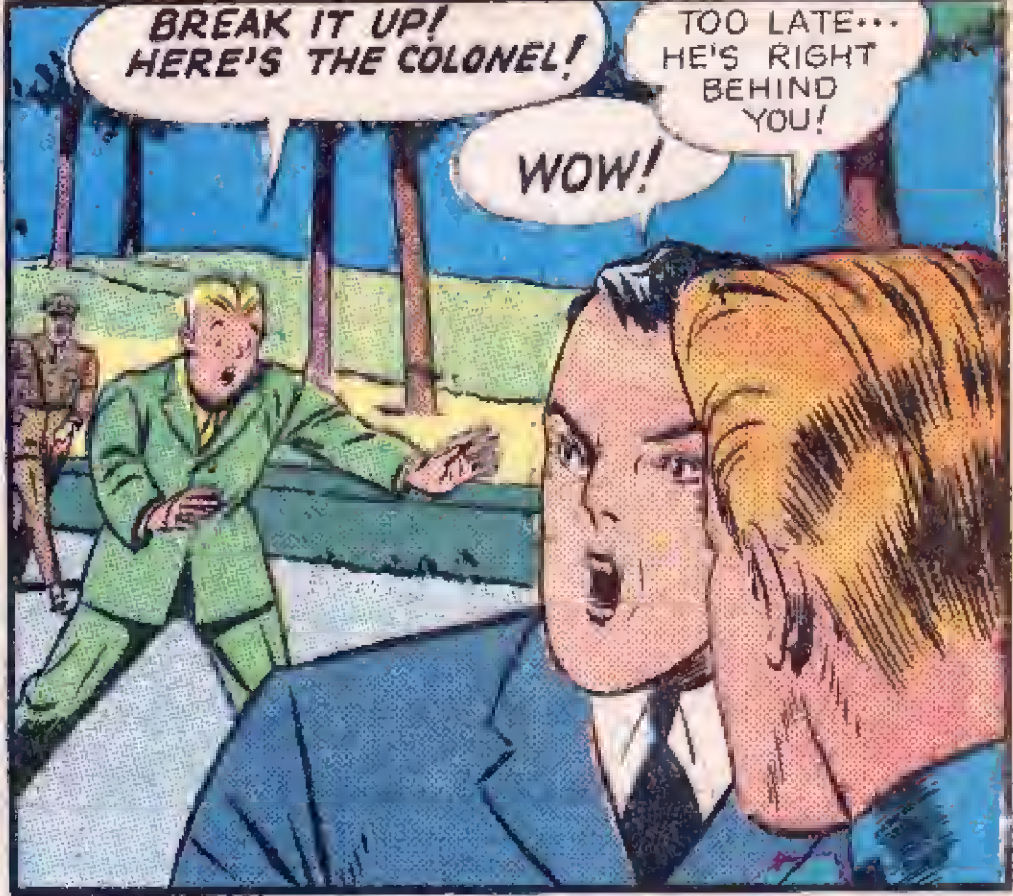
ER... NOTHING,
SIR—I'M
SURE!



NOTHING, EH? QUITE A RACKET ABOUT "NOTHING"! COME, MAJOR!

UH-OH!

YES, COLONEL!



BREAK IT UP! HERE'S THE COLONEL!

WOW!

TOO LATE... HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



CADET TOWERS! **WHAT** IS THE MEANING OF THIS?



WELL, SIR... WE JUST DUNKED CADET MERRY, SO HIS SUCCESS AS...



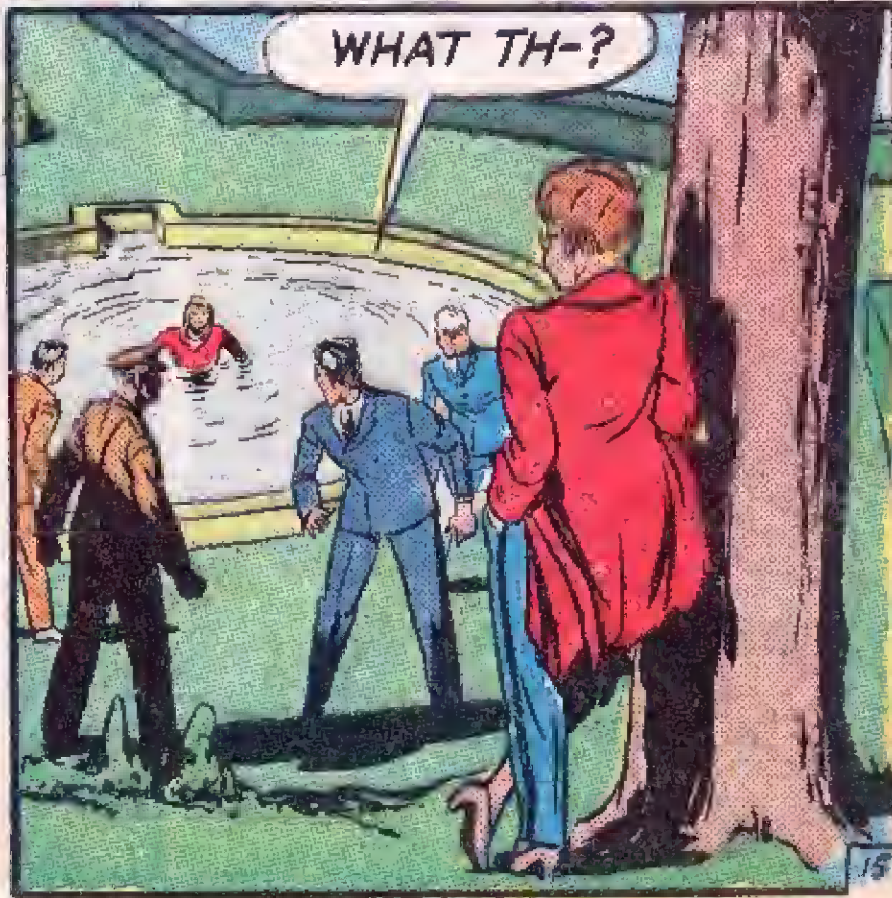
CADET MERRY? BUT, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



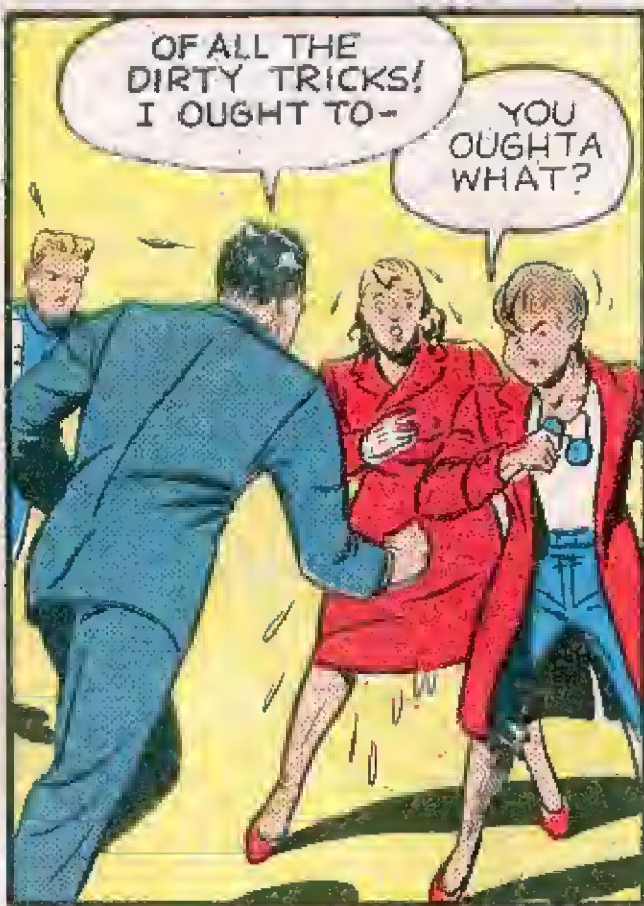
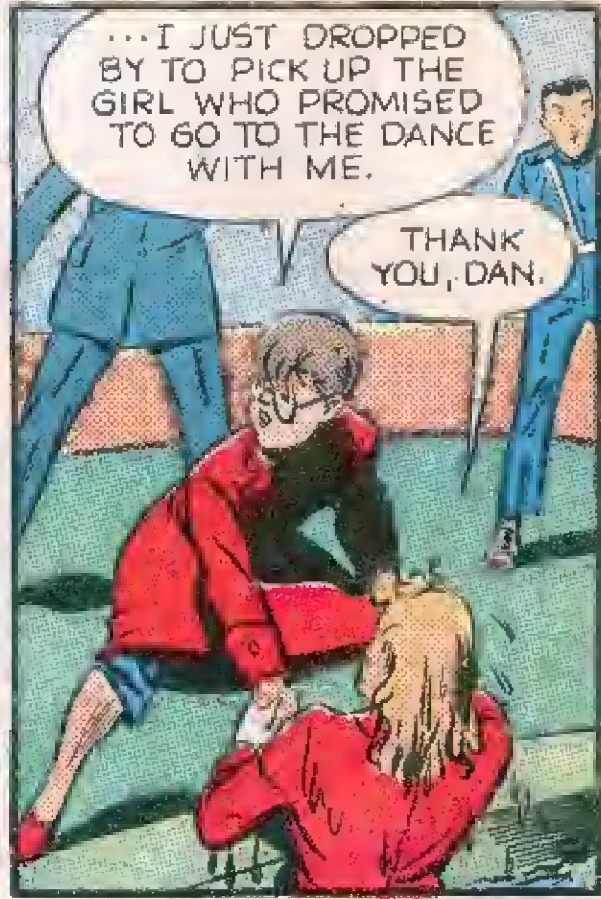
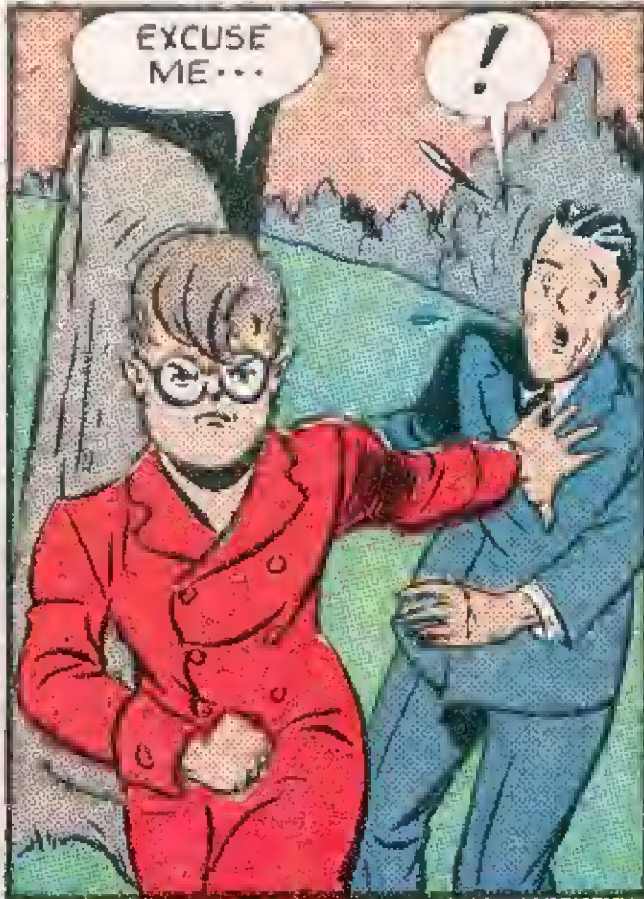
WHAT, SIR?

THERE'S CADET MERRY— OVER **THERE!**

? ? ?



WHAT TH-?



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Be first to show off—
send for it NOW!

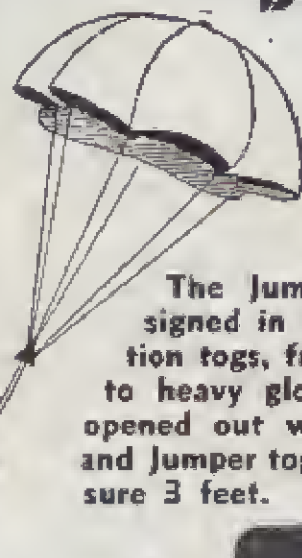
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